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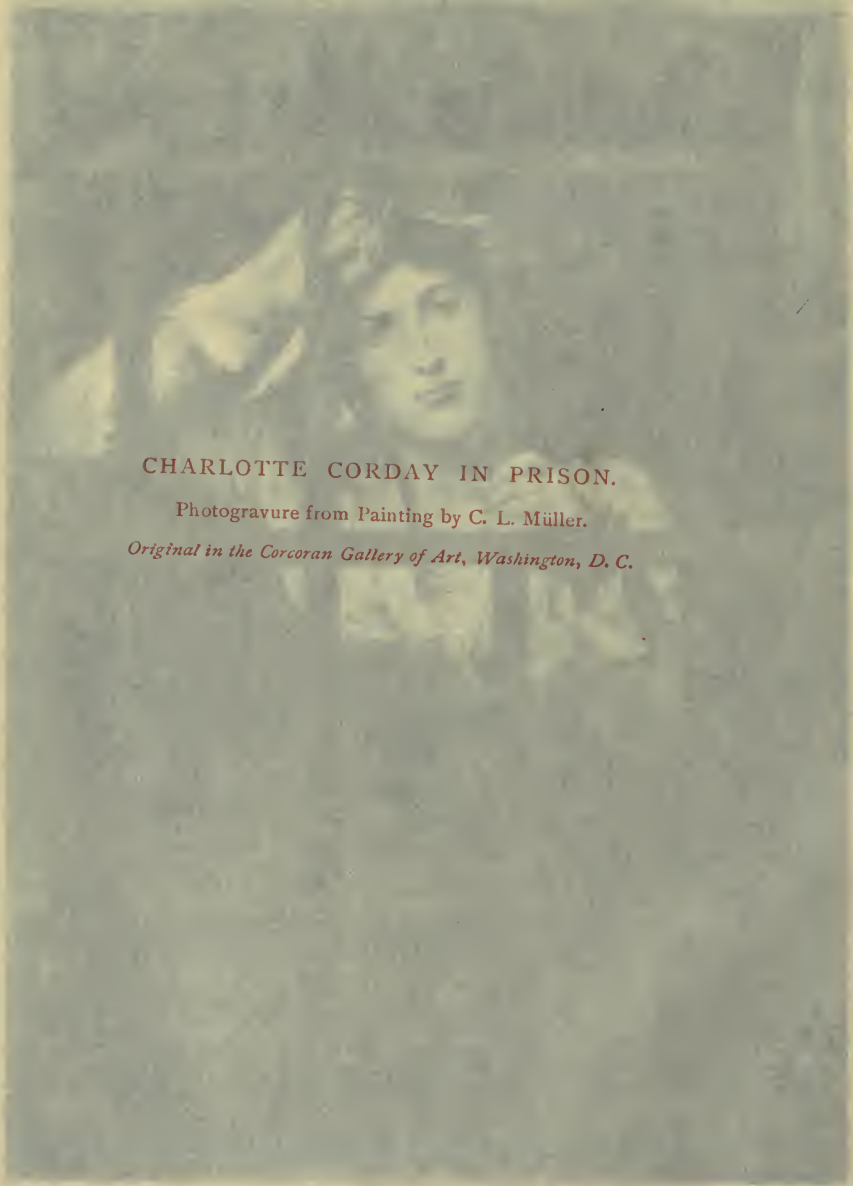
MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN



CHARLOTTE CORDAY IN PRISON.

Photogravure from Painting by C. L. Müller.

Original in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME V

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Contents.

VOLUME V.

	LIVED	PAGE
PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA	1600–1681	2197
Cyprian's Bargain.	The Dying Eusebio's Address	
Dreams and Realities.	to the Cross.	
The Dream called Life.	Polonia's Hymn.	
A still Poorer Man.		
JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN	1782–1850	2209
Liberty and Equality.		
Urging Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.		
CALLIMACHUS		2215
Hymn to Artemis.	Epitaph.	
Epitaph.	The Misanthrope.	
Epigram.	Epitaph upon himself.	
Epitaph on Heracleitus.	Epitaph upon Cleombrotus.	
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY	1831–1884	2227
Lines for St. Valentine's Day.	"Forever."	
Thoughts at a Railroad Station.	Changed.	
Ballad.		
JOHN CALVIN	1509–1564	2233
Freedom of the Will.	The Eternal Election, or	
The Doctrine of Original Sin.	Predestination.	
LOUIS DE CAMOENS	1524–1579	2238
A Storm at Sea.	On the Same.	
The Spirit of the Cape.	On the Death of a Lady	
On the Death of Catherina de Attayda.	in her Youth.	
	The Canzon of Life.	
Adieu to Coimbra.		
THOMAS CAMPBELL	1777–1844	2253
The Pleasures of Hope.	Ye Mariners of England.	
Lochiel's Warning.	Lord Ullin's Daughter.	
Battle of the Baltic.	The Soldier's Dream.	
THOMAS CAREW	1598–1639	2277
Disdain returned.	Epitaph.	
Red and White Roses.	The Spring.	
Ask me no more.		

	LIVED	PAGE
HENRY CAREY	1696–1743	2280
Sally in our Alley.		
WILL CARLETON	1845–	2282
Betsey and I are out.	Gone with a Handsomer Man.	
WILLIAM CARLETON	1794–1869	2287
The Lianhan Shee.		
JANE WELSH CARLYLE	1801-1866	2316
Letters to T. Carlyle.		
THOMAS CARLYLE	1795–1881	2329
The Procession.	Count Fersen.	
The Equal Diet.	The Return.	
Lafayette.	Charlotte Corday.	
The Grand Entries.	Cromwell.	
BLISS CARMAN	1861–	2382
Drifting.	At the Granite Gate.	
A Vagabond Song.	A Sea Child.	
A Windflower.		
LEWIS CARROLL	1832–1898	2386
A Mad Tea-party.	The Walrus and the Carpenter.	
Who stole the Tarts?		
Alice's Evidence.	The Baker's Tale.	
You are old, Father William.	Christmas Greetings.	
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY		2408
ALICE CARY	1820–1871	
PHŒBE CARY	1824–1871	
The Sure Witness.	Dying Hymn.	
Latent Life.	Field Preaching.	
Pictures of Memory.	Our Homestead.	
Faded Leaves.	Nearer Home.	
HENRY G. CATLIN		2416
On with the Flag.		
CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS	87–54 B. C.	2432
A Morning Call.	Love is all.	
Home to Sirmio.	Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow.	
Heart-break.	"Fickle and changeable ever."	
To Calvus in Bereavement.		
The Pinnace.	Two Chords.	
An Invitation to Dinner.	Last Word to Lesbia.	
A Brother's Grave.	His Country House at Sirmio.	
Farewell to his Fellow-officers.	On his own Love.	
Verses from an Epithalamium.	Sappho's Ode.	
WILLIAM CAXTON	1422–1492	2441
The Two Masters of Arts.		

	LIVED	PAGE
BENVENUTO CELLINI	1500–1571	2443
A Necklace of Pearls.		
How Benvenuto lost his Brother.		
An Adventure in Necromancy.		
Benvenuto loses Self-control under Severe Provocation.		
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA	1547–1616	2457
Of the Counsels which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he set out to govern the Island, together with other Well-considered Matters.		
Of the Second Set of Counsels Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza.		
How Sancho Panza was conducted to his Government, and of the Strange Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the Castle.		
Of how the Great Sancho Panza took Possession of his Island, and of how he made a Beginning in governing.		
Wherein an Account is given of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, together with the Incident of Basilio the Poor.		
In which Camacho's Wedding is continued, with other Delightful Incidents.		
Of the Bristly Adventure that befell Don Quixote.		
Of the Strangest and most Extraordinary Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole Course of this Great History.		
Of what passed between Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho on the Way to their Village.		
Of how Don Quixote and Sancho reached their Village.		
Of the Omens Don Quixote had as he entered his own Village, and other Incidents that embellish and give a Color to this Great History.		
Of how Don Quixote fell Sick, and of the Will he made, and how he died.		
ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO	1781–1838	2526
Peter loses his Shadow.		
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING	1780–1842	2542
Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.		
Culture — The Great End of Society.		
"Thought."		
GEORGE CHAPMAN	1559–1634	2571
The Grief of Andromache.		
Reunion of Soul and Body.		
A Good Wife.		
Dedication of the Iliad.		
Ulysses and Nausicaa.		
The Duke of Byron is condemned to Death.		
VISCOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND	1768–1848	2580
Chactas' Story.		

	LIVED	PAGE
THOMAS CHATTERTON	1752–1770	2604
Final Chorus from "Goddwyn."		
The Farewell of Sir Charles Baldwin to his Wife.		
Mynstrelles Songe.		
An Excelente Balade of Charitie.		
The Resignation.		
GEOFFREY CHAUCER	1340–1400	2612
The Prologue.	To his Empty Purse.	
Good Counsail of Chaucer.	Emylye in the Garden.	
MARIE-ANDRÉ CHÉNIER	1762–1794	2635
The Young Captive.	Ode.	
His Last Poem.	First Love.	
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD	1694–1773	2639
Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.		
RUFUS CHOATE	1799–1859	2662
The Age of the Pilgrims the Heroic Period of our History.		
COLLEY CIBBER	1671–1757	2684
My First Error.	My Discretion.	The Blind Boy.
MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO	106–43 B.C.	2687
Cicero on Old Age.	Cicero on Friendship.	
On the Death of Cæsar.		
EARL OF CLARENDON	1608–1674	2713
The Character of Charles I.		
The Character of Cromwell.		
The Character of Hampden.		
The Character of Lord Falkland.		
JULES ARNAUD ARSÈNE CLARETIE	1840–	2723
One of Brichanteau's Great Days.		
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE	1810–1888	2738
Idea of a Future State in all Religions.	Cana.	

List of Illustrations

VOLUME FIVE

Charlotte Corday (Photogravure)	*Frontispiece*	
John C. Calhoun	*Facing page*	2208
John Calvin	,,	2232
Hope	,,	2254
Lord Nelson	,,	2270
Thomas Carlyle	,,	2328
Lafayette	,,	2348
Oliver Cromwell Visiting Milton	,,	2372
Alice in Wonderland	,,	2387
Alice Cary	,,	2408
Cellini	,,	2442
Cervantes	,,	2456
Sancho Panza	,,	2462
Sancho as Governor	,,	2472
Napoleon	,,	2542
Chactas and Atala	,,	2580
Death of Chatterton	,,	2604
Geoffrey Chaucer	,,	2612
Canterbury Pilgrims	,,	2626
Earl of Chesterfield	,,	2639
Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers	,,	2662
Puritans going to Church	,,	2674
Cicero	,,	2687
Charles I.	,,	2714
Royal Bull Apis	,,	2744

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Pedro Calderon De La Barca, a distinguished Spanish dramatist and poet, born at Madrid, Jan. 17, 1600; died May 25, 1681. After receiving his early education in the Jesuit College at Madrid, he studied philosophy and scholastic theology in the University of Salamanca. On quitting the university he returned to Madrid, where his poetry and his talent for arranging gorgeous spectacular entertainments gained him the patronage of King Philip IV. In 1625 Calderon joined the army, and served with distinction in the Milanese and Low Countries, after which he was recalled by the King, and was employed to superintend the court amusements and write plays for the Royal Theater. In 1651 Calderon entered the Church, and was soon appointed to the Royal Chapel at Madrid, that he might be near the King. He continued to arrange the court spectacles, and wrote many dramas (*autos sacramentales*) for representation at the feast of Corpus Christi. His last work was written in his eightieth year. Calderon was the author of one hundred and twenty-two comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas, and seventy-two *autos*, besides three hundred *preludes* and *sayentes* or *divertissements*. Among his works are: "Life is a Dream," "The Wonder-Working Magician," "Two Lovers of Heaven," "The Constant Prince," "Zenobia the Great," "The Locks of Absalom," "The Scarf and the Flower," "The Brazen Serpent," "The Fairy Lady," "Love Survives Life," "The Physician of His Own Honor," "No Monster Like Jealousy," "The Mayor of Zelamia," "The Devotion of the Cross," "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," "The Divine Orpheus."

Cyprian's Bargain.

(From "The Wonderful Magician.")

[The Demon, angered by Cyprian's victory in defending the existence of God, swears vengeance. He resolves that Cyprian shall lose his soul for Justina, who rejects his love. Cyprian says: —]

So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me hell, I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul forever to inherit,

To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.

[*The Demon accepts his soul and hastens to Justina.*

Justina — 'Tis that enamored nightingale
Who gives me the reply:
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale! — No more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest;
For while thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor,
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale, —
Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move —
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me —

All — Love! love! love!

Justina — It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian? —

[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*

Did I not requite him
With such severity that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again? —
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
"Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!"
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*
It must be pity,
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [*Calmly.*
Alas! what reasonings are these? It is
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety,
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world!

Enter *Demon.*

Demon — Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.
Justina — And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?
Demon — No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling — who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.
Justina — So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm,—
The will is firm.
Demon — Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains:
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.
Justina — I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee!

Demon — But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?
Justina — By my free will.
Demon — I
Must force thy will.
Justina — It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[*He draws, but cannot move her.*

Demon — Come, where a pleasure waits thee.
Justina — It were bought
Too dear.
Demon — 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.
Justina — 'Tis dread captivity.
Demon — 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.
Justina — 'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.
Demon — But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina — My defense
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*

Demon — Woman, thou hast subdued me
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*
Justina — I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never — But alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?

Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!—

Enter Lisander *and* Livia.

Lisander—O my daughter! what?
Livia— What?
Justina— Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce sustain myself!
Lisander— A man here!
Justina—Have you not seen him?
Livia— No, lady.
Justina—I saw him.
Lisander— 'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.
Livia [*aside*]—I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.
Lisander— It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia— My master's in the right.
Justina— Oh, would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame.
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Which secretly the faithful worship.
Livia— Here.
Justina [*putting on her cloak*]—In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander— And I will go with thee!
Livia [*aside*]—When I once see them safe out of the house,
I shall breathe freely.
Justina— So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!

Lisander — Let us go.
Justina — Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake
And for thine own, mercifully to me!
— *Translation of* SHELLEY.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

(From "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of," Edward Fitzgerald's version of "La Vida Es Sueño.")

[The scene is a tower. Clotaldo is persuading Segismund that his experiences have not been real, but dreams, and discusses the possible relation of existence to a state of dreaming. The play itself is based on the familiar *motif* of which Christopher Sly furnishes a ready example.]

Clotaldo — PRINCES and princesses and counselors,
Fluster'd to right and left — my life made at —
But that was nothing —
Even the white-hair'd, venerable King
Seized on — Indeed, you made wild work of it;
And so discover'd in your outward action,
Flinging your arms about you in your sleep,
Grinding your teeth — and, as I now remember,
Woke mouthing out judgment and execution,
On those about you.
Segismund — Ay, I did indeed.
Clotaldo — Ev'n your eyes stare wild; your hair stands up —
Your pulses throb and flutter, reeling still
Under the storm of such a dream —
Segismund — A dream!
That seem'd as swearable reality
As what I wake in now.
Clotaldo — Ay — wondrous how
Imagination in a sleeping brain
Out of the uncontingent senses draws
Sensations strong as from the real touch;
That we not only laugh aloud, and drench
With tears our pillow; but in the agony
Of some imaginary conflict, fight
And struggle — ev'n as you did; some, 'tis thought
Under the dreamt-of stroke of death have died.
Segismund — And what so very strange, too — in that world
Where place as well as people all was strange,
Ev'n I almost as strange unto myself,
You only, you, Clotaldo — you, as much
And palpably yourself as now you are,
Came in this very garb you ever wore;
By such a token of the past, you said,
To assure me of that seeming present.

Clotaldo — Ay?
Segismund — Ay; and even told me of the very stars
You tell me hereof — how in spite of them,
I was enlarged to all that glory.
Clotaldo — Ay,
By the false spirits' nice contrivance, thus
A little truth oft leavens all the false,
The better to delude us.
Segismund — For you know
'Tis nothing but a dream?
Clotaldo — Nay, you yourself
Know best how lately you awoke from that
You know you went to sleep on. —
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?
Segismund — Never, to such reality.
Clotaldo — Such dreams
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations
Of that ambition that lies smoldering
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune:
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost
The reins of sensible comparison,
We fly at something higher than we are —
Scarce ever dive to lower — to be kings
Or conquerors, crown'd with laurel or with gold;
Nay, mounting heav'n itself on eagle wings, —
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,
May furnish us the key to this high flight —
That royal Eagle we were watching, and
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.
Segismund — Last night? Last night?
Clotaldo — Ay; do you not remember
Envying his immunity of flight,
As, rising from his throne of rock, he sail'd
Above the mountains far into the west,
That burned about him while with poising wings
He darkled in it as a burning brand
Is seen to smolder in the fire it feeds?
Segismund — Last night — last night — Oh, what a day was that
Between that last night and this sad to-day!
Clotaldo — And yet perhaps
Only some few dark moments, into which
Imagination, once lit up within
And unconditional of time and space,
Can pour infinities.
Segismund — And I remember

How the old man they call'd the King, who wore
The crown of gold about his silver hair,
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,
And after which it all was dark again,
Bade me beware lest all should be a dream.

Clotaldo — Ay — there another specialty of dreams,
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

Segismund — Would that it had been on the verge of death
That knows no waking —
Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,
Stunned, crippled — wretcheder than ev'n before.

Clotaldo — Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you
Your visionary honor wore so ill
As to work murder and revenge on those
Who meant you well.

Segismund — Who meant me! — me! their Prince,
Chain'd like a felon —

Clotaldo — Stay, stay — Not so fast.
You dream'd the Prince, remember.

Segismund — Then in dream
Revenged it only.

Clotaldo — True. But as they say
Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul
Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,
So that men sometimes in their dream confess
An unsuspected or forgotten self;
One must beware to check — ay, if one may,
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,
And ill reacts upon the waking day.
And, by the by, for one test, Segismund,
Between such swearable realities —
Since dreaming, madness, passion, are akin
In missing each that salutary rein
Of reason, and the guiding will of man:
One test, I think, of waking sanity
Shall be that conscious power of self-control
To curb all passion, but much, most of all,
That evil and vindictive, that ill squares
With human, and with holy canon less,
Which bids us pardon ev'n our enemies,
And much more those who, out of no ill-will,
Mistakenly have taken up the rod

Which Heaven, they think, has put into their hands.

Segismund — I think I soon shall have to try again —
Sleep has not yet done with me.

Clotaldo — Such a sleep!
Take my advice — 'tis early yet — the sun
Scarce up above the mountain; go within,
And if the night deceived you, try anew
With morning; morning dreams they say come true.

Segismund — Oh, rather pray for me a sleep so fast
As shall obliterate dream and waking too.
[*Exit into the tower.*

Clotaldo — So sleep; sleep fast: and sleep away those two
Night-potions, and the waking dream between,
Which dream thou must believe; and if to see
Again, poor Segismund! that dream must be. —
And yet — and yet — in these our ghostly lives,
Half night, half day, half sleeping, half awake,
How if our waking life, like that of sleep,
Be all a dream in that eternal life
To which we wake not till we sleep in death?
How if, I say, the senses we now trust
For date of sensible comparison, —
Ay, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,
Should be in essence of intensity
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke
To a perceptive subtlety so keen
As to confess themselves befool'd before,
In all that now they will avouch for most?
One man — like this — but only so much longer
As life is longer than a summer's day,
Believed himself a king upon his throne,
And play'd at hazard with his fellows' lives,
Who cheaply dream'd away their lives to him.
The sailor dream'd of tossing on the flood:
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood:
The lover of the beauty that he knew
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue:
The merchant and the miser of his bags
Of finger'd gold; the beggar of his rags:
And all this stage of earth on which we seem
Such busy actors, and the parts we play'd
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream!

The Dream Called Life.

(Segismund's Speech Closing the "Vida Es Sueño"; Fitzgerald's Version.)

A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hailed me now, then hailed me king,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so high and swelled so wide
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble
That my ambition had about me blown,
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this, in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,
Ay, even with all your airy theater,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamations, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this, that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming;—such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And whether wake or dreaming, this I know,—
How dreamwise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disordered insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he played,—
Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
Or the last trumpet of the eternal Day,
When dreaming with the night shall pass away.

The Dying Eusebio's Address to the Cross.

Tree, whereon the pitying skies
Hang the true fruit love doth sweeten,
Antidote of that first eaten,
Flower of man's new paradise,
Rainbow, that to tearful eyes

Sin's receding flood discloses —
Pledge that earth in peace reposes,
Beauteous plant, all fruitful vine,
A newer David's harp divine,
Table of a second Moses; —
Sinner am I, therefore I
Claim thine aid as all mine own,
Since for sinful man alone,
God came down on thee to die:
Praise through me thou hast won thereby,
Since for me would God have died,
If the world held none beside.
Then, O Cross! thou'rt all for me,
Since God had not died on thee
If sin's depths I had not tried.
Ever for thy intercession
Hath my faith implored, O Cross!
That thou wouldst not, to my loss,
Let me die without confession,
I, repenting my transgression,
Will not the first robber be
Who on thee confessed to God;
Since we two the same path trod,
And repent, deny not me
The redemption wrought on thee.

— *Translation of* MacCarthy.

Polonia's Hymn.

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I burn to sacrificè my will
A thousand and a thousand times.
And such my boundless love to Thee
I wish each will of mine a living soul could be.

Would that my love I could have shown,
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that press'd my head,
Some proud, imperial crown and throne —
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course and gilds with constant rays.

This lowly grot, 'neath rocks uphurled,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
A spur of that stupendous wall,

The eighth great wonder of the world,
Doth in its little space excel
The grandest palace where a king doth dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch it weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view, before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brightening plain their swiftly fading cars.

Far better in the mighty main,
As night comes on, and clouds grow gray,
To see the golden coach of day
Drive down amid the waves of Spain.
But be it dark or be it bright,
O Lord! I praise Thy name by day and night.

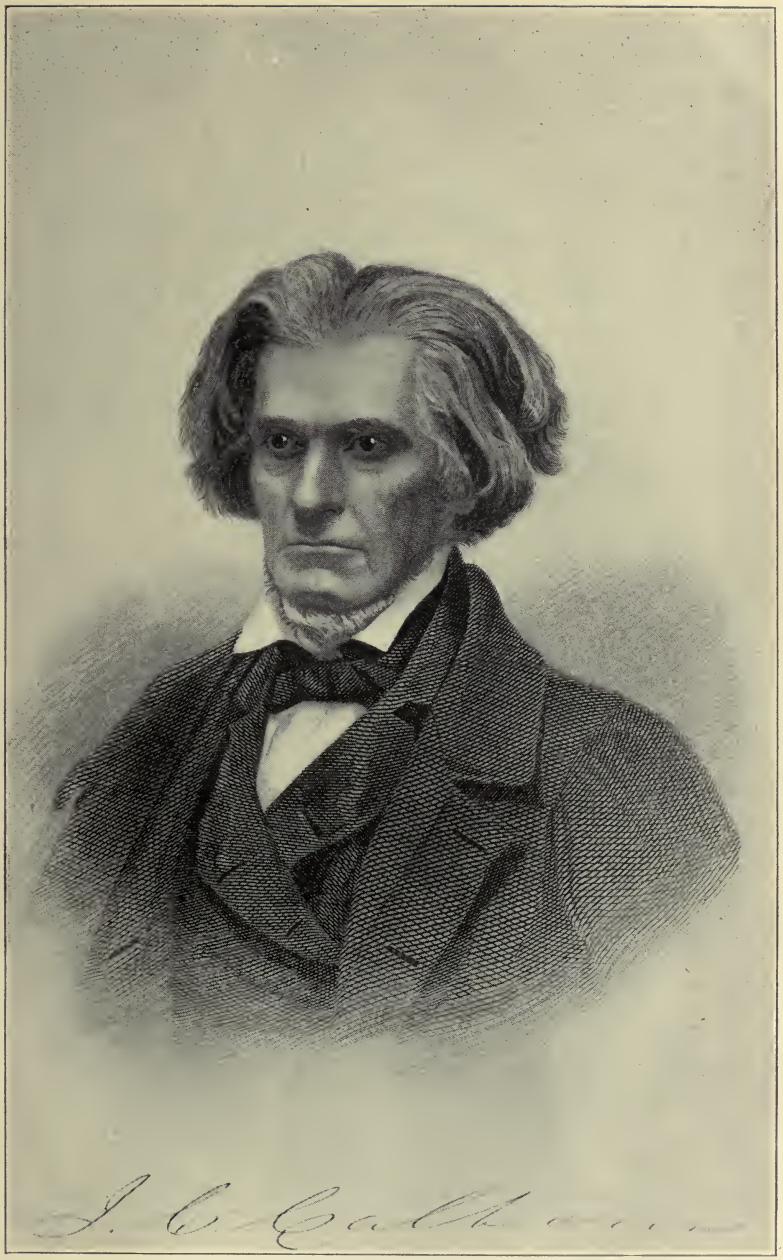
Than to endure the inner strife,
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,
And all the vanities of life;
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting dream.

— *Translation of* MacCarthy.

A Still Poorer Man.

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,
Sustained his feeble life as best he might
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
"Can any other one," said he, one day,
"So poor, so destitute as I be found?"
And when he turned his head to look around —
He saw the answer: creeping slowly there
Came an old man who gathered up with care
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.

— *Translation of* Helen S. Conant.


J. C. Calhoun

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

John Caldwell Calhoun, a noted American statesman, born in Abbeville District, S.C., March 18, 1782; died at Washington, D.C., March 31, 1850. He was graduated at Yale in 1804, studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and began practice in 1807. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1808–1810; Member of Congress, 1811–1817; Secretary of War, 1817–1825; Vice-President of the United States, 1825–1831; United States Senator, 1831–1842 and 1845–1850; and Secretary of State, 1844–1845.

Calhoun's works consist of a "Disquisition on Government," a "Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States," and several volumes of "Speeches." A collected edition of Calhoun's works, in six volumes, was published in 1853–1854.

Liberty and Equality.

(From "A Disquisition on Government.")

To perfect society, it is necessary to develop the faculties, intellectual and moral, with which man is endowed. But the mainspring to their development, and through this to progress, improvement, and civilization, with all their blessings, is the desire of individuals to better their condition. For this purpose liberty and security are indispensable. Liberty leaves each free to pursue the course he may deem best to promote his interest and happiness, as far as it may be compatible with the primary end for which government is ordained; — while security gives assurance to each that he shall not be deprived of the fruits of his exertions to better his condition. These, combined, give to this desire the strongest impulse of which it is susceptible; for to extend liberty beyond the limits assigned, would be to weaken the government and to render it incompetent to fulfill its primary end — the protection of society against dangers, internal and external. The effect of this would be insecurity; and of insecurity to weaken the impulse of individuals to better their condition, and thereby retard progress and improvement. On the other hand, to extend the powers of the government so as to contract

the sphere assigned to liberty, would have the same effect, by disabling individuals in their efforts to better their condition.

Herein is to be found the principle which assigns to Power and Liberty their proper spheres, and reconciles each to the other under all circumstances. For, if Power be necessary to secure to Liberty the fruits of its exertions, Liberty, in turn, repays Power with interest by increased population, wealth, and other advantages, which progress and improvement bestow on the community. By thus assigning to each its appropriate sphere, all conflicts between them cease; and each is made to coöperate with and assist the other in fulfilling the great ends for which government is ordained.

But the principle, applied to different communities, will assign to them different limits. It will assign a larger sphere to Power and a more contracted one to Liberty, or the reverse, according to circumstances. To the former there must be allotted, under all circumstances, a sphere sufficiently large to protect the community against danger from without and violence and anarchy within. The residuum belongs to Liberty. More cannot be safely or rightly allotted to it.

But some communities require a far greater amount of Power than others to protect them against anarchy and external dangers; and, of course, the sphere of Liberty in such must be proportionally contracted. The causes calculated to enlarge the one and contract the other are numerous and various. Some are physical; — such as open and exposed frontiers, surrounded by powerful and hostile neighbors. Others are moral! — such as the different degrees of intelligence, patriotism, and virtue among the mass of the community, and their experience and proficiency in the art of self-government. Of these, the moral are, by far, the most influential. A community may possess all the necessary moral qualifications in so high a degree as to be capable of self-government under the most adverse circumstances; while, on the other hand, another may be so sunk in ignorance and vice as to be incapable of forming a conception of Liberty, or of living, even when most favored by circumstances, under any other than an absolute and despotic government. . . .

It follows, from what has been stated, that it is a great and dangerous error to suppose that all people are equally entitled to Liberty. It is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be gratuitously lavished on all alike; — a reward reserved for the intelligent, the patriotic, the virtuous and deserving; — and not

a boon to be bestowed on a people too ignorant, degraded and vicious to be capable either of appreciating or of enjoying it. Nor is it any disparagement to Liberty that such is and ought to be the case. On the contrary, its greatest praise — its proudest distinction — is that an all-wise Providence has reserved it as the noblest and highest reward for the development of our faculties, moral and intellectual. A reward more appropriate than Liberty could not be conferred on the deserving; nor a punishment inflicted on the undeserving more just than to be subjected to lawless and despotic rule. This dispensation seems to be the result of some fixed law; — and every effort to disturb or defeat it by attempting to elevate a people in the scale of Liberty above the point to which they are entitled to rise must ever prove abortive and end in disappointment. The progress of a people rising from a lower to a higher point in the scale of Liberty is necessarily slow; and by attempting to precipitate we either retard or permanently defeat it.

There is another error, not less great and dangerous, usually associated with the one which has just been considered. I refer to the opinion that Liberty and Equality are so intimately united that Liberty cannot be perfect without perfect Equality.

That they are united to a certain extent — and that equality of citizens, in the eyes of the law, is essential to liberty in a popular government, is conceded. But to go further, and make equality of *condition* essential to liberty, would be to destroy both liberty and progress. The reason is that inequality of condition, while it is a necessary consequence of liberty, is, at the same time, indispensable to progress. In order to understand why this is so it is necessary to bear in mind that the mainspring to progress is the desire of individuals to better their condition; and that the strongest impulse which can be given to it is to leave individuals free to exert themselves in the manner they may deem best for that purpose, as far at least as it can be done consistently with the ends for which government is ordained; — and to secure to all the fruits of their exertion. Now, as individuals differ greatly from each other in intelligence, sagacity, energy, perseverance, skill, habits of industry and economy, physical power, position and opportunity — the necessary effect of leaving all free to exert themselves to better their condition must be a corresponding inequality between those who may possess these qualities and advantages in a high degree and those who may be deficient in them. The only

means by which this result can be prevented are either to impose such restrictions on the exertions of those who may possess them in a high degree as will place them on a level with those who do not, or to deprive them of the fruits of their exertion. But to impose such restrictions on them would be destructive of liberty; — while to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions would be to destroy the desire of bettering their condition. It is, indeed, this inequality of condition between the front and rear ranks in the march of progress which gives so strong an impulse to the former to maintain their position, and to the latter to press forward into their files. This gives to progress its greatest impulse. To force the front rank back to the rear, or attempt to push forward the rear into line with the front, by the interposition of the government, would put an end to the impulse and effectually arrest the march of progress.

These great and dangerous errors have their origin in the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal; — than which nothing can be more unfounded and false. It rests upon the assumption of a fact which is contrary to universal observation, in whatever light it may be regarded. It is, indeed, difficult to explain how an opinion so destitute of all sound reason ever could have been so extensively entertained, unless we regard it as being confounded with another, which has some semblance of truth, but which, when properly understood, is not less false and dangerous. I refer to the assertion that all men are equal in the state of nature: meaning, by a state of nature, a state of individuality supposed to have existed prior to the social and political state, and in which men lived apart and independent of each other. If such a state ever did exist, all men would have been, indeed, free and equal to it; that is, free to do as they pleased, and exempt from the authority or control of others — as, by supposition, it existed anterior to society and government. But such a state is purely hypothetical. It never did or can exist, as it is inconsistent with the preservation and perpetuation of the race. It is, therefore, a great misnomer to call it *the state of nature*. Instead of being the natural state of man, it is, of all conceivable states, the most opposed to his nature — most repugnant to his feelings, and most incompatible with his wants. His natural state is the social and political — the one for which his Creator made him, and the only one in which he can preserve and perfect his race. As, then, there never was such a state as the so-called state of nature, and never can be, it fol-

lows that men, instead of being born in it, are born in the social and political state; and of course, instead of being born free and equal, are born subject not only to parental authority, but to the laws and institutions of the country where born, and under whose protection they draw their first breath.

Urging Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

(From Speech in the Senate, March 4th, 1850.)

Having now shown what cannot save the Union, I return to the question with which I commenced, How can the Union be saved? There is but one way by which it can with any certainty; and that is by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the Constitution; and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil and remove all cause of discontent; by satisfying the South, she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can with any certainty finally and forever settle the questions at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party — for it can of itself do nothing, not even protect itself — but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it; to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled; to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the Constitution by an amendment which will restore to the South in substance the power she possessed of protecting herself, before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision, — one that will protect the South, and which at the same time will improve and strengthen the government instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But I will say she cannot refuse, if she has half

the love of the Union which she professes to have; or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever; unless to do justice, and to perform her duties under the Constitution, should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, Senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we as the representatives of the States of this Union, regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our respective views in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you who represent the stronger portion cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we both represent agree to separate and part in peace. If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so, and we shall know what to do when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case California will become the test question. If you admit her, under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections. We would be blind not to perceive in that case that your real objects are power and aggrandizement; and infatuated not to act accordingly.

I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly, on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

CALLIMACHUS.

Callimachus, a Greek poet, critic, and grammarian, born at Cyrene in Africa; died at Alexandria, Egypt, about 240 B.C. For twenty years before his death he was at the head of the famous Alexandrian Library. He was the most celebrated of the Alexandrian scholars and poets. His greatest work was a history of Greek literature, "Picture or Account of Writings of All Kinds," in one hundred and twenty books. His style is elegant, though its beauties are the result of excessive elaboration rather than real poetic genius. This is what might be expected from the greatest grammarian and literary critic of the age living in an atmosphere of the concentrated knowledge of the then known world. Few ancient authors have had more numerous and able commentators. His writings were numerous; but of them there are now extant only six, "Hymns to the Gods," and seventy-four short epigrams.

Hymn to Artemis.

Though great Apollo claim the poet's lyre,
Yet cold neglect may tempt Artemis's ire: —
Come, virgin goddess, and inspire my song,
To you the chase and sylvan dance belong,
And mountain sports; since first, with accents mild,
Whilst on his knee the Thunderer held his child:
"O grant me, Father," thus the Goddess said,
"To reign a virgin, and unspotted maid;
To me let temples rise, and altars smoke,
And men, by many names, my aid invoke.
Proud Phœbus else might with thy daughter vie,
And look on Dian with disdainful eye.
To bend the bow and aim the dart be mine:
I ask no thunder nor thy bolts divine.
At your desire, the Cyclops will bestow
My pointed shafts, and string my little bow.
Let silver light my virgin steps attend,
When to the chase with flying feet I bend;
Above the knee be my white garments rolled
In plaited folds, and fringed around with gold.

Let Ocean give me sixty little maids
To join the dance amid surrounding shades;
Let twenty more from fair Amnisius come,
All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom,
To bear my buskins and my dogs to feed,
When fawns in safety frisk along the mead,
Nor yet the spotted lynx is doomed to bleed.
Be mine the mountains, and each rural bower;
And give one city for thy daughter's dower.
On mountain-tops shall my bright arrows shine,
And with the mortal race I'll only join
When matrons, torn by agonizing throes,
Invoke Lucina to relieve their woes:
For at my birth the attendant Fates assigned
This task to me, in mercy to mankind,
Since fair Latona gave me to thy love,
And felt no pangs when blest by favoring Jove."

She spoke, and stretched her hands with infant art,
To stroke his beard, and gain her father's heart;
But oft she raised her little arms in vain.
At length, with smiles, he thus relieved her pain:
"Fair daughter, loved beyond the immortal race,
If such as you spring from a stolen embrace,
Let furious Juno burn with jealous ire;
Be mine the care to grant your full desire,
And greater gifts beside. From this blest hour
Shall thirty towns invoke Artemis's power:
Full thirty towns (for such high Jove's decree),
Ungirt by walls, shall pay their vows to thee;
O'er public ways Artemis shall preside,
And every port where ships in safety ride.
Nor shall those towns alone your power obey;
But you with other gods divide the sway
Of distant isles amid the watery main,
And cities on the continental plain,
Where mighty nations shall adore your name,
And groves and altars your protection claim."

The Thunderer spoke, and gave the almighty nod
That seals his will, and binds the immortal God: —
Meanwhile the joyful Goddess wings her flight
To Creta's isle, with snowy mountains bright;
Thence from Dictynna's hills, and bending wood,
She seeks the caverns of the rolling flood;
And at her call the attendant virgins come,

All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom.
With joy Cæretus views the smiling choir;
And hoary Tethys feels reviving fire
When her bright offspring o'er the enameled green
Trip with light footsteps, and surround their queen.

But thence to Melegunis's isle in haste
(Now Lipara) the sylvan Goddess passed —
The nymphs attending — and with wondering eyes,
Saw the brown Cyclops of enormous size,
Deep in their darksome dwelling under ground,
On Vulcan's mighty anvil turning round
A mass of metal hissing from the flame.
The Sea-god urges, and for him they frame
A wondrous vase, the liquor to contain
That fills his coursers on the stormy main.
With horror chilled, the timorous virgins eye
Stupendous giants rear their heads on high
Like cloud-capt Ossa rising o'er the field:
One eye, that blazed like some refulgent shield,
From each stern forehead glared pernicious fire. —
Aghast they gaze, when now the monsters dire
With stubborn strokes shake the resounding shore,
And the huge bellows through the caverns roar.
But when from fiercer flames the metal glows,
And the fixed anvil rings with heavier blows,
When ponderous hammers break the tortured mass,
Alternate thundering on the burning brass,
The nymphs no more endure the dreadful sight;
Their ears grow deaf, their dim eyes lose the light;
A deeper groan through laboring Ætna runs,
Appalls the heart of old Sicania's sons,
Redoubles from Hesperia's coast around,
And distant Cyrnus thunders back the sound.
No wonder that Artemis's tender maids
Should sink with terror in these gloomy shades,
For when the daughters of the immortal gods,
With infant-clamors fill the blest abodes,
Arges or Steropes the mother calls
(Two Cyclops grim) from their infernal halls
To seize the froward child. No Cyclops come,
But, loudly threatening, from some inner room
Obsequious Hermes swift before her stands,
With blackened face, and with extended hands:
The frightened infant, thus composed to rest,
Forgets its cries, and sinks upon her breast.

But fair Artemis — scarce three summers old —
Could, with her mother, these dread scenes behold,
When Vulcan, won by her enchanting mien,
With welcome gifts received the sylvan queen:
Stern Bronté's knee the little Goddess prest,
And plucked the bristles from his brawny breast,
As if dire Alopecia's power had torn
The hairs that shall no more his chest adorn.
Now undismayed, as then, the Goddess cried,
"Ye mighty Cyclops, set your tasks aside,
And for Jove's daughter forge immortal arms,
To fright the savage race with wild alarms:
Sharp arrows to pursue the flying foe,
A sounding quiver, and a dreadful bow,
Such as Cyclonians use: for know that I
Descend, like Phœbus, from the realms on high;
And when some tusky boar resigns his life
Beneath my darts amid the sylvan strife,
The unwieldy victim shall reward your toil,
And hungry Cyclops gorge the grateful spoil."
She spoke; the tawny workmen swift obeyed,
And in one instant armed the immortal maid.

But now the Goddess, sought — nor sought in vain —
Pan, the protector of the Arcadian plain.
She found the god dividing 'mongst his hounds
The flesh of lynxes from Mænalea's grounds.
Six beauteous dogs, when first she came in view,
Swift from the pack the bearded shepherd drew:
One silver spangles round his body bears,
Two streaked with white, and three with spotted ears —
All fierce in blood; the weaker prey they slew,
And living lions to their kennel drew.
Seven more he gave of Sparta's hardy race,
Fleet as the winds, and active in the chase
Of fawns that climb the mountains' lofty steep,
And hares that never shut their eyes in sleep;
Skilled through the porcupine's dark haunts to go,
And trace the footsteps of the bounding roe.

The nymph accepting leads her hounds with speed
To verdant hills above the Arcadian mead;
And on the mountain's airy summit finds
(Sight wondrous to behold) five beauteous hinds,
That on Anaurus's flowery margin fed
(Where mossy pebbles filled his ample bed);

In size like bulls, and on their heads divine
High horns of beaming gold resplendent shine.
Soon as the vision opened on her eyes,
"These, these," she said, "shall be Artemis's prize!"
Then o'er the rocks pursued the mountain-winds,
Outstripped the dogs, and seized the flying hinds.
One unobserved escaped, but four remain
To draw her chariot through the ethereal plain.
The fifth, by Juno's wiles, took swift her way
Through Celadon's dark flood: the glorious prey
To Cerynæus's distant mountains run,
A future prize for great Alcmena's son.

Hail, fair Parthenia, beauteous Queen of Night,
Who hurled fierce Tityus from the realms of light:
I see the nymph in golden arms appear,
Mount the swift car, and join the immortal deer:
A golden zone around her waist she binds,
And reins of gold confine the bounding hinds.

But whither first, O Sacred Virgin, say,
Did your bright chariot whirl its airy way? —
To Hæmus's hills where Boreas fiercely blows
On wretched mortals frost and winter snows.
But whence the pine, and whence the kindling flame? —
The pine from Mysia's lofty mountain came;
Jove's thunder roared; red lightning streamed on high
To light the torch that blazes through the sky. —

Say, next, how oft the silver bow you drew,
And where, bright Queen, your vengeful arrows flew. —
An elm received the first, an oak the next;
The third a mountain savage deep transfixed.
More swift the fourth, like rattling thunder springs,
And hurls destruction from its dreadful wings
On realms accursed, where justice ne'er was shown
To sons of foreign states, or of their own,
Deep sunk in crimes! — How miserable they
'Gainst whom thy vengeance wings its distant way!
Disease devours the flocks; dire hail and rain
Destroy the harvest, and lay waste the plain.
The hoary sire, for guilty deeds undone,
Shaves his gray locks, and mourns his dying son.
In agonizing pangs — her babe unborn —
The matron dies; or, from her country torn,
To some inhospitable clime must fly,
And see the abortive birth untimely die.

Thrice happy nations, where, with look benign,
Your aspect bends; beneath your smiles divine
The fields are with increasing harvests crowned;
The flocks grow fast, and plenty reigns around;
Nor sire, nor infant son, black Death shall crave,
Till ripe with age they drop into the grave;
Nor fell Suspicion, nor relentless Care,
Nor peace-destroying Discord enter there:
But friends and brothers, wives and sisters, join
The feast in concord and in love divine.
O! grant your bard, and the distinguished few,
His chosen friends, these happy climes to view:
So shall Apollo's love, Artemis's praise,
And fair Latona's nuptials, grace my lays.
And when my soul-inspiring transport feels,
Your arms, your labors, and the fervid wheels
Of your swift car, that flames along the sky
To yonder courts of thundering Jove on high,
Your coming Acacesian Hermes waits,
And great Apollo stands before the gates,
To lift from off the car the sylvan prey,
While Hermes joyful bears your arms away;
Nor Phœbus e'er his helping hand denies.
But when Alcides scaled the lofty skies,
This task to him was by the gods decreed;
So, from his ancient labors scarcely freed,
Before the eternal doors the hero stands,
Expects the prey, and waits your dread commands.
In laughing crowds the joyous gods appear;
But chief the imperious step-dame's voice you hear
Loud o'er the rest, to see Tirynthius pull
The unwieldy weight of some enormous bull,
That with the hinder foot impatient spurns
The laboring god, as from the car he turns.
The brawny hero, though with toil opprest,
Approached the nymph, and quaintly thus addrest:
"Strike sure the savage beast; and man to thee
Will give the name before bestowed on me —
The Great Deliverer; let the timid hare,
And bearded goat, to native hills repair,
And there securely range: what ills proceed
From hares or goats that on the mountains feed! —
Wild boars and trampling bulls oft render vain
The peasants' toil, and waste the ripening grain;
Aim there your darts, and let the monsters feel
The mortal wound, and the sharp-pointed steel."

He spoke, renewed his toil, and heaved away
With secret gladness the reluctant prey.
Beneath the Phrygian oak his bones were burned,
And his immortal part to heaven returned;
Yet still tormented by fierce hunger's rage,
As when Theiodamas he durst engage;
Amnisian virgins from the car unbind
The sacred deer, and dress each panting hind;
Ambrosial herbage by their hands is given
From meadows sacred to the Queen of Heaven,
Where Jove's immortal coursers feed. They bring
Refreshing water from a heavenly spring
In golden cisterns of ethereal mold,
The draught more grateful from a vase of gold.
But you, fair nymph, called by the powers above,
Ascend the mansions of imperial Jove. —
Till gods rose graceful, when the Virgin Queen,
With beauteous aspect, and with look serene,
By Phœbus's side assumed her silver throne,
Next him in power, and next in glory shone.

But when, with sportive limbs, the nymphs are seen
To dance in mazy circles round their queen
Near the cool fountains whence Inopus rose,
Broad as the Nile, and like the Nile o'erflows;
Or when to Pitané or Limnæ's meads,
Or Alæ's flowery field, the Goddess leads
The choir from Taurus black with human blood,
And turns disgustful from the Scythian brood,
That day my heifers to the stall retire,
Nor turn the greensward for another's hire.
Though nine years old, and in Tymphæa born,
Their limbs though sturdy, and though strong of horn
To drag the plow and cleave the mellow soil,
Yet would their necks o'erlabored, bend with toil,
When God himself leans downward from the sky,
Beholds the virgins with enraptured eye,
Detains his chariot, whence new glories pour,
Prolongs the day, and stops the flying hour.

What city, mountain, or what sacred isle,
What harbor boasts your most auspicious smile?
And of the attendant nymphs, that sportful rove
Along the hills, who most enjoys your love,
O Goddess, tell. — If you inspire their praise,
Admiring nations will attend my lays.

Your favor Perga, green Doliche boasts,
Taygetus's mountains, and Euripus's coasts;
And Britomartis, from Gertynya's grove,
Of all the nymphs enjoys distinguished love.

Fair Britomartis (skilled to wing the dart,
And pierce with certain wound the distant hart) —
Imperial Minos chased with wild desire
O'er Cretan hills, and made the nymph retire
To some far distant oak's extended shade,
Or sheltering grove, or marsh's watery bed.
Nine months the king pursued, with furious haste,
O'er rocks abrupt and precipices vast,
Nor once gave back; but when the blooming maid
Was just within his power, and none gave aid,
His grasp eluding from the impending steep
Headlong she plunged amid the swelling deep.
But friendly fishers on the main displayed
Their nets wide-stretching to receive the maid,
And thus preserved her from a watery death,
Worn out with toil, and panting still for breath.
And in succeeding times Cydonians hence
Dyctyna[1] called the nymph; the mountain whence
She leapt into the sea bears Dieté's name,
Where annual rites record the virgin's fame.
On that blest day, fair nymph, is wove for thee
A garland from the pine or mastich-tree;
The myrtle-branch untouched, that durst assail
The flying maid, and rent her snowy veil:
And hence the man must bear Artémis's frown,
Who shall her altars with fresh myrtles crown.
The name Dyctyna, too, the Cretans gave
(From her who fearless plunged beneath the wave)
To you, fair Upis, from whose sacred brows
Resplendent glory with mild luster flows.
But in your breast the nymph Cyrené shares
An equal place, and equal favor bears,
To whom in days of old your hands conveyed
Two beauteous hounds, with which the warlike maid
Acquired renown before the Iolcian tomb.
All bright with locks of gold see Procris come,
Majestic matron — Cephalus's spouse —
Whom, though no virgin, you, great Goddess chose
Companion of the chase. But o'er the rest

[1] *Dyctyna*, and *Dicté*, from the Greek δίκτυον, "a net."

Mild Anticlea your regard possest:
Fair as the light, and dearer in your eyes,
She claims protection by superior ties. —
These first bore quivers; these you taught to wing
The sounding arrow from the trembling string;
With their right shoulders and white bosoms bare
They lead the chase, and join the sylvan war.
Your praises, too, swift Atalanta charm —
Jasius's daughter — whose resistless arm
O'erthrew the boar: you showed the nymph the art,
To incite the hounds and aim the unerring dart.
But Calydonian hunters now no more
Dispute the prize, since the fair Virgin bore
The glorious trophy to the Arcadian plain,
Where his white teeth record the monster slain:
Nor now shall Rhœcus nor Hylæus young
With lust inflamed, or with fell envy stung,
Lay hands unhallowed on the beauteous maid,
Or once approach her in the Elysian shade;
Since their torn entrails on Mænalia tell
How by her arm the incestuous centaurs fell.
Hail, bright Chitoné, hail! Auspicious queen,
With robes of gold, and with majestic mien!
In many temples many climes adore
Your name, fair guardian of Miletus's shore. —
The name Imbracia, Chesias, too, is given
To you, high throned among the powers of heaven,
Since happy Nelus and the Athenian host
By your protection reached the fertile coast.
Great Agamemnon's hand a rudder bore,
To grace your temple on Bœotia's shore,
And gain your love, while adverse winds detain
The impatient Grecians from the roaring main,
Wild with delay, on rugged rocks they mourn
Rhamnusian Helen from her country torn.
When sudden frenzy seized the maddening brains
Of Prætus's daughters on the Achaian plains,
While o'er the inhospitable hills they roam,
You sought the maids and safe conducted home:
Of this two sacred fanes preserve the fame:
One to Coresia, from the virgin's name,
To Hemeresia one in Loussa's shades;
Mild Hemeresia cured the furious maids.
Fierce Amazonian dames, to battle bred,
Along the Ephesian plains by Hippo led,

With pious hands a golden statue bore
Of you, bright Upis, to the sacred shore;
Placed where a beech-tree's ample shade invites
The warlike band to join the holy rites:
Around the tree they clash their maiden shields,
With sounding strokes that echo through the fields;
Swift, o'er the shores, in wider circles spring,
Join hand in hand to form a mazy ring;
And beat, with measured steps, the trembling ground,
Responsive to the shrill pipe's piercing sound:
The bones of deer, yet uninspired and mute,
From which Athena formed a softer flute
Discordant notes to lofty Sardis fly,
And Berecynthus's distant hills reply:
Hoarse-rattling quivers o'er their shoulders ring,
While from the ground with bounding feet they spring,
And after ages saw, with glad surprise,
A wondrous fabric round the statue rise,[1]
More rich, more beautiful, than Phœbus boasts,
With all his glory, on the Delphic coasts;
Nor yet Aurora's morning beams have shone
On such a temple or so fair a throne.
But soon fierce Lygdamis, descending down,
With impious threats to burn the Ephesian town,
In numbers like the sand an host prepares
Of strong Cimmerians, fed with milk of mares;
The bands unblest their sudden march began
From frozen plains where lowing Iö ran.
Ah! wretched monarch, fated now no more
To lead your legions to the northern shore;
Who drove their chariots o'er Cayëster's mead
Shall ne'er in Scythian climes their coursers feed;
For bright Artemis guards the sacred towers,
And on the approaching foe destruction pours.
Hail! great Munychia: for the Athenian bay
And Pheræa's fertile shores confess your sway.
Hail! bright Pheræa: and let none presume
To offend Artemis, lest the avenging doom
Fall heavy on their heads, which Ocneus mourned,
When, unsuccessful, from the field he turned
For vows unpaid. Like her let none pretend
To dart the javelin or the bow to bend;
For when Atrides durst her grave profane,
No vulgar death removed the fatal stain.

[1] The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Let none with eyes of love the nymph behold,
Lest, like fond Otus and Orion bold,
They sink beneath her darts. Let none decline
The solemn dance, or slight the power divine:
Even favored Hippo feels her vengeful ire,
If from the unfinished rites she dares retire.
Hail! Virgin Queen: accept my humble praise,
And smile propitious on your poet's lays.

— *Translation of* H. W. Tytler.

Epitaph.

His little son of twelve years old Philippus here has laid,
Nicoteles, on whom so much his father's hopes were stayed.

Epigram.

(Admired and Paraphrased by Horace.)

The hunter in the mountains every roe
And every hare pursues through frost and snow,
Tracking their footsteps. But if some one say,
"See, here's a beast struck down," he turns away.
Such is *my* love: I chase the flying game,
And pass with coldness the self-offering dame.

Epitaph on Heracleitus.

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears I shed.
I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

— *Translation of* William Johnson.

Epitaph.

Would that swift ships had never been; for so
We ne'er had wept for Sopolis: but he
Dead on the waves now drifts; while we must go
Past a void tomb, a mere name's mockery.

— *Translation of* J. A. Symonds.

The Misanthrope.

Say, honest Timon, now escaped from light,
Which do you most abhor, or that or night?
"Man, I most hate the gloomy shades below,
And that because in them are more of you."

Epitaph Upon Himself.

Callimachus takes up this part of earth,
A man much famed for poesy and mirth.
— *Translation of* William Dodd.

Epitaph Upon Cleombrotus.

Loud cried Cleombrotus, "Farewell, O Sun!"
Ere, leaping from a wall, he joined the dead.
No act death-meriting had th' Ambraciote done,
But Plato's volume on the soul had read.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

Charles Stuart Calverley, an English barrister and poet, born at Martley, Worcestershire, Dec. 22, 1831; died in London, Feb. 17, 1884. He resumed the family name of Calverley, which his grandfather had changed to Blayds. He was educated at Harrow, at Balliol College, Oxford, and at Christ College, Cambridge, gaining at both universities a great reputation for scholarship, eccentricity, and athletics. His verses and translations at college made him the model of the literary undergraduates with a turn of humor. His scholarly translations both from and into the classical languages are of themselves sufficient to have given him a literary reputation. In the line of "nonsense poetry" and parody, he had few, if any, equals. He wrote hymns, humorous poems, and *vers de société*, and made numerous clever translations into English and Latin. In 1872 he published a collection of poems under the title of "Fly Leaves."

Lines for St. Valentine's Day.

Ere the moon the East hath crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns and
Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew —
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"
And the hour suggests eloping —
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction

Rarely realized, if ever,
  In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
  Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet—
  But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
  Ere I drain the poison-cup:
Tell me I may tell the chemist
  Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
  This my breast, and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
  They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

Thoughts at a Railroad Station.

'Tis but a box of modest deal;
  Directed to no matter where:
Yet down my cheek the teardrops steal—
Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;
For on it is this mute appeal,
  "*With care.*"

I am a stern cold man, and range
  Apart: but those vague words "*With care*"
Wake yearnings in me sweet as strange:
Drawn from my moral Moated Grange,
I feel I rather like the change
  Of air.

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy
  Some simple English phrase—"*With care*"
Or "*This side uppermost*"—and cry
Like children? No? No more have I.
Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry
  A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath
  That lid so much the worse for wear?
A ring perhaps—a rosy wreath—
A photograph by Vernon Heath—
Some matron's temporary teeth
  Or hair!

Perhaps some seaman, in Peru
Or Ind, hath stowed herein a rare
Cargo of birds'-eggs for his Sue;
With many a vow that he'll be true,
And many a hint that she is too —
Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry
Into the page that's folded there?
I shall be better by-and-by:
The porters, as I sit and sigh,
Pass and repass — I wonder why
They stare!

"Forever."

Forever! "'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two;
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame;
It fails to sadden or appall
Or solace — it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occurred
To solder the disjoined, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
While the great pulse of England beats:
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
For " into " ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two:
Nor am I confident they erred; —
Are you?

CHANGED.

I KNOW not why my soul is racked;
Why I ne'er smile, as was my wont;
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.

I used to roam o'er glen and glade,
Buoyant and blithe as other folk,
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burned;
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay — I nearly learned
To shake.

All day I sang; of love and fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.

I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon:
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more:
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.

Nay, worse than that, I've seemed of late
To shrink from happy boyhood — boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs;
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs.

It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

Ballad.

Imitation of Jean Ingelow.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard —
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

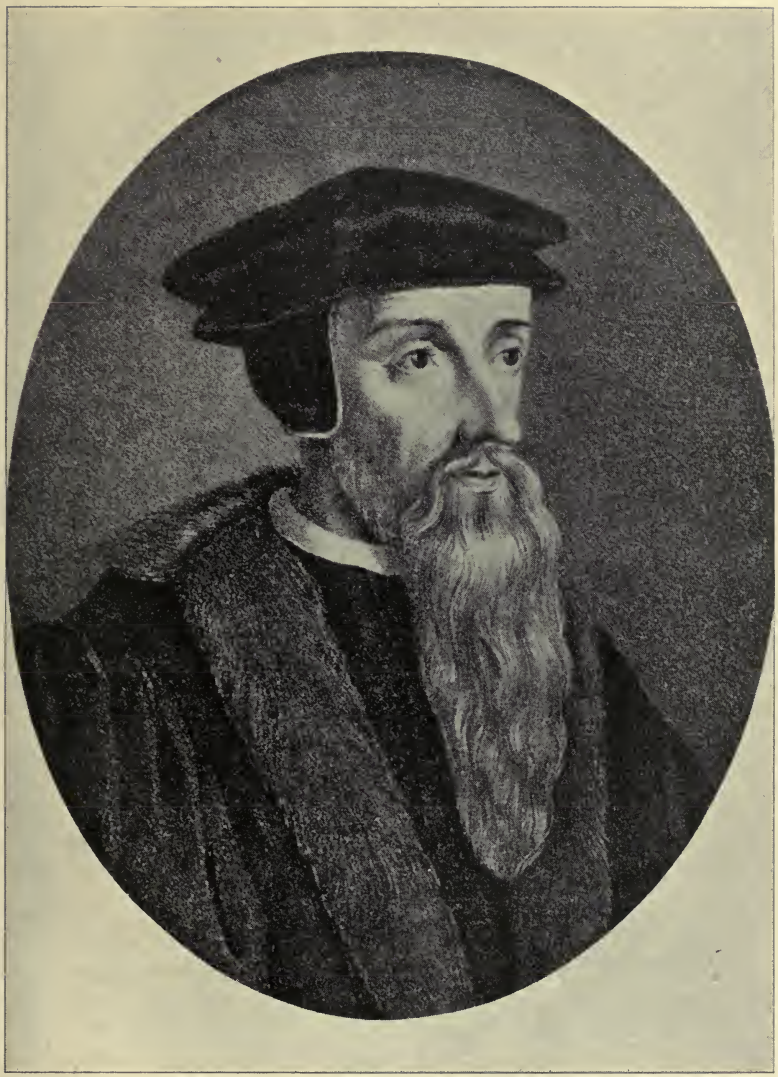
The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I've met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them.
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.



JOHN CALVIN

JOHN CALVIN.

John Calvin, a distinguished Franco-Swiss ecclesiastical Reformer, born at Noyon, France, July 10, 1509; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 27, 1564. At the age of fourteen John Calvin became a pupil at the College de la March, in Paris, where he mastered the Latin language so thoroughly that it became almost vernacular to him. At first his attention was especially directed toward the study of law; but before long he turned more to theological studies, and as early as 1533 we find him strongly tinctured with the "new learning," which had sprung up in France, almost independently of the Lutheran movement in Germany.

In 1535 we find him at Basel, in Switzerland, where he seems to have prepared the first edition of his famous "Institutio Christianæ Religionis." For a couple of years more Calvin led a wandering life, until 1537, when, almost by accident, he found himself, at the age of twenty-eight, at Geneva, which was thenceforth his home during the greater part of his subsequent life.

Next after the "Institutes," Calvin's most important work is his "Commentaries on the New Testament." His complete works were published in 12 folio volumes (1617). In the libraries of Geneva and Zürich are about 3,000 of his unpublished sermons and other writings.

Freedom of The Will.

(From the "Institutes of the Christian Religion.")

God has provided the soul of man with intellect, by which he might discern good from evil, just from unjust, and might know what to follow or to shun, reason going before with her lamp; whence philosophers, in reference to her directing power, have called her τὸ ἡγεμονικόν. To this he has joined will, to which choice belongs. Man excelled in these noble endowments in his primitive condition, when reason, intelligence, prudence, and judgment not only sufficed for the government of his earthly life, but also enabled him to rise up to God and eternal happiness. Thereafter choice was added to direct the

appetites and temper all the organic motions; the will being thus perfectly submissive to the authority of reason. In this upright state, man possessed freedom of will, by which if he chose he was able to obtain eternal life. It were here unseasonable to introduce the question concerning the secret predestination of God, because we are not considering what might or might not happen, but what the nature of man truly was. Adam, therefore, might have stood if he chose, since it was only by his own will that he fell; but it was because his will was pliable in either direction, and he had not received constancy to persevere, that he so easily fell. Still he had a free choice of good and evil; and not only so, but in the mind and will there was the highest rectitude, and all the organic parts were duly framed to obedience, until man corrupted its good properties, and destroyed himself. Hence the great darkness of philosophers who have looked for a complete building in a ruin, and fit arrangement in disorder. The principle they set out with was, that man could not be a rational animal unless he had a free choice of good and evil. They also imagined that the distinction between virtue and vice was destroyed, if man did not of his own counsel arrange his life. So far well, had there been no change in man. This being unknown to them, it is not surprising that they throw everything into confusion. But those who, while they profess to be the disciples of Christ, still seek for free-will in man, notwithstanding of his being lost and drowned in spiritual destruction, labor under manifold delusion, making a heterogeneous mixture of inspired doctrine and philosophical opinions, and so erring as to both. But it will be better to leave these things to their own place. At present it is necessary only to remember that man at his first creation was very different from all his posterity; who, deriving their origin from him after he was corrupted, received a hereditary taint. At first every part of the soul was formed to rectitude. There was soundness of mind and freedom of will to choose the good. If any one objects that it was placed, as it were, in a slippery position because its power was weak, I answer, that the degree conferred was sufficient to take away every excuse. For surely the Deity could not be tied down to this condition, — to make man such that he either could not or would not sin. Such a nature might have been more excellent; but to expostulate with God as if he had been bound to confer this nature on man, is more than unjust, seeing he had full right to determine how

much or how little he would give. Why he did not sustain him by the virtue of perseverance is hidden in his counsel; it is ours to keep within the bounds of soberness. Man had received the power, if he had the will, but he had not the will which would have given the power; for this will would have been followed by perseverance. Still, after he had received so much, there is no excuse for his having spontaneously brought death upon himself. No necessity was laid upon God to give him more than that intermediate and even transient will, that out of man's fall he might extract materials for his own glory.

The Doctrine of Original Sin.

(From "Institutes," Book II., Chap. x., Sec. 10.)

It is not my intention to discuss all the definitions given by writers; I shall only produce one which I think perfectly consistent with the truth. Original sin, therefore, appears to be an hereditary pravity and corruption of our nature, diffused through all the parts of the soul; rendering us obnoxious to the Divine wrath, and producing in us those works which the Scripture calls "works of the flesh." These two things should be distinctly observed: first, our nature being so totally vitiated and depraved, we are, on account of this very corruption, considered as convicted and justly condemned in the sight of God, to whom nothing is acceptable but righteousness, innocence, and purity. And this liableness to punishment arises not from the delinquency of another; for when it is said that the sin of Adam renders us obnoxious to the Divine judgment, it is not to be understood as if we, though innocent, were undeservedly loaded with the guilt of sin; but because we are all subject to a curse in consequence of his transgression he is therefore said to have involved us in guilt. Nevertheless, we derive from him not only the punishment, but also the pollution to which the punishment is justly due. And therefore infants themselves, as they bring their condemnation into the world with them, are rendered obnoxious to punishment by their own sinfulness, not by the sinfulness of another. For though they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, yet they have the seed of it within them; even their whole nature is, as it were, a seed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God. Whence

it follows that it is properly accounted sin in the sight of God, because there could be no guilt without crime.

The other thing to be remarked is that this depravity never ceases in us, but is perpetually producing new fruits — those "works of the flesh" which we have before described — like the emission of flame and sparks from a heated furnace, or like the streams of water from a never-failing spring. Therefore, those who have defined original sin as a depravation of the original righteousness which we ought to possess, though they comprise the whole of the subject, yet have not used language sufficiently expressive of its operation and influence. For our nature is not only destitute of all good, but it is so fertile in all evils that it cannot remain inactive. Those who have called it *concupiscence* have used an expression not improper, if it were only added (which is far from being conceded by most persons) that everything in man — the understanding and will, the soul and body — is polluted and engrossed by this concupiscence; or, to express it more briefly, that man is, of himself, nothing but concupiscence.

The Eternal Election, or Predestination.

(From "Institutes," Book III., Chap. xxi., Sec. 1–7.)

The Covenant of Life not being equally preached to all, and among those to whom it is preached not always finding the same reception, this diversity discovers the wonderful depth of the Divine judgment. Nor is it to be doubted that this variety always follows, subject to the decision of God's eternal election. If it be evidently the result of the Divine will that salvation is freely offered to some and others are prevented from attaining it, this immediately gives rise to important and difficult questions, which are incapable of any other explanation than by the establishment of pious minds in what ought to be received concerning election and predestination: a question, in the opinion of many, full of perplexity: for they consider nothing more unreasonable than that of the common mass of mankind some should be predestined to salvation and others to destruction. But how unreasonably they perplex themselves will afterward appear from the sequel of our discourse. Besides, the very obscurity which excites such dread not only displays the utility of this doctrine, but shows it to be productive of the most delightful

benefit. We shall never be clearly convinced, as we ought to be, that our salvation flows from the fountain of God's free mercy, till we are acquainted with his eternal election, which illustrates the grace of God by this comparison — that he adopts not all promiscuously to the hope of salvation, but gives to some what he refuses to others. Ignorance of this principle evidently detracts from the divine glory, and diminishes real humanity. . . . In ascribing the salvation of the "remnant" of the people to "the election of grace," Paul clearly testifies that it is then only known that God saves whom he will of his mere good pleasure. . . . And hence the Church rises to our view, which otherwise, as Bernard justly observes, could neither be discovered nor recognized among creatures, being in two respects wonderfully concealed in the bosom of a blessed predestination and in the mass of a miserable damnation. . . .

The discussion of predestination is made very perplexed, and therefore dangerous by human curiosity, which no barriers can restrain from wandering into forbidden labyrinths, and soaring beyond its sphere, as if determined to leave none of the Divine secrets unscrutinized or unexplored. As we see multitudes guilty of this arrogance and presumption, it is proper to admonish them of their duty in this respect. Let them remember that when they inquire into predestination they penetrate into the inmost recesses of the Divine wisdom, where the careless and confident intruder will obtain no satisfaction to his curiosity, but will enter a labyrinth from which he will find no way to depart. For it is unreasonable that man should scrutinize with impunity those things which the Lord hath determined to be hidden in himself; and investigate, even from eternity, that sublimity of wisdom which God would have us to adore, not comprehend, to promote our admiration of his glory. The secrets of his will which he determined to reveal to us he discovers in his word, and these are all that he foresaw would concern us or conduce to our advantage. . . .

In conformity to the clear doctrine of Scripture, we assert that, by an eternal and immutable counsel, God hath once for all determined both whom he would admit to salvation, and whom he would condemn to destruction. We affirm that this counsel, as far as concerns the elect, is founded on his gratuitous mercy, totally irrespective of human merit; but that to those whom he devotes to condemnation the gate of life is closed by a just and irreprehensible but incomprehensible judgment.

LOUIS DE CAMOENS.

Louis de Camoens, a renowned Portuguese poet, born at Lisbon in 1524 (?); died there, June 18, 1579. He was educated at the University of Coimbra. On his return to Lisbon he fell in love with Dona Catherina de Attayda, a Lady of Honor at Court, for which offense he was banished to Santarem. Seeing no prospect of restoration to favor, he joined an expedition against the Moors, and lost his right eye in a naval battle in the Straits of Gibraltar. He afterward went to India, fought against the Mohammedans in the Red Sea, and on his return to Goa, wrote a satire on the Portuguese authorities in India which caused his banishment to Macao. During his residence at Macao he wrote his great epic poem, "Os Lusiadas" ("The Lusitanians"), the leading subject of which is the voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497, when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, thus making known the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India.

After shipwreck, in which Camoens lost all his possessions except his poem, after imprisonment and other vicissitudes, he returned to Lisbon, and succeeded in publishing "The Lusiads," which he dedicated to the young King Sebastian. It attracted much attention, but was unrewarded except by a small pension, which was withdrawn on the death of Sebastian. The remainder of Camoens's life was passed in obscurity and poverty, of which his lyric poems often make complaint. He died in a hospital, depending on charity for his very winding-sheet; and when, at last, his country sought to honor him with a monument, it was not without difficulty that his grave was discovered.

A Storm at Sea.

(From "The Lusiads," translation of Aubertin.)

But at this moment, while they ready stand,
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky.
The whistle blows; the sailors, every hand,
Starting, awaken; and on deck they fly.
And as the wind increased he gave command,
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply;

"Alert! alert! from yon black cloud," he cries,
"That hangs above, the wind begins to rise."

But, ere the foresails are well gathered in,
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd;
"Strike sail!" the master shouts amidst the din,
"Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands aboard!"
But the indignant winds the fight begin,
And, joined in fury ere it could be lowered,
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend,
As if the world were coming to an end.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,
From sudden terror and disunion blind;
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,
And ships a mass of water in the wind;
"Cast overboard," the master's order flies;
"Cast overboard, together, with a mind!
Others to work the pumps! no slackening!
The pumps, and quick! for we are foundering."

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast
To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed
When the dread seas, in which the ship was cast,
So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid;
Three hardy, powerful soldiers, to the last,
To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made;
With cords on either side it must be bound,
For force and art of man but vain are found.

The winds were such that scarcely could they show
With greater force or greater rage around
Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow
The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.
Upon the aspiring seas, which higher grow,
Like a small boat the valiant ship doth bound:
Exciting wonder that on such a main
She can her striving course so long sustain.

The valiant ship, with Gama's brother Paul,
With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,
Half under water lies; the sailors call
On Him Who once appeared the world to save;
Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all
Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,

Although the master had such caution shown,
That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,
O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end;
Now to the bowels of the depths below,
It seems to all their senses they descend;
Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,
The very world's machinery would rend;
While flashings fire the black and ugly night,
And shed from pole to pole a dazzling light.

The halcyon birds their notes of mourning told
Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,
Calling to mind their agonies of old,
Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe;
The amorous dolphins, all, from sports withhold,
And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,
Such storms and winds unable to endure,
Which, e'en in refuge, leave them not secure.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed
Against the Giant's fierce, rebellious pride,
By the great, sordid forger, who is famed
His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied:
Nor even 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,
Hurled by the mighty Thunderer far and wide,
In the great flood which spared those only two,
Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne
By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove:
How many aged trees were upward torn
By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove!
But little dreamed their roots that, thus forlorn,
They e'er would be reversed toward heaven above,
Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show,
As e'en to cast them upward from below!

The Spirit of the Cape.

(From "The Luciads," translation of Mickle.)

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held,
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day

Had now five times withdrawn, the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapor cast,
Transfixed with awe, the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow, bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood. — "O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God?" I cried.
"Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar
Where sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

I spoke; — when, rising through the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered.
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered,
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared;
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; — the while, with visage ghastly, wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began: —

"O you, the boldest of the nations fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired;

Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway;
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero braved my rage before; —
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view:
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And, bursting, soon shall o'er your race descend!
With every bounding keel that dares my rage
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane —
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast;
Then he who first my secret reign descried
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O, Lusus, oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

"With trophies plumed behold a hero come!
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb!
Though smiling fortune blessed his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laureled brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thundered in the rear —
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here:
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laureled head to me;
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

"The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare!
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shattered wrecks shall blacken all my shore.

Themselves escaped, despoiled by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear,
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain;
Her tender limbs and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parched by the sun, and shriveled by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus, wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpassed,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.
Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell."

He paused, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes;
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And 'midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
"What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!"
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep, hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,
"In me, the Spirit of the Cape behold —
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound, unmoved, I stand:

Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,
E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale; —
You, you alone, have dared to plow my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view:
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore — "As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!"

On the Death of Catherina de Attayda.

Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
Now is yon heaven eternally thine own —
Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here.
O, if allowed in thy divine abode
Of aught on earth an image to retain,
Remember still the fervent love which glowed
In my fond bosom, pure from every stain!
And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
Caused by thy loss and hopeless of relief,
Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies —
O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,
That I may join thee in those realms of day,
Swiftly as thou hast vanished from mine eyes!

— *Translation of* Mrs. Hemans.

On the Same.

While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,

Who was in life but as a dream to me.
O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step; but, ah, she flies!
Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.
"Fly not from me, kind shadow!" I exclaim; —
She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seemed to say, "Forbear thy fond design" —
Still flies. I call her, but her half-formed name
Dies on my faltering tongue; — I wake, and feel
Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.

— *Translation of* HAYLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY IN HER YOUTH.

BENEATH this monumental stone enshrined,
There lies this world's most noble cynosure,
Whom death of sheerest envy did immure,
Stealing the life, untimely and unkind;
According no respect to that refined
Sweetness of light, which e'en the night obscure
Turned to clear day, and whose refulgence pure
The brightness of the sun left far behind.
Thou, cruel Death, wast bribèd by the sun,
To save his beams from hers who brighter burned,
And by the moon, that faded quite away.
How camest thou such mighty power to own?
And, owning it, why hast so quickly turned
The great light of the world to this cold clay?

— *Translation of* AUBERTIN.

THE CANZON OF LIFE.

I.

COME here! my confidential Secretary
Of the complaints in which my days are rife,
Paper, — whereon I gar my griefs o'erflow.
Tell we, we twain, Unreasons which in life
Deal me inexorable, contrary
Destinies surd to prayer and tearful woe.
Dash we some water-drops on muchel lowe,
Fire we with outcries storm of rage so rare
That shall be strange to mortal memory.

Such misery tell we
To God and Man, and eke, in fine, to air,
Whereto so many times did I confide
My tale and vainly told as I now tell;
But e'en as error was my birthtide-lot,
That this be one of many doubt I not.
And as to hit the butt so far I fail
E'en if I sinnèd her cease they to chide:
Within mine only Refuge will I 'bide
To speak and faultless sin with free intent.
Sad he so scanty mercies must content!

II.

Long I've unlearnt me that complaint of dole
Brings cure of dolors; but a wight in pain
To greet is forcèd an the grief be great.
I *will* outgreet; but weak my voice and vain
To express the sorrows which oppress my soul;
For nor with greeting shall my dole abate.
Who then shall grant me, to relieve my weight
Of sorrow, flowing tears and infinite sighs
Equal those miseries my sprite o'erpower?
But who at any hour,
Can measure miseries with his tears or cries?
I'll tell, in fine, the love for me design'd
By wrath and woe and all their sovenance;
For other dole hath qualities harder, sterner.
Draw near and hear me each despairing Learner!
And fly the many fed on Esperance
Or wights who fancy Hope will prove her kind;
For Love and Fortune willed, with single mind,
To leave them hopeful, so they comprehend
What measure of unweal in hand they hend.

III.

When fro' man's primal grave, the mother's womb,
New eyes on earth I oped, my hapless star
To mar my Fortunes, 'gan his will enforce;
And freedom (Free-will given me) to debar:
I learnt a thousand times it was my doom
To know the Better and to work the Worse:
Then with conforming tormentize to curse
My course of coming years, when cast I round
A boyish eye-glance with a gentle zest,
It was my Star's behest

A Boy born blind should deal me life-long wound.
Infantine tear-drops wellèd out the deep
With vague enamored longings, nameless pine:
My wailing accents fro' my cradle-stound
Already sounded me love-sighing sound.
Thus age and destiny had like design:
For when, peraunter, rocking me to sleep
They sung me Love-songs wherein lovers weep,
Attonce by Nature's will asleep I fell,
So Melancholy witcht me with her spell!

IV.

My nurse some Feral was; Fate nilled approve
By any Woman such a name be tane
Who gave me breast; nor seemed it suitable.
Thus was I suckled that my lips indrain
E'en fro' my childhood venom-draught of Love,
Whereof in later years I drained my fill,
Till by long custom failed the draught to kill.
Then an Ideal semblance struck my glance
Of that fere Human deckt with charms in foyson,
Sweet with the suavest poyson,
Who nourisht me with paps of Esperance;
Till later saw mine eyes the original,
Which of my wildest, maddest appetite
Makes sinful error sovran and superb.
Meseems as human form it came disturb,
But scintillating Spirits divinest light.
So graceful gait, such port imperial
Were hers, unweal vainglory'd self to weal
When in her sight, whose lively sheen and shade
Exceeded aught and all things Nature made.

V.

What new unkindly kind of human pain
Had Love not only doled for me to dree
But eke on me was wholly execute?
Implacable harshness cooling fervency
Of Love-Desire (thought's very might and main)
Drave me far distant fro' my settled suit,
Vext and self-shamed to sight its own pursuit.
Hence somber shades phantastick born and bred
Of trifles promising rashest Esperance;
While boons of happy chance
Were likewise feignèd and enfigurèd.

But her despisal wrought me such dismay
That made my Fancy phrenesy-ward incline,
Turning to disconcert the guiling lure.
Here mine 'twas to divine, and hold for sure,
That all was truest Truth I could divine;
And straightway all I said in shame to unsay;
To see whatso I saw in còntrayr way;
In fine, just Reasons seek for jealousy
Yet were the Unreasons eather far to see.

VI.

I know not how she knew that fared she stealing
With Eyën-rays mine inner man which flew
Her-ward with subtlest passage through the eyne
Little by little all fro' me she drew,
E'en as from rain-wet canopy, exhaling
The subtle humors, sucks the hot sunshine.
The pure transparent geste and mien, in fine,
Wherefore inadequate were and lacking sense
"Beauteous" and "Belle" were words withouten weight;
The soft, compassionate
Eye-glance that held the spirit in suspense:
Such were the magick herbs the heavens all-wise
Drave me a draught to drain, and for long years
To other Being my shape and form transmew'd;
And this transforming with such joy I view'd
That e'en my sorrows snared I with its snares;
And, like the doomèd man, I veiled mine eyes
To hide an evil crescive in such guise;
Like one caressèd and on flattery fed
Of Love, for whom his being was born and bred.

VII.

Then who mine absent Life hath power to paint
Wi' discontent of all I bore in view;
That Bide, so far from where she had her Bide,
Speaking, which even what I spake unknew,
Wending withal unseeing where I went,
And sighing weetless for what cause I sigh'd?
Then, as those torments last endurance tried,
That dreadful dolor which from Tartarus's waves
Shot up on earth and racketh more than all,
Wherefrom shall oft befall
It turn to gentle yearning rage that raves?
Then with repineful fury fever-high

Wishing yet wishing not for Love's surceàse;
Shifting to other side for vengeänce,
Desires deprivèd of their esperance,
What now could ever change such ills as these?
Then the fond yearnings for the things gone by,
Pure torment sweet in bitter faculty,
Which from these fiery furies could distill
Sweet tears of Love with pine the soul to thrill?

VIII.

For what excuses lone with self I sought,
When my suave love forfended me to find
Fault in the thing belovèd and so lovèd?
Such were the feignèd cures that forged my mind
In fear of torments that forever taught
Life to support itself by snares approvèd.
Thus through a goodly part of life I rovèd,
Wherein if ever joyed I aught content
Short-lived, immodest, flaw-full, without heed,
'Twas nothing save the seed
That bare me bitter tortures long unspent.
This course continuous dooming to distress,
These wandering steps that strayed o'er every road,
So wrought, they quencht for me the flamy thirst
I suffered grow in Sprite, in Soul I nurst
With Thoughts enamored for my daily food
Whereby was fed my Nature's tenderness:
And this by habit's long and asperous stress,
Which might of mortals never mote resist,
Was turned to pleasure-taste of being triste.

IX.

Thus fared I Life with other interchanging;
I no, but Destiny showing fere unlove;
Yet even thus for other ne'er I'd change.
Me from my dear-loved patrial nide she drove
Over the broad and boisterous Ocean ranging,
Where Life so often saw her èxtreme range.
Now tempting rages rare and missiles strange
Of Mart, she willèd that my eyes should see
And hands should touch, the bitter fruit he dight:
That on this Shield they sight
In painted semblance fire of enemy,
Then ferforth driven, vagrant, peregrine,
Seeing strange nations, customs, tongues, costumes;

Various heavens, qualities different,
Only to follow, passing-diligent
Thee, giglet Fortune! whose fierce will consumes
Man's age upbuilding aye before his eyne
A Hope with semblance of the diamond's shine:
But, when it falleth out of hand we know,
'Twas fragile glass that showed so glorious show.

X.

Failed me the ruth of man, and I descried
Friends to unfriendly changèd and contràyr,
In my first peril; and I lackèd ground,
Whelmed by the second, where my feet could fare;
Air for my breathing was my lot denied,
Time failed me, in fine, and failed me Life's dull round.
What darkling secret, mystery profound
This birth to Life, while Life is doomed withhold
Whate'er the world contain for Life to use!
Yet never Life to lose
Though 'twas already lost times manifold!
In brief my Fortune could no horror make,
Ne certain danger ne ancipitous case
(Injustice dealt by men, whom wild-confused
Misrule, that rights of olden days abused,
O'er neighbor-men upraised to power and place!)
I bore not, lashèd to the sturdy stake,
Of my long suffering, which my heart would break
With importuning persecuting harms
Dasht to a thousand bits by forceful arms.

XI.

Number I not so numerous ills as He
Who, 'scaped the wuthering wind and furious flood,
In happy harbor tells his travel-tale;
Yet now, e'en now, my fortune's wavering mood
To so much misery obligeth me
That e'en to pace one forward pace I quail:
No more shirk I what evils may assail;
No more to falsing welfare I pretend;
For human cunning naught can gar me gain.
In fine on sovran Strain
Of Providence divine I now depend:
This thought, this prospect 'tis at times I greet
My sole consoler for dead hopes and fears.
But human weakness when its eyne alight

Upon the things that fleet, and can but sight
The sadding Memories of the long-past years;
What bread such times I break, what drink I drain,
Are bitter tear-floods I can ne'er refrain,
Save by upbuilding castles based on air,
Phantastick painture fair and false as fair.

XII.

For an it possible were that Time and Tide
Could bend them backward and, like Memory, view
The faded footprints of Life's earlier day:
And, web of olden story weaving new,
In sweetest error could my footsteps guide
'Mid bloom of flowers where wont my youth to stray;
Then would the memories of the long sad way
Deal me a larger store of Life-content;
Viewing fair converse and glad company,
Where this and other key
She had for opening hearts to new intent;—
The fields, the frequent stroll, the lovely show,
The view, the snow, the rose, the formosure,
The soft and gracious mien so gravely gay,
The singular friendship casting clean away
All villein longings, earthly and impure,
As one whose Other I can never see;—
Ah, vain, vain memories! whither lead ye me
With this weak heart that still must toil and tire
To tame (as tame it should) your vain Desire?

L'ENVOI.

No more, Canzon! no more; for I could prate
Sans compt a thousand years; and if befall
Blame to thine over-large and long-drawn strain
We ne'er shall see (assure who blames) contain
An Ocean's water packt in vase so small,
Nor sing I delicate lines in softest tone
For gust of praise: my song to man makes known
Pure truth wherewith mine own experience teems;
Would God they were the stuff that builds our dreams!

Adieu to Coimbra.

Sweet lucent waters of Mondego-stream,
Of my Remembrance restful jouïssance,

Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esperance
Long whiles misled me in a blinding Dream:
Fro' you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er misdeem
That long-drawn Memories which your charms enhance
Forbid me changing and, in every chance,
E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.
Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument
Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and side,
Offered to winds and watery element:
But hence my spirit, by you 'companied,
Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie lent,
Flies home and bathes her, Waters! in your tide.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, a British poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. After graduating at the University of Glasgow, he became for a short time a tutor. Then he went to Edinburgh with the design of studying law; but in the meanwhile he had written his poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," which was published in 1799, and was received with extraordinary favor. Campbell — now barely twenty-two — assumed literature as his vocation. He made a trip to the Continent, and on Dec. 3, 1800, had a glimpse of a cavalry charge, — an episode preparatory to the famous battle of Hohenlinden. This chance incident gave occasion to one of Campbell's best-known lyrics, beginning "On Linden, when the sun was low." Campbell returned to Scotland in 1801, having in the meantime written several of the most spirited of his minor poems. In 1804 he took up his residence at Sydenham, near London. He married about this time, and, having no adequate income, fell into pecuniary straits; but in 1805 a Government pension of £200 was granted him. In 1809 he put forth "Gertrude of Wyoming," his second considerable poem. From 1820 to 1830 he was the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine.* In 1819 he put forth "Specimens of the British Poets," and an "Essay on English Poetry." In 1824 he put forth "Theodoric and other Poems." Campbell had by this time fairly broken down under the pressure of some domestic sorrows. Broken in health, physical and mental, he went to Boulogne, hoping to gain recuperation. He died there, and his remains were brought back to England, and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, with all the honors of a public funeral.

Campbell wrote no little prose during his long literary career. The titles of his chief prose works are: "Annals of Great Britain" (1806); "Lectures on Poetry" (1820); "Life of Mrs. Siddons" (1834); "Letters" from Algiers, etc., originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1837); "Life and Times of Petrarch" (1841); "Frederick the Great," a mere compilation, to which Campbell furnished little more than an Introduction; a work which, however, furnished a kind of text for one of Macaulay's best essays (1842).

The Pleasures of Hope.

PART THE FIRST.

At Summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.
Primeval Hope, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

HOPE

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.
Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away.
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!
Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!

While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.
Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!
And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!
Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light, and wave thy golden wand.
"Go, child of Heaven! (thy wingèd words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!

Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

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Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past —
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!

How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!
Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.
Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain; —
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.
Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

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That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.
Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair. —
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm! —
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew: —
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career; —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook — red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry!
Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!

Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!
Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul — and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!
Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light — because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine: —
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."
Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the wingèd winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No! — the wild wave contemns your sceptered hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!
Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied? —
Why then hath Plato lived — or Sidney died?

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PART THE SECOND.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd: —
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamor'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!
Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun.
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee; —
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad! — the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd — till woman smiled!
True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart — and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!
But can the noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day? —

Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade! —
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

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The moon is up — the watch-tower dimly burns —
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes! — and start, and smile!
Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

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Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravel'd by the sun!
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye specter-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return. —
Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveler of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea — each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
Oh! Star-eyed science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!
And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven — as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mold was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!
Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to please;
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy! —
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate? —
No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassion'd mold, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!
What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!

Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low,
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!

O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"
Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Lochiel's Warning.

Wizard. — Lochiel.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, Oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

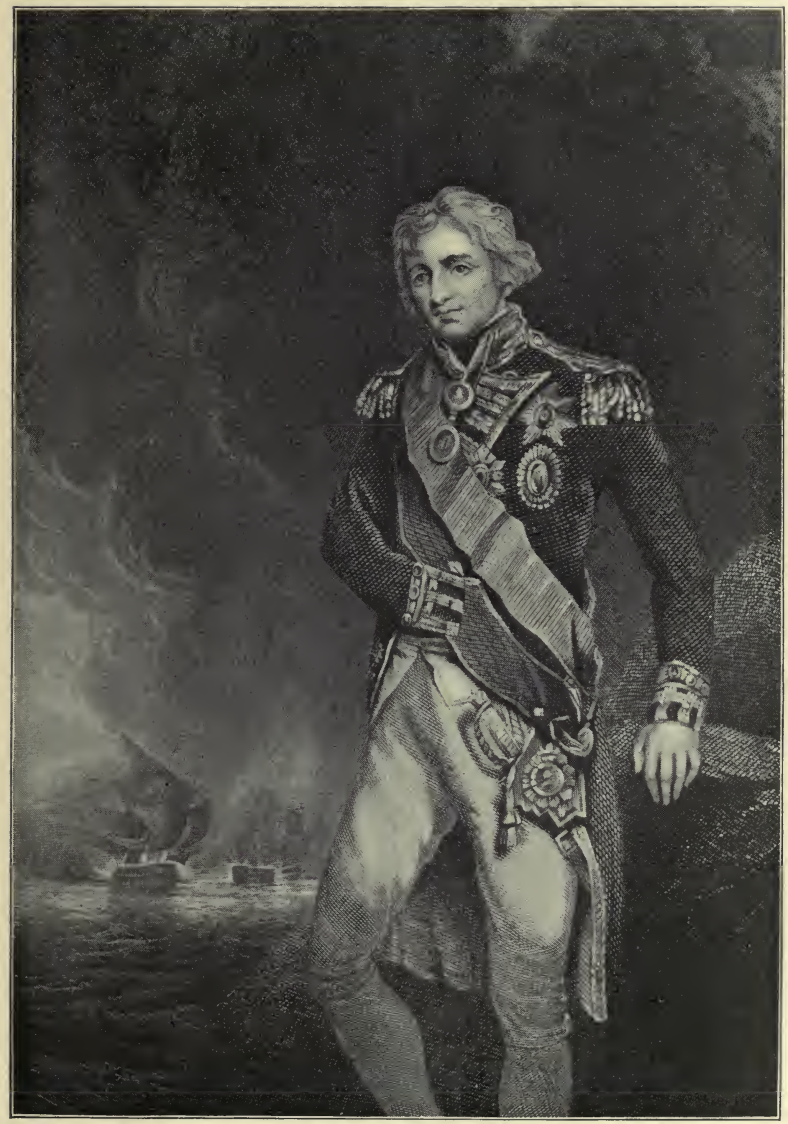
Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshal'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,



LORD NELSON

And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Battle of the Baltic.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on. —

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. —

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King." —

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By the wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

Ye Mariners of England.

A Naval Ode.

I.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father." —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh my daughter!" —

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay: —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAREW.

Thomas Carew, an English poet, was born about 1598; and died, probably at London, about 1639. He was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew; but of his early life little is known, for he seems to have fallen into dissipated habits. He entered Corpus Christi College Oxford, but did not graduate. He stood high in favor with Charles I., and was an intimate friend of the greatest poets and scholars of his time in England, including Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, and Sir Kenelm Digby. His poems are light and airy, sometimes licentious, always graceful and elegant in form. They are mostly songs or odes; he also wrote "Cœlum Britannicum," a masque performed at Whitehall (1633), with Charles I. and his courtiers in the cast.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Red and White Roses.

Read in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory;
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh love bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish:
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have these roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

Epitaph.

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement
Inform'd this dust; but the weak mold
Could the great guest no longer hold;
The substance was too pure; the flame
Too glorious that thither came:
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there till they all opprest
The seat in which they sought to rest;
So the fair model broke, for want
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

The Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring:

The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile: only my love doth low'r:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

Ask Me No More.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep
These flow'rs as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downward fall at dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

HENRY CAREY.

Henry Carey, an English poet and playwright, born about 1696; died in London (?), 1743. As the author of "Sally in our Alley" his claim to the notice of posterity is a strong one, and "Namby Pamby" is another of his good songs. His farces, among them "Hanging and Marriage," are not so lively.

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
  And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his bellyful,
  I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
  I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt

A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money:
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally;
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed —
But not in our alley.

WILL CARLETON.

WILL CARLETON, an American poet, journalist, and lecturer, was born at Hudson, Mich., Oct. 21, 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College, in his native State; after which he lived for a time in Chicago, and then removed to Brooklyn. He visited Europe in 1878 and in 1885, and traveled much in Canada and in the western and northern parts of the United States, where his lectures were well received. His ballads of domestic life have been very popular. His books include: "Poems" (1871); "Farm Legends" (1875); "City Ballads" (1885); and "City Legends" (1889).

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.[1]

(From "Farm Ballads.")

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
Things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man —
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Though we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

First thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven — a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only — How?

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I had my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed old cow was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way:
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple of dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together — and many a weary week —
We was both of us cross and crabbed, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and
fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer — the very first paragraph —
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day:
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead: a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That my wife never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard cash that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
Just a few thousand dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorces is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me — exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;

And all of them fellers was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon!
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight —
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' as when we've quarreled, and twitted each other on facts.

So draw up the papers, lawyer: and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy; before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me;
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we might agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better for what we quarreled here.

Gone with a Handsomer Man.[1]

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak";
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell:
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

[1] By permission of Harper & Brothers.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me — I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find!

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion-stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
For I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two!

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me — for me — but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so!

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things — I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough, poor thing; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square — and I well know that I can—
That she will always grieve that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.

And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat.
And yonder's her weddin'-gown: I wonder she didn't take that!

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here:
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-by — I wish that death had severed us two apart;
You've lost a worshiper here — you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again! but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some influence up there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago!

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him — he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives — why *didn't* I understand!
I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me: to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell!

WILLIAM CARLETON.

William Carleton, an Irish novelist, born at Prillisk, Tyrone, Ireland, in 1794; died at Dublin, Jan. 30, 1869. After receiving his early education in a "hedge school," he set out for Munster, to complete his education as "a poor scholar." Homesickness and a disagreeable dream on the night after his setting out sent him back to his parents, and he spent the next two years in the labors and amusements of his native place, acquiring at wakes, fairs, and merrymakings, a minute knowledge of Irish peasant life. At the age of seventeen he went to the academy of a relative at Glasslough, where he remained for two years. He afterward went to Dublin, seeking fortune, his capital on arriving being 2*s.* 9*d.* His "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," which appeared in 1830, was so warmly welcomed, that in 1833 he published a second series. This proved as popular as the first, and Carleton's success as an author was assured. In 1835 he published "Father Butler," and in 1839 "Fardorougha, the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamorna"; "The Fawn of Spring Vale"; "The Clarionet, and other Tales," of which "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan" appeared in 1841, "Valentine McClutchy," a novel (1845); "The Black Prophet" (1847); "The Tithe Proctor" (1849); "The Squanders of Castle Squander" (1852); "Willy Reilly" (1855); and "The Evil Eye" (1860). During the last years of his life Carleton received a pension of £200.

The Lianhan Shee.

An Irish Superstition.

(From "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.")

One summer evening Mary Sullivan was sitting at her own well-swept hearth-stone, knitting feet to a pair of sheep's-gray stockings, for Bartley, her husband. It was one of those serene evenings in the month of June, when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose resembling what we might suppose to have irradiated Eden when our first parents sat in it before their fall. The beams of the sun shone through the windows in clear shafts of amber light, exhibiting millions of those atoms

which float to the naked eye within its mild radiance. The dog lay barking in his dream at her feet, and the gray cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her.

Mrs. Sullivan was the wife of a wealthy farmer, and niece to the Rev. Felix O'Rourke; her kitchen was consequently large, comfortable, and warm. Over where she sat jutted out the "brace," well lined with bacon; to the right hung a well-scoured salt-box, and to the left was the jamb, with its little Gothic paneless window to admit the light. Within it hung several ash rungs, seasoning for flail-sooples, a dozen of eel-skins, and several stripes of horse-skin, as hangings for them. The dresser was a "parfit white," and well furnished with the usual appurtenances. Over the door and on the "threshel" were nailed, "for luck," two horse-shoes that had been found by accident. In a little "hole" in the wall, beneath the salt-box, lay a great bottle of holy water to keep the place purified; and against the cope-stone of the gable, on the outside, grew a large lump of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes.

In the corner of the garden were a few stalks of tansy, "to kill the thievin' worms in the childhre, the crathurs," together with a little Rosenoble, Solomon's Seal, and Bugloss, each for some medicinal purpose. The "lime wather" Mrs. Sullivan could make herself, and the "bog bane" for the *linh roe*, or heart-burn, grew in their own meadow-drain; so that, in fact, she had within her reach a very decent pharmacopœia, perhaps as harmless as that of the profession itself. Lying on the top of the salt-box was a bunch of fairy flax, and sewed in the folds of her own scapular was the dust of what had once been a four-leafed shamrock, an invaluable specific "for seein' the good people," if they happened to come within the bounds of vision. Over the door in the inside, over the beds, and over the cattle in the outhouses, were placed branches of withered palm that had been consecrated by the priest on Palm Sunday; and when the cows happened to calve, this good woman tied, with her own hands, a woolen thread about their tails, to prevent them from being overlooked by evil eyes, or elf-shot by the fairies, who seem to possess a peculiar power over females of every species during the season of parturition. It is unnecessary to mention the variety of charms which she possessed for that obsolete malady the colic, for toothaches, headaches, or for removing warts, and taking motes out of the eyes; let it suffice to inform our read-

ers that she was well stocked with them; and that, in addition to this, she, together with her husband, drank a potion made up and administered by an herb-doctor, for preventing forever the slightest misunderstanding or quarrel between man and wife. Whether it produced this desirable object or not our readers may conjecture, when we add that the herb-doctor, after having taken a very liberal advantage of their generosity, was immediately compelled to disappear from the neighborhood, in order to avoid meeting with Bartley, who had a sharp look out for him, not exactly on his own account, but "in regard," he said, "that it had no effect upon *Mary*, at all at all;" whilst Mary, on the other hand, admitted its efficacy upon herself, but maintained "that *Bartley* was worse nor ever afther it."

Such was Mary Sullivan, as she sat at her own hearth, quite alone, engaged as we have represented her. What she may have been meditating on we cannot pretend to ascertain; but after some time she looked sharply into the "backstone," or hob, with an air of anxiety and alarm. By-and-by she suspended her knitting, and listened with much earnestness, leaning her right ear over to the hob, from whence the sounds to which she paid such deep attention proceeded. At length she crossed herself devoutly, and exclaimed, "Queen of saints about us! — is it back yees are? Well, sure there's no use in talkin', bekase they say you know what's said of you, or to you — an' we may as well spake yees fair. Hem — musha, yees are welcome back, crickets, avourneenee! I hope that, not like the last visit ye ped us, yees are comin' for luck now! Moolyeen [1] died, anyway, soon afther your other *kailyee*,[2] ye crathurs, ye. Here's the bread, an' the salt, an' the male for yees, an' we wish yees well. Eh? — saints above, if it isn't listenin' they are jist like a Christhen! Wurrah, but yees are the wise an' the quare crathurs all out."

She then shook a little holy water over the hob, and muttered to herself an Irish charm or prayer against the evils which crickets are often supposed by the peasantry to bring with them, and requested, still in the words of the charm, that their presence might, on that occasion, rather be a presage of good fortune to man and beast belonging to her.

"There now, ye *dhonhans* ye, sure ye can't say that ye're ill thrated here, anyhow, or ever was mocked or made game of in the same family. You have got your hansel, an' full an' plenty of it; hopin' at the same time that you'll have no rason in life

[1] A cow without horns. [2] Short visit.

to cut our best clothes from rivinge. Sure an' I didn't desarve to have my brave stuff *long body* cut an' riddled the way it was the last time yees wor here, an' only bekase little Barny, that has but the sinse of a *gorsoon*, tould yees in a joke to pack off wid yourselves somewhere else. Musha, never heed what the likes of him says; sure he's but a *caudy*,[1] that doesn't mane ill, only the bit o' divarsion wid yees."

She then resumed her knitting, occasionally stopping, as she changed her needles, to listen, with her ear set, as if she wished to augur, from the nature of their chirping, whether they came for good or evil. This, however, seemed to be beyond her faculty of translating their language; for after sagely shaking her head two or three times, she knit more busily than before.

At this moment the shadow of a person passing the house darkened the window opposite which she sat, and immediately a tall female, of a wild dress and aspect, entered the kitchen.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr!* the blessin' o' goodness upon you, dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, addressing her in those kindly phrases so peculiar to the Irish language.

Instead of making her any reply, however, the woman, whose eye glistened with a wild depth of meaning, exclaimed in low tones, apparently of much anguish, "*Husht, husht, dherum!* husht, husht, I say — let me alone — I will do it — will you husht? I will, I say — I will — there now — that's it — be quiet, an' I will do it — be quiet!" and as she thus spoke, she turned her face back over her left shoulder, as if some invisible being dogged her steps, and stood bending over her.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr, dherhum areesht!* the blessin' o' God on you, honest woman, I say again," said Mrs. Sullivan, repeating that *sacred* form of salutation with which the peasantry address each other. "'Tis a fine evenin', honest woman, glory be to Him that sent the same, and amin! If it was cowld, I'd be axin' you to draw your chair into the fire; but, anyway, won't you sit down?"

As she ceased speaking the piercing eye of the strange woman became riveted on her with a glare which, whilst it startled Mrs. Sullivan, seemed full of an agony that almost abstracted her from external life. It was not, however, so wholly absorbing as to prevent it from expressing a marked interest, whether for good or evil, in the woman who addressed her so hospitably.

"Husht, now — husht," she said, as if aside — "husht,

[1] A little boy.

won't you — sure I may speak *the thing* to her — you said it — there now, husht!" And then fastening her dark eyes on Mrs. Sullivan, she smiled bitterly and mysteriously.

"I know you well," she said, without, however, returning the *blessing* contained in the usual reply to Mrs. Sullivan's salutation — "I know you well, Mary Sullivan — husht, now, husht — yes, I know you well, and the power of all that you carry about you; but you'd be better than you are — and that's well enough *now* — if you had sense to know — ah, ah, ah! — what's this!" she exclaimed abruptly, with three distinct shrieks, that seemed to be produced by sensations of sharp and piercing agony.

"In the name of goodness, what's over you, honest woman?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan, as she started from her chair, and ran to her in a state of alarm, bordering on terror. "Is it sick you are?"

The woman's face had got haggard, and its features distorted; but in a few minutes they resumed their peculiar expression of settled wildness and mystery. "Sick!" she replied, licking her parched lips, "*awirck*, *awirck*, look! look!" and she pointed, with a shudder that almost convulsed her whole frame, to a lump that rose on her shoulders: this, be it what it might, was covered with a red cloak, closely pinned and tied with great caution about her body. "'Tis here! — I have it!"

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, tottering over to her chair, as finished a picture of horror as the eye could witness — "this day's Friday; the saints stand betwixt me an' all harm! Oh, holy Mary, protect me! *Nhanim an airh*," etc., and she forthwith proceeded to bless herself, which she did thirteen times in honor of the blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles.

"Ay, it's as you see!" replied the stranger, bitterly. "It is here — husht, now — husht, I say — I will say *the thing* to her, mayn't I? Ay, indeed, Mary Sullivan, 'tis with me always — always. Well, well, no, I won't, I won't — easy — oh, blessed saints, easy, and I won't!"

In the meantime Mrs. Sullivan had uncorked her bottle of holy water, and plentifully bedewed herself with it, as a preservative against this mysterious woman and her dreadful secret.

"Blessed mother above!" she ejaculated, "the *Lianhan Shee!*" And as she spoke, with the holy water in the palm of

her hand, she advanced cautiously, and with great terror, to throw it upon the stranger and the unearthly thing she bore.

"Don't attempt it!" shouted the other, in tones of mingled fierceness and terror; "do you want to give *me* pain without keeping *yourself* anything at all safer? Don't you know *it* doesn't care about your holy water? But I'd suffer for it, an' perhaps so would you."

Mrs. Sullivan, terrified by the agitated looks of the woman, drew back with affright, and threw the holy water with which she intended to purify the other on her own person.

"Why, thin, you lost crathur, who or what are you at all? — don't, don't — for the sake of all the saints and angels of heaven, don't come next or near me — keep your distance — but what are you, or how did you come to get that 'good thing' you carry about wid you?"

"Ay, indeed!" replied the woman bitterly, "as if I would or could tell you that! I say, you woman, you're doing what's not right in asking me a question you ought not let cross your lips — look to yourself, and what's over you."

The simple woman, thinking her meaning literal, almost leaped off her seat with terror, and turned up her eyes to ascertain whether or not any dreadful appearance had approached her, or hung over her where she sat.

"Woman," said she, "I spoke you kind an' fair, an' I wish you well — but — "

"But what?" replied the other — and her eyes kindled into deep and profound excitement, apparently upon very slight grounds.

"Why — hem — nothin' at all sure, only — "

"Only what?" asked the stranger, with a face of anguish that seemed to torture every feature out of its proper lineaments.

"Dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, whilst the hair began to stand with terror upon her head, "sure it's no wondher in life that I'm in a perplexity, whin *Lianhan Shee* is undher the one roof wid me. 'Tisn't that I want to know anything at all about it — the dear forbid I should; but I never heard of a person bein' tormented wid it as you are. I always used to hear the people say that it thrated its friends well."

"Husht!" said the woman, looking wildly over her shoulder, "I'll not tell: it's on myself I'll leave the blame! Why, will you never pity me? Am I to be night and day tormented? Oh, you're wicked and cruel for no reason!"

"Thry," said Mrs. Sullivan, "an' bless yourself; call on God."

"Ah!" shouted the other, "are you going to get me killed?" and as she uttered the words a spasmodic working which must have occasioned great pain, even to torture, became audible in her throat; her bosom heaved up and down, and her head was bent repeatedly on her breast, as if by force.

"Don't mention that name," said she, "in my presence, except you mean to drive me to utter distraction. I mean," she continued, after considerable effort to recover her former tone and manner — "hear me with attention — I mean, woman — you, Mary Sullivan — that if you mention that holy name, you might as well keep plunging sharp knives into my heart! Husht! peace to me for one minute, tormentor! Spare me something; I'm in your power!"

"Will you ate anything?" said Mrs. Sullivan; "poor crathur, you look like hunger an' distress; there's enough in the house, blessed be them that sent it! an' you had betther thry an' take some nourishment, anyway," and she raised her eyes in a silent prayer of relief and ease for the unhappy woman, whose unhallowed associations had, in her opinion, sealed her doom.

"Will I? — will I? — oh!" she replied, "may you never know misery for offering it! Oh, bring me something — some refreshment — some food — for I'm dying with hunger."

Mrs. Sullivan, who, with all her superstition, was remarkable for charity and benevolence, immediately placed food and drink before her, which the stranger absolutely devoured — taking care occasionally to secrete under the protuberance which appeared behind her neck a portion of what she ate. This, however, she did, not by stealth, but openly; merely taking means to prevent the concealed thing from being, by any possible accident, discovered.

When the craving of hunger was satisfied, she appeared to suffer less from the persecution of her tormentor than before; whether it was, as Mrs. Sullivan thought, that the food with which she plied it appeased in some degree its irritability, or lessened that of the stranger, it was difficult to say; at all events, she became more composed; her eyes resumed somewhat of a natural expression; each sharp, ferocious glare, which shot from them with such intense and rapid flashes, partially disappeared; her knit brows dilated, and part of a forehead which had once been capacious and handsome lost the contractions

which deformed it by deep wrinkles. Altogether the change was evident, and very much relieved Mrs. Sullivan, who could not avoid observing it.

"It's not that I care much about it, if you'd think it not right o' me, but it's odd enough for you to keep the lower part of your face muffled up in that black cloth, an' then your forehead, too, is covered down on your face a bit? If they're part of the *bargain*" — and she shuddered at the thought — "between you an' anything that's not good — hem! — I think you'd do well to throw thim off o' you, an' turn to thim that can protect you from everything that's bad. Now, a scapular would keep all the divils in hell from one; an' if you'd —"

On looking at the stranger she hesitated, for the wild expression of her eyes began to return.

"Don't begin my punishment again," replied the woman; "make no allus — don't make mention in my presence of anything that's good. Husht — husht — it's beginning — easy now — easy! No," said she, "I came to tell you that only for my breaking a vow I made to this thing upon me, I'd be happy instead of miserable with it. I say, it's a good thing to have, if the person will use this bottle," she added, producing one, "as I will direct them."

"I wouldn't wish, for my part," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "to have anything to do wid it — neither act nor part;" and she crossed herself devoutly on contemplating such an unholy alliance as that at which her companion hinted.

"Mary Sullivan," replied the other, "I can put good fortune and happiness in the way of you and yours. It is for you the good is intended; if *you* don't get both, *no other* can," and her eyes kindled as she spoke like those of the Pythoness in the moment of inspiration.

Mrs. Sullivan looked at her with awe, fear, and a strong mixture of curiosity; she had often heard that the *Lianhan Shee* had, through means of the person to whom it was bound, conferred wealth upon several, although it could never render this important service to those who exercised direct authority over it. She, therefore, experienced something like a conflict between her fears and a love of that wealth the possession of which was so plainly intimated to her.

"The money," said she, "would be one thing, but to have the *Lianhan Shee* planted over a body's shouldher — och! the saints preserve us! — why, if it could be managed widout havin'

act or part wid *that thing*, people would do anything in rason an' fairity."

"You have this day been kind to me," replied the woman, "and that's what I can't say of many — dear help me! — husht! Every door is shut in my face! Does not every cheek get pale when I am seen? If I meet a fellow-creature on the road, they turn into the field to avoid me: if I ask for food it's to a deaf ear I speak; if I am thirsty, they send me to the river. What house would shelter me? In cold, in hunger, in *dhruth*, in storm, and in tempest, I am alone and unfriended, hated, feared, an' avoided; starving in the winter's cold, and burning in the summer's heat. All this is my fate here; and — oh! oh! oh! — have mercy, tormentor — have mercy! I will not lift my thoughts *there* — I'll keep the paction — but spare me *now!*"

She turned round as she spoke, seeming to follow an invisible object, or, perhaps, attempting to get a more complete view of the mysterious being which exercised such a terrible and painful influence over her. Mrs. Sullivan, also, kept her eye fixed upon the lump, and actually believed that she saw it move. Fear of incurring the displeasure of what it contained, and a superstitious reluctance harshly to thrust a person from her door who had eaten of her food, prevented her from desiring the woman to depart.

"In the name of goodness," she replied, "I will have nothing to do wid your gift. Providence, blessed be his name, has done well for me an' mine; and it mightn't be right to go beyant what it has pleased *him* to give me."

"A rational sentiment! — I mean there's good sense in what you say," answered the stranger: "but you need not be afraid," and she accompanied the expression by holding up the bottle and kneeling. "Now," she added, "listen to me, and judge for yourself if what I say, when I swear it, can be a lie." She then proceeded to utter oaths of the most solemn nature, the purport of which was to assure Mrs. Sullivan that drinking of the bottle would be attended with no danger.

"You see this little bottle: drink it. Oh, for my sake and your own, drink it; it will give wealth without end to you, and to all belonging to you. Take one half of it before sunrise, and the other half when he goes down. You must stand while drinking it with your face to the east in the morning; and at night to the west. Will you promise to do this?"

"How would drinkin' the bottle get me money?" inquired

Mrs. Sullivan, who certainly felt a strong tendency of heart to the wealth.

"That I can't tell now, nor would you understand it even if I could; but you will know all when what I say is complied with."

"Keep your bottle, dacent woman. I wash my hands out of it: the saints above guard me from the timptation! I'm sure it's not right, for as I'm a sinner, 'tis gettin' stronger every minute widin me! Keep it; I'm loth to bid anyone that *ett* o' my bread to go from my hearth, but if you go, I'll make it worth your while. Saints above, what's comin' over me. In my whole life I never had such a hankerin' afther money! Well, well, but it's quare entirely!"

"Will you drink it?" asked her companion. "If it does hurt or harm to you or yours, or anything but good, may what is hanging over me be fulfilled!" and she extended a thin but, considering her years, not ungraceful arm, in the act of holding out the bottle to her kind entertainer.

"For the sake of all that's good and gracious, take it without scruple — it is not hurtful; a child might drink every drop that's in it. Oh, for the sake of all you love, and of all that love you, take it!" and as she urged her, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "it'll never cross my lips; not if it made me as rich as ould Henderson, that airs his guineas in the sun, for fraid they'd get light by lyin' past."

"I entreat you to take it!" said the strange woman.

"Never, never! — once for all — I say I won't; so spare your breath."

The firmness of the good housewife was not, in fact, to be shaken; so, after exhausting all the motives and arguments with which she could urge the accomplishment of her design, the strange woman, having again put the bottle in her bosom, prepared to depart.

She had now once more become calm, and resumed her seat with the languid air of one who has suffered much exhaustion and excitement. She put her hand upon her forehead for a few moments, as if collecting her faculties, or endeavoring to remember the purport of their previous conversation. A slight moisture had broken through her skin, and altogether, notwithstanding her avowed criminality in entering into an unholy bond, she appeared an object of deep compassion.

In a moment her manner changed again, and her eyes blazed out once more, as she asked her alarmed hostess:

"Again, Mary Sullivan, will you take the gift that I have it in my power to give you? aye or no? Speak, poor mortal, if you know what is for your own good."

Mrs. Sullivan's fears, however, had overcome her love of money, particularly as she thought that wealth obtained in such a manner could not prosper; her only objection being to the means of acquiring it.

"Oh!" said the stranger, "am I doomed never to meet with anyone who will take the promise off me by drinking of this bottle? Oh! but I am unhappy! What it is to fear — ah! ah! — and keep *his* commandments. Had *I* done so in my youthful time, I wouldn't now — ah — merciful mother, is there no relief? kill me, tormentor; kill me outright, for surely the pangs of hereafter cannot be greater than those you now make me suffer. Woman," said she, and her muscles stood out in extraordinary energy — "woman, Mary Sullivan — ay, if you should kill me — blast me — where I stand, I will say the word — woman — you have daughters — teach them — to fear ——" Having got so far, she stopped — her bosom heaved up and down — her frame shook dreadfully — her eyeballs became lurid and fiery — her hands were clinched, and the spasmodic throes of inward convulsion worked the white froth up to her mouth; at length she suddenly became like a statue, with this wild, supernatural expression intense upon her, and with an awful calmness, by far more dreadful than excitement could be, concluded by pronouncing, in deep, husky tones, the name of God.

Having accomplished this with such a powerful struggle, she turned round with pale despair in her countenance and manner, and with streaming eyes slowly departed, leaving Mrs. Sullivan in a situation not at all to be envied.

In a short time the other members of the family, who had been out at their evening employments, returned. Bartley, her husband, having entered somewhat sooner than his three daughters from milking, was the first to come in; presently the girls followed, and in a few minutes they sat down to supper, together with the servants, who dropped in one by one, after the toil of the day. On placing themselves about the table, Bartley as usual took his seat at the head; but Mrs. Sullivan, instead of occupying hers, sat at the fire in a state of uncommon agitation. Every two or three minutes she would cross

herself devoutly, and mutter such prayers against spiritual influences of an evil nature as she could compose herself to remember.

"Thin why don't you come to your supper, Mary," said her husband, "while the sowens are warm? Brave and thick they are this night, anyway."

His wife was silent, for so strong a hold had the strange woman and her appalling secret upon her mind, that it was not till he repeated his question three or four times — raising his head with surprise, and asking, "Eh, thin, Mary, what's come over you — is it unwell you are?" — that she noticed what he said.

"Supper!" she exclaimed, "unwell! 'tis a good right I'd have to be unwell, even if I was, which I am not — that is to *say*, unwell — but I'm all through other — I hope nothin' bad will happen, anyway. Feel my face, Nannie," she added, addressing one of her daughters, "it's as cowld an' wet as a limestone — ay, an' if you found me a corpse before you, it wouldn't be at all strange."

There was a general pause at the seriousness of this intimation. The husband rose from his supper, and went up to the hearth where she sat.

"Turn round to the light," said he; "why, Mary dear, in the name of wondher, what ails you? for you're like a corpse sure enough. Can't you tell us what has happened, or what put you in such a state? Why, childhre, the cowld sweat's teemin' off her!"

The poor woman, unable to sustain the shock produced by her interview with the stranger, found herself getting more weak, and requested a drink of water; but before it could be put to her lips, she laid her head upon the back of the chair and fainted. Grief and uproar and confusion followed this alarming incident. The presence of mind, so necessary on such occasions, was wholly lost; one ran here, and another there, all jostling against each other, without being cool enough to render her proper assistance. The daughters were in tears, and Bartley himself was dreadfully shocked by seeing his wife apparently lifeless before him.

She soon recovered, however, and relieved them from the apprehension of her death, which they thought had actually taken place. "Mary," said her husband, "something quare entirely has happened, or you wouldn't be in this state!"

"Did any of you see a strange woman lavin' the house a minute or two before yees come in?" she inquired.

"No," they replied, "not a stim of anyone did we see."

"Wurrah dheelish! No?—now is it possible yees didn't?" She then described her, but all declared they had seen no such person.

"Bartley, whisper," said she, and beckoning him over to her, in few words she revealed the secret. The husband grew pale and crossed himself. "Mother of Saints! childhre," said he, "a *Lianhan Shee!*" The words were no sooner uttered than every countenance assumed the pallidness of death: and every right hand was raised in the act of blessing the person and crossing the forehead. "*The Lianhan Shee!*" all exclaimed in fear and horror. "This day's Friday, God betwixt us an' harm!"

It was now after dusk, and the hour had already deepened into the darkness of a calm, moonless summer night; the hearth, therefore, in a short time, became surrounded by a circle consisting of every person in the house; the door was closed and securely bolted; a struggle for the safest seat took place; and to Bartley's shame be it spoken, he lodged himself on the hob within the jamb, as the most distant situation from the fearful being known as the *Lianhan Shee.* The recent terror, however, brooded over them all; their topic of conversation was the mysterious visit, of which Mrs. Sullivan gave a painfully accurate detail; whilst every ear of those who composed her audience was set, and every single hair of their heads bristled up, as if awakened into distinct life by the story. Bartley looked into the fire soberly, except when the cat, in prowling about the dresser, electrified him into a start of fear, which sensation went round every link of the living chain about the hearth.

The next day the story spread through the whole parish, accumulating in interest and incident as it went. Where it received the touches, embellishments, and emendations with which it was amplified, it would be difficult to say; everyone told it, forsooth, *exactly* as he heard it from another; but, indeed, it is not improbable that those through whom it passed were unconscious of the additions it had received at their hands. It is not unreasonable to suppose that imagination in such cases often colors highly without a premeditated design of falsehood. Fear and dread, however, accompanied its progress; such families as had neglected to keep holy water in their houses bor-

rowed some from their neighbors; every old prayer which had become rusty from disuse was brightened up; charms were hung about the necks of cattle, and gospels about those of children; crosses were placed over the doors and windows; no unclean water was thrown out before sunrise or after dusk;

> "E'en those prayed now who never prayed before,
> And those who always prayed still prayed the more."

The inscrutable woman who caused such general dismay in the parish was an object of much pity. Avoided, feared, and detested, she could find no rest for her weary feet, nor any shelter for her unprotected head. If she was seen approaching a house, the door and windows were immediately closed against her; if met on the way, she was avoided as a pestilence. How she lived no one could tell, for none would permit themselves to know. It was asserted that she existed without meat or drink, and that she was doomed to remain possessed of life, the prey of hunger and thirst, until she could get some one weak enough to break the spell by drinking her hellish draught, to taste which, they said, would be to change places with herself and assume her despair and misery.

There had lived in the country, about six months before her appearance in it, a man named Stephenson. He was unmarried, and the last of his family. This person led a solitary and secluded life, exhibiting during the last years of his existence strong symptoms of eccentricity, which, for some months before his death, assumed a character of unquestionable derangement. He was found one morning hanging by a halter in his own stable, where he had, under the influence of his malady, committed suicide. At this time the public press had not, as now, familiarized the minds of the people to that dreadful crime, and it was consequently looked upon *then* with an intensity of horror of which we can scarcely entertain any adequate notion. His farm remained unoccupied, for while an acre of land could be obtained in any other quarter no man would enter upon such unhallowed premises. The house was locked up, and it was currently reported that Stephenson and the devil each night repeated the hanging scene in the stable; and that when the former was committing the "hopeless sin," the halter slipped several times from the beam of the stable loft, when Satan came, in the shape of a dark-complexioned man with a hollow voice, and secured the rope until Stephenson's end was accomplished.

In this stable did the wanderer take up her residence at night; and when we consider the belief of the people in the night-scenes which occurred in it, we need not be surprised at the new feature of horror which this circumstance superadded to her character. Her presence and appearance in the parish were dreadful; a public outcry was soon raised against her, which, were it not from fear of her power over their lives and cattle, would have ended in her death. None, however, had courage to grapple with her, or to attempt expelling her by violence, lest a signal vengeance might be taken on any who dared to injure a woman that could call in the terrible aid of the *Lianhan Shee.*

In this state of feeling they applied to the parish priest, who, on hearing the marvelous stories related concerning her, and on questioning each man closely upon his authority, could perceive that, like most other reports, they were to be traced principally to the imagination and fears of the people. He ascertained, however, enough from Bartley Sullivan to justify a belief that there was something certainly uncommon about the woman; and being of a cold, phlegmatic disposition, with some humor, he desired them to go home, if they were wise — he shook his head mysteriously as he spoke — "and do the woman no injury, if they didn't wish" — and with this abrupt hint he sent them about their business.

This, however, did not satisfy them. In the same parish lived a suspended priest, called Father Philip O'Dallaghy, who supported himself, as most of them do, by curing certain diseases of the people — miraculously! He had no other means of subsistence, nor, indeed, did he seem strongly devoted to life, or to the pleasures it afforded. He was not addicted to those intemperate habits which characterize "blessed priests" in general; spirits he never tasted, nor any food that could be termed a luxury, or even a comfort. His communion with the people was brief and marked by a tone of severe, contemptuous misanthropy. He seldom stirred abroad except during morning, or in the evening twilight, when he might be seen gliding amidst the coming darkness like a dissatisfied spirit. His life was an austere one, and his devotional practices were said to be of the most remorseful character. Such a man, in fact, was calculated to hold a powerful sway over the prejudices and superstitions of the people. This was true. His power was considered almost unlimited, and his life one that would not disgrace the

highest saint in the calendar. There were not wanting some persons in the parish who hinted that Father Felix O'Rourke, the parish priest, was himself rather reluctant to incur the displeasure, or challenge the power of the *Lianhan Shee*, by driving its victim out of the parish. The opinion of these persons was, in its distinct, unvarnished reality, that Father Felix absolutely showed the white feather on this critical occasion — that he became shy, and begged leave to decline being introduced to this intractable pair — seeming to intimate that he did not at all relish adding them to the stock of his acquaintances.

Father Philip they considered as a decided contrast to him on this point. His stern and severe manner, rugged, and when occasion demanded, daring, they believed suitable to the qualities requisite for sustaining such an interview. They accordingly waited on him; and after Bartley and his friends had given as faithful a report of the circumstances, as, considering all things, could be expected, he told Bartley he would hear from Mrs. Sullivan's own lips the authentic narrative. This was quite satisfactory, and what was expected from him. As for himself, he appeared to take no particular interest in the matter, further than that of allaying the ferment and alarm which had spread through the parish.

"Plase your reverence," said Bartley, "she came in to Mary, and she alone in the house, and for the matther o' that, I believe she laid hands upon her, and tossed and tumbled the crathur, and she but a sickly woman, through the four corners of the house. Not that Mary lets an so much, but I know from her way when she spakes about her that it's thruth, your reverence."

"But didn't the *Lianhan Shee*," said one of them, "put a sharp-pointed knife to her breast, wid a divilish intintion of makin' her give the best of atin' an' dhrinkin' the house afforded?"

"She got the victuals, to a sartinty," replied Bartley, "and 'overlooked' my woman for her pains; for she's not the picture of herself since."

Everyone now told some magnified and terrible circumstance illustrating the formidable power of the *Lianhan Shee*.

When they had finished, the sarcastic lip of the priest curled into an expression of irony and contempt; his brow, which was naturally black and heavy, darkened; and a keen, but rather ferocious-looking eye, shot forth a glance which, while it inti-

mated disdain for those to whom it was directed, spoke also of a dark and troubled spirit in himself. The man seemed to brook with scorn the degrading situation of a religious quack, to which some uncontrollable destiny had doomed him.

"I shall see your wife to-morrow," said he to Bartley; "and after hearing the plain account of what happened, I will consider what is best to be done with this dark, perhaps unhappy, perhaps guilty character; but whether dark, or unhappy, or guilty, I, for one, should not, and will not, avoid her. Go, and bring me word to-morrow evening, when I can see her on the following day. Begone!"

When they withdrew, Father Philip paced his room for some time in silence and anxiety.

"Ay," said he, "wretches! sunk in the grossest superstition and ignorance, and yet, perhaps, happier in your degradation than those who, in the pride of knowledge, can only look back upon a life of crime and misery. What is a skeptic? What is an infidel? Men who, when they will not submit to moral restraint, harden themselves into skepticism and infidelity, until, in the headlong career of guilt, that which was first adopted to lull the outcry of conscience, is supported by the pretended pride of principle. Principle is a skeptic! Hollow and devilish lie! Would *I* have plunged into skepticism had I not first violated the moral sanctions of religion? Never. I became an infidel because I first became a villain! Writhing under a load of guilt, that which I wished might be true I soon forced myself to think true: and now"—he here clenched his hands and groaned—"now—ay, now—and hereafter—oh, *that* hereafter! Why can I not shake the thoughts of it from my conscience? Religion! Christianity! With all the hardness of an infidel's heart, I feel your truth; because, if every man were the villain that infidelity would make him, then, indeed, might every man curse God for the existence bestowed upon him—as I would, but dare not do. Yet why can I not believe? Alas! why should God accept an unrepentant heart? Am I not a hypocrite, mocking Him by a guilty pretension to His power, and leading the dark into thicker darkness? Then these hands—blood!—broken vows—ha! ha! ha! Well, go—let misery have its laugh, like the light that breaks from the thundercloud. Prefer Voltaire to Christ; sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind, as I have done—ha! ha! ha! Swim, world—swim about me! I have lost the ways of Providence, and am dark!

She awaits me: but I broke the chain that galled us: yet it still rankles — still rankles!"

The unhappy man threw himself into a chair in a paroxysm of frenzied agony. For more than an hour he sat in the same posture, until he became gradually hardened into a stiff, lethargic insensibility, callous and impervious to feeling, reason, or religion — an awful transition from a visitation of conscience so terrible as that which he had just suffered. At length he arose, and by walking moodily about, relapsed into his usual gloomy and restless character.

When Bartley went home, he communicated to his wife Father Philip's intention of calling on the following day, to hear a correct account of the *Lianhan Shee.*

"Why, thin," said she, "I'm glad of it, for I intinded myself to go to him, anyway, to get my new scapular consecrated. How-an-ever, as he's to come, I'll get a set of gospels for the boys an' girls, an' he can consecrate all when his hand's in. Aroon, Bartley, they say that man's so holy that he can do anything — ay, melt a body off the face o' the earth, like snow off of a ditch. Dear me, but the power they have is strange, all out!"

"There's no use in gettin' him anything to ate or dhrink," replied Bartley; "he wouldn't take a glass o' whisky once in seven years. Throth, myself thinks he's a little too dhry; sure he might be holy enough, and yet take a sup of an odd time. There's Father Felix, an' though we all know he's far from bein' so blessed a man as he is, yet he has friendship and neighborliness in him, an' never refuses a glass in rason."

"But do you know what I was tould about Father Philip, Bartley?"

"I'll tell you that afther I hear it, Mary, my woman; you won't expect me to tell what I don't know? — ha! ha! ha!"

"Behave, Bartley, an' quit your jokin' now, at all evints; keep it till we're talkin' of somethin' else, an' don't let us be committin' sin, maybe, while we're spakin' of what we're spakin' about; but they say it's as thrue as the sun to the dial: — the Lint afore last it was — he never tasted mate or dhrink durin' the whole seven weeks! Oh, you needn't stare! it's well known by thim that has as much sinse as you — no, not so much as you'd carry on the point o' this knittin' needle. Well, sure, the housekeeper an' the two sarvants wondhered — faix, they couldn't do less — an' took it into their heads to watch him

closely; an' what do you think — blessed be all the saints above! — what do you think they *seen?*"

"The goodness above knows; for me — I don't."

"Why, thin, whin he was asleep they seen a small silk thread in his mouth that came down through the ceilin' from heaven, and he suckin' it, just as a child would his mother's breast whin the crathur ud be asleep: so that was the way he was supported by the angels! An' I remimber myself, though he's a dark, spare, yallow man at all times, yet he never looked half so fat an' rosy as he did the same Lint!"

"Glory be to heaven! Well, well — *it is* sthrange the power they have! As for him, I'd as *lee* meet St. Pether, or St. Pathrick himself, as him; for one can't but fear him, somehow."

"Fear him! Och, it ud be the pity o' thim that ud do anything to vex or anger that man. Why, his very look ud wither thim, till there wouldn't be the thrack o' thim on the earth; an' as for his curse, why it ud scorch thim to ashes!"

As it was generally known that Father Philip was to visit Mrs. Sullivan the next day, in order to hear an account of the mystery which filled the parish with such fear, a very great number of the parishioners were assembled in and about Bartley's long before he made his appearance. At length he was seen walking slowly down the road, with an open book in his hand, on the pages of which he looked from time to time. When he approached the house those who were standing about it assembled in a body, and, with one consent, uncovered their heads and asked his blessing. His appearance bespoke a mind ill at ease; his face was haggard, and his eyes bloodshot. On seeing the people kneel, he smiled with his usual bitterness, and, shaking his hand with an air of impatience over them, muttered some words, rather in mockery of the ceremony than otherwise. They then rose, and blessing themselves, put on their hats, rubbed the dust off their knees, and appeared to think themselves recruited by a peculiar accession of grace.

On entering the house the same form was repeated; and when it was over, the best chair was placed for him by Mary's own hands, and the fire stirred up, and a line of respect drawn, within which none was to intrude, lest he might feel in any degree incommoded.

"My good neighbor," said he to Mrs. Sullivan, "what strange woman is this, who has thrown the parish into such a ferment? I'm told she paid you a visit. Pray sit down."

"I humbly thank your reverence," said Mary, courtesying lowly, "but I'd rather not sit, sir, if you plase. I hope I know what respect manes, your reverence. Barny Bradagh, I'll thank you to stand up, if you plase, an' his reverence to the fore, Barny."

"I ax your reverence's pardon, an' yours, too, Mrs. Sullivan: sure we didn't mane the disrespect, anyhow, sir, plase your reverence."

"About this woman, and the *Lianhan Shee?*" said the priest, without noticing Barny's apology. "Pray what do you precisely understand by a *Lianhan Shee?*"

"Why, sir," replied Mary, "some sthrange bein' from the good people, or fairies, that sticks to some persons. There's a bargain, sir, your reverence, made atween thim; an' the divil, sir, that is the ould boy — the saints about us! — has a hand in it. The *Lianhan Shee*, your reverence, is never seen only by thim it keeps wid; but — hem! — it always, wid the help of the ould boy, conthrives, sir, to make the person brake the agreement, an' thin it has *thim* in *its* power; but if they *don't* brake the agreement, thin *it's* in *their* power. If they can get anybody to put in their place, they may get out o' the bargain; for they can, of a sartinty, give oceans o' money to people, but can't take any themselves, plase your reverence. But sure where's the use o' me to be tellin' your reverence what you know betther nor myself? — an' why shouldn't you, or anyone that has the power you have?"

He smiled again at this in his own peculiar manner, and was proceeding to inquire more particularly into the nature of the interview, between them, when the noise of feet, and sounds of general alarm, accompanied by a rush of people into the house, arrested his attention, and he hastily inquired into the cause of the commotion. Before he could receive a reply, however, the house was almost crowded: and it was not without considerable difficulty that, by the exertions of Mrs. Sullivan and Bartley, sufficient order and quiet were obtained to hear distinctly what was said.

"Plase your reverence," said several voices at once, "they're comin' hot-foot, into the very house to us! Was ever the likes seen? an' they must know right well, sir, that you're widin it."

"Who are coming?" he inquired.

"Why, the woman, sir, an' her *good pet*, the *Lianhan Shee*, your reverence."

"Well," said he, "but why should you all appear so blanched with terror? Let her come in, and we shall see how far she is capable of injuring her fellow creatures: some maniac," he muttered, in a low soliloquy, "whom the villainy of the world has driven into derangement — some victim to a hand like m — Well, they say there *is* a Providence, yet such things are permitted?"

"He's saying a prayer now," observed one of them; "haven't we a good right to be thankful that he's in the place wid us while she's in it, or dear knows what harm she might do us — maybe *rise* the wind!"

As the latter speaker concluded, there was a dead silence. The persons about the door crushed each other backwards, their feet set out before them, and their shoulders laid with violent pressure against those who stood behind, for each felt anxious to avoid all danger of contact with a being against whose power even a blessed priest found it necessary to guard himself by a prayer.

At length a low murmur ran among the people — "Father O'Rourke! — here's Father O'Rourke! — he has turned the corner afther her, an' they're both comin' in." Immediately they entered, but it was quite evident, from the manner of the worthy priest, that he was unacquainted with the person of this singular being. When they crossed the threshold, the priest advanced, and expressed his surprise at the throng of people assembled.

"Plase your reverence," said Bartley, "*that's* the woman," nodding significantly towards her as he spoke, but without looking at her person, lest the evil eye he dreaded so much might meet his, and give him "the blast."

The dreaded female, on seeing the house in such a crowded state, started, paused, and glanced with some terror at the persons assembled. Her dress was not altered since her last visit; but her countenance, though more meager and emaciated, expressed but little of the unsettled energy which then flashed from her eyes, and distorted her features by the depth of that mysterious excitement by which she had been agitated. Her countenance was still muffled as before, the awful protuberance rose from her shoulders, and the same band which Mrs. Sullivan had alluded to during their interview was bound about the upper part of her forehead.

She had already stood upwards of two minutes, during which

the fall of a feather might be heard, yet none bade God bless her — no kind hand was extended to greet her — no heart warmed in affection towards her; on the contrary, every eye glanced at her, as a being marked with enmity towards God. Blanched faces and knit brows, the signs of fear and hatred, were turned upon her; her breath was considered pestilential, and her touch paralysis. There she stood, proscribed, avoided, and hunted like a tigress, all fearing to encounter, yet wishing to exterminate her! Who could she be? — or what had she done, that the finger of the Almighty marked her out for such a fearful weight of vengeance?

Father Philip rose and advanced a few steps, until he stood confronting her. His person was tall, his features dark, severe, and solemn: and when the nature of the investigation about to take place is considered, it need not be wondered at that the moment was, to those present, one of deep and impressive interest — such as a visible conflict between a supposed champion of God and a supernatural being was calculated to excite.

"Woman," said he, in his deep, stern voice, "tell me who and what you are, and why you assume a character of such a repulsive and mysterious nature, when it can entail only misery, shame, and persecution on yourself? I conjure you, in the name of Him after whose image you are created, to speak truly!"

He paused, and the tall figure stood mute before him. The silence was dead as death — every breath was hushed — and the persons assembled stood immovable as statues! Still she spoke not; but the violent heaving of her breast evinced the internal working of some dreadful struggle. Her face before was pale — it was now ghastly; her lips became blue, and her eyes vacant.

"Speak!" said he, "I conjure you in the name of the power by whom you live!"

It is probable that the agitation under which she labored was produced by the severe effort made to sustain the unexpected trial she had to undergo.

For some minutes her struggle continued; but having begun at its highest pitch, it gradually subsided until it settled in a calmness which appeared fixed and awful as the resolution of despair. With breathless composure she turned round, and put back that part of her dress which concealed her face, except the band on her forehead, which she did not remove; having done this, she turned again, and walked calmly towards Father

Philip, with a deadly smile upon her thin lips. When within a step of where he stood, she paused, and riveting her eyes upon him, exclaimed:

"Who and what am I? The victim of infidelity and you, the bearer of a cursed existence, the scoff and scorn of the world, the monument of a broken vow and a guilty life, a being scourged by the scorpion lash of conscience, blasted by periodical insanity, pelted by the winter's storm, scorched by the summer's heat, withered by starvation, hated by man, and touched into my inmost spirit by the anticipated tortures of future misery. I have no rest for the sole of my foot, no repose for a head distracted by the contemplation of a guilty life; I am the unclean spirit which walketh to seek rest and findeth none; I am — *what you made me!* Behold," she added, holding up the bottle, "this failed, and I live to accuse you. But no, you are my husband — though our union was but a guilty form, and I will bury that in silence. You thought me dead, and you flew to avoid punishment — did you avoid it? No; the finger of God has written pain and punishment upon your brow. I have been in all characters, in all shapes, have spoken with the tongue of a peasant, moved in my natural sphere; but my knees were smitten, my brain stricken, and the wild malady which banishes me from society has been upon me for years. Such I am, and such, I say, have you made me. As for you, kind-hearted woman, there was nothing in this bottle but pure water. The interval of reason returned this day, and having remembered glimpses of our conversation I came to apologize to you and to explain the nature of my unhappy distemper, and to beg a little bread, which I have not tasted for two days. I at times conceive myself attended by an evil spirit, shaped out by a guilty conscience, and this is the only familiar which attends me, and by it I have been dogged into madness through every turning of life. While it lasts I am subject to spasms and convulsive starts which are exceedingly painful. The lump on my back is the robe I wore when innocent in my peaceful convent."

The intensity of general interest was now transferred to Father Philip; every face was turned towards him, but he cared not. A solemn stillness yet prevailed among all present. From the moment she spoke, her eye drew his with the power of a basilisk. His pale face became like marble, not a muscle moved; and when she ceased speaking, his bloodshot eyes were

still fixed upon her countenance with a gloomy calmness like that which precedes a tempest. They stood before each other, dreadful counterparts in guilt, for truly his spirit was as dark as hers.

At length he glanced angrily around him. — "Well," said he, "what is it now, ye infatuated wretches, to trust in the sanctity *of man?* Learn from me to place the same confidence *in God* which you place in his *guilty creatures*, and you will not lean on a broken reed. Father O'Rourke, you too witness my disgrace, but not my punishment. It is pleasant, no doubt, to have a topic for conversation at your conferences; enjoy it. As for you, Margaret, if society lessen misery, we may be less miserable. But the band of your order and the remembrance of your vow is on your forehead, like the mark of Cain — tear it off, and let it not blast a man who is the victim of prejudice still, nay, of superstition, as well as of guilt; tear it from my sight." His eyes kindled fearfully as he attempted to pull it away by force.

She calmly took it off, and he immediately tore it into pieces, and stamped upon the fragments as he flung them on the ground.

"Come," said the despairing man, "come — there is a shelter for you, *but no peace!* — food, and drink, and raiment, but *no peace!* — NO PEACE!" As he uttered these words, in a voice that rose rapidly to its highest pitch, he took her hand, and they both departed to his own residence.

The amazement and horror of those who were assembled in Bartley's house cannot be described. Our readers may be assured that they deepened in character as they spread through the parish. An undefined fear of this mysterious pair seized upon the people, for their images were associated in their minds with darkness and crime, and supernatural communion. The departing words of Father Philip rang in their ears: they trembled, and devoutly crossed themselves, as fancy again repeated the awful exclamation of the priest — "No peace! no peace!"

When Father Philip and his unhappy associate went home he instantly made her a surrender of his small property; but with difficulty did he command sufficient calmness to accomplish even this. He was distracted — his blood seemed to have been turned to fire — he clenched his hands, and he gnashed his teeth, and exhibited the wildest symptoms of madness.

About ten o'clock he desired fuel for a large fire to be brought into the kitchen, and got a strong cord, which he coiled and threw carelessly on the table. The family were then ordered to bed. About eleven they were all asleep; and at the solemn hour of twelve he heaped additional fuel upon the living turf, until the blaze shone with scorching light through the kitchen. Dark and desolating was the tempest within him, as he paced, with agitated steps, before the crackling fire.

"She is risen!" he exclaimed — "the specter of all my crimes is risen, to haunt me through life! I *am* a murderer — yet she lives, and my guilt is not the less! The stamp of eternal infamy is upon me — the finger of scorn will mark me out — the tongue of reproach will sting me like that of the serpent — the deadly touch of shame will cover me like a leper — the laws of society will crush the murderer, not the less that his wickedness in blood has miscarried: after that comes the black and terrible tribunal of the Almighty's vengeance — of his fiery indignation! Hush! — What sounds are those? They deepen — they deepen! Is it thunder? It cannot be the crackling of the blaze! It *is* thunder! — but it speaks only to *my* ear! Hush! — Great God, there is a change in my voice! It is hollow and supernatural! Could a change have come over me? Am I living? Could I have — hah! — Could I have departed? and am I now at length given over to the worm that never dies? If it be at my heart I may feel it. God! — I am damned! Here is a viper twined about my limbs, trying to dart its fangs into my heart! Hah! there are feet pacing in the room, too, and I hear voices! I am surrounded by evil spirits! Who's there? — What are you? — Speak! — They are silent! — There is no answer! Again comes the thunder! But perchance this is not my place of punishment, and I will try to leave these horrible spirits!"

He opened the door, and passed out into a small green field that lay behind the house. The night was calm, and the silence profound as death. Not a cloud obscured the heavens; the light of the moon fell upon the stillness of the scene around him with all the touching beauty of a moonlit midnight in summer. Here he paused a moment, felt his brow, then his heart, the palpitations of which fell audibly upon his ear. He became somewhat cooler; the images of madness which had swept through his stormy brain disappeared, and were succeeded by a lethargic vacancy of thought which almost deprived him of the

consciousness of his own identity. From the green field he descended mechanically to a little glen which opened beside it. It was one of those delightful spots to which the heart clingeth. Its sloping sides were clothed with patches of wood, on the leaves of which the moonlight glanced with a soft luster, rendered more beautiful by their stillness. That side on which the light could not fall lay in deep shadow, which occasionally gave to the rocks and small projecting precipices an appearance of monstrous and unnatural life. Having passed through the tangled mazes of the glen, he at length reached its bottom, along which ran a brook, such as, in the description of the poet —

> "— In the leafy month of June,
> Unto the sleeping woods all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Here he stood, and looked upon the green winding margin of the streamlet — but its song he heard not. With the terrors of a guilty conscience the beautiful in nature can have no association. He looked up the glen, but its picturesque windings, soft vistas, and wild underwood mingling with gray rocks and taller trees, all mellowed by the moonbeams, had no charms for him. He maintained a profound silence — but it was not the silence of reflection. He endeavored to recall the scenes of the past day, but could not bring them back to his memory. Even the fiery tide of thought which, like burning lava, seared his brain a few moments before, was now cold and hardened. He could remember nothing. The convulsion of his mind was over, and his faculties were impotent and collapsed.

In this state he unconsciously retraced his steps, and had again reached the paddock adjoining his house, when, as he thought, the figure of his paramour stood before him. In a moment his former paroxysm returned, and with it the gloomy images of a guilty mind, charged with the extravagant horrors of brain-struck madness.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the band still on your forehead! Tear it off!"

He caught at the form as he spoke, but there was no resistance to his grasp. On looking again towards the spot she had ceased to be visible. The storm within him arose once more: he rushed into the kitchen, where the fire blazed out with fiercer heat; again he imagined that the thunder came to his ears, but the thunderings which he heard were only the voice of con-

science. Again his own footsteps and his voice sounded in his fancy as the footsteps and voices of fiends, with which his imagination peopled the room. His state and his existence seemed to him a confused and troubled dream; he tore his hair — threw it on the table — and immediately started back with a hollow groan. His locks, which but a few hours before had been as black as the raven's wing, were now white as snow!

On discovering this he gave a low but frantic laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed; "here is another mark — here is food for despair. Silently, but surely, did the hand of God work this, as a proof that I am hopeless! But I will bear it; I will bear the sight! I now feel myself a man blasted by the eye of God himself! Ha, ha, ha! Food for despair! Food for despair!"

Immediately he passed into his own room, and approaching the looking-glass beheld a sight calculated to move a statue. His hair had become literally white, but the shades of his dark complexion, now distorted by terror and madness, flitted, as his features worked under the influence of his tremendous passions, into an expression so frightful that deep fear came over himself. He snatched one of his razors, and fled from the glass to the kitchen. He looked upon the fire, and saw the white ashes lying around its edge.

"Ha!" said he, "the light is come! I see the sign. I am directed and I will follow it. There is yet ONE hope. The immolation! I shall be saved, yet so as by fire. It is for this my hair has become white — the sublime warning for my self-sacrifice! The color of ashes! — white — white! It is so! — I will sacrifice my body in material fire, to save my soul from that which is eternal! But I had anticipated the SIGN! The self-sacrifice is accepted!"

We must here draw a veil over that which ensued, as the description of it would be both unnatural and revolting. Let it be sufficient to say that the next morning he was burned to a cinder, with the exception of his feet and legs, which remained as monuments of, perhaps, the most dreadful suicide that ever was committed by man. His razor, too, was found bloody, and several clots of gore were discovered about the hearth; from which circumstances it was plain that he had reduced his strength so much by loss of blood that when he committed himself to the flames, he was unable, even had he been willing, to avoid the fiery and awful sacrifice of which he made himself the

victim. If anything could deepen the impression of fear and awe already so general among the people, it was the unparalleled nature of his death. Its circumstances are well known in the parish and county wherein it occurred —*for it is no fiction*, gentle reader! and the titular bishop who then presided over the diocese declared that while he lived no person bearing the unhappy man's name should ever be admitted to the clerical order.

The shock produced by his death struck the miserable woman into the darkness of settled derangement. She survived him some years, but wandered about through the province, still, according to the superstitious belief of the people, tormented by the terrible enmity of the *Lianhan Shee*.

As the reader may be disposed to consider the nature of the priest's death an unjustifiable stretch of fiction, I have only to say, in reply, that it is no fiction at all. It is not, I believe, more than forty, or perhaps fifty, years since a priest committed his body to the flames for the purpose of saving his soul by an incrematory sacrifice. The object of a suicide unparalleled in the history of that mad and melancholy crime was ascertained by a letter which he left behind him. There is an old dormant superstition still to be found in Ireland on this very subject. It is believed by some that a priest guilty of great crimes possesses the privilege of securing salvation by self-sacrifice. We have heard two or three legends among the people in which this principle predominated. The outlines of one of these, called "The Young Priest and Brian Braar," were as follows :—

A young priest on his way to the College of Valladolid, in Spain, was benighted, but found a lodging in a small inn on the roadside. Here he was tempted by a young maiden of great beauty, who, in the moment of his weakness, extorted from him a bond signed with his blood, binding himself to her forever. She turned out to be an evil spirit; and the young priest proceeded to Valladolid with a heavy heart, confessed his crime to the superior, who sent him to the Pope, who sent him to a friar in the county of Armagh, called Brian Braar, who sent him to the devil. The devil, on the strength of Brian Braar's letter, gave him a warm reception, held a cabinet council immediately, and laid the dispatch before his colleagues, who agreed that the claimant should get back his bond from the brimstone lady who had inveigled him. She, however, obstinately refused to surrender it, and stood upon her bond, until threatened with being thrown three times into Brian Braar's furnace. This tamed her: the man got his bond, and returned to Brian Braar on earth. Now Brian Braar had for three years past abandoned God, and taken to the study of magic with the devil; a circumstance which accounts for his influence below. The young priest, having possessed himself of his bond, went to Lough Derg to wash away his sins; and Brian Braar having also become penitent, the two worthies accompanied each other to the lake. On entering the boat, however, to cross over to the island, such a storm arose as drove them back. Brian assured his companion that he himself was the cause of it.

"There is now," said he, "but one more chance for *me*, and we must have recourse to it."

He then returned homewards, and both had reached a hillside near

Brian's house, when the latter desired the young priest to remain there a few minutes, and he would return to him; which he did with a hatchet in his hand.

"Now," said he, "you must cut me into four quarters, and mince my body into small bits, then cast them into the air, and let them go with the wind."

The priest, by much entreaty, complied with his wishes, and returned to Lough Derg, where he lived twelve years upon one meal of bread and water *per diem*. Having now purified himself, he returned home; but on passing the hill where he had minced the Friar, he was astonished to see the same man celebrating mass attended by a very penitential looking congregation of spirits.

"Ah," said Brian Braar, when mass was over, "you are now a happy man. With regard to my state, *for the voluntary sacrifice I have made of myself, I am to be saved;* but I must remain on this mountain until the Day of Judgment." So saying, he disappeared.

There is little to be said about the superstition of the *Lianhan Shee*, except that it existed as we have drawn it, and that it is now fading fast away. There is also something appropriate in associating the heroine of this little story with the being called the *Lianhan Shee*, because, setting the superstition aside, any female who fell into her crime was called *Lianhan Shee*. *Lianhan Shee an Sagarth* signifies a priest's paramour, or, as the country people say, "Miss." Both terms have now nearly become obsolete.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

JANE (WELSH) CARLYLE, wife of Thomas Carlyle, born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801; died in London, April 21, 1866. She was the daughter of John Welsh, a physician of eminence, who when he died left his estate to his daughter, then eighteen. She married the famous author of "Sartor Resartus," but their life together was far from happy as may be read in her letters.

Jane Carlyle died suddenly. Early in 1866 her husband had been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. He had gone thither to deliver his Inaugural Address, and was to come home in a day or two. On the 21st of April his wife having posted a pleasant note to her husband, went out for a drive in Hyde Park. After an hour or two the coachman, having received no orders for returning, looked into the carriage. Mrs. Carlyle sat there dead, with her hands folded in her lap.

"Her Letters," edited by her husband, were published in 1883, the work being given to the world by J. A. Froude.

To T. CARLYLE, ESQ., CHELSEA.

TROSTON: *Monday, Aug.* 15, 1842.

Dearest, — It was the stupidest-looking breakfast this morning without any letters! — the absence of the loaf or coffee-pot would have been less sensibly felt! However, there is no redress against these London Sundays.

I went to church yesterday afternoon, according to programme, and saw and heard "strange things, upon my honor."

The congregation consisted of some thirty or forty poor people — chiefly adults; who all looked at me with a degree of curiosity rather "strong" for the place. Reginald ascended the pulpit in his white vestment, and, in a loud sonorous, perfectly Church-of-England-like tone, gave out the Psalm, whereupon there arose, at the far end of the moldering church, a shrill clear sound, something between a squeal of agony and the highest tone of a bagpipe! I looked in astonishment, but could discover nothing; the congregation joined in with the invisible

thing, which continued to assert its predominance, and it was not till the end of the service that Hesketh informed me that the strange instrument was a "clarionet"! Necessity is the mother of invention.

The service went off quite respectably; it is wonderful how little faculty is needed for saying prayers perfectly well! But when we came to the sermon! — greater nonsense I have often enough listened to — for, in fact, the sermon (Mrs. Buller, with her usual sincerity, informed me before I went) "was none of his;" he had scraped together as many written by other people as would serve him for years, "which was much better for the congregation;" but he delivered it exactly as daft Mr. Hamilton used to read the newspaper, with a noble disdain of everything in the nature of a stop; pausing just when he needed breath, at the end of a sentence, or in the middle of a word, as it happened! In the midst of this extraordinary exhortation an infant screamed out, "Away, mammy! Let's away!" and another bigger child went off in whooping cough! For my part, I was all the while in a state between laughing and crying; nay, doing both alternately. There were two white marble tablets before me, containing one the virtues of a wife and the sorrow of a husband (Capel Loft), the other a beautiful character of a young girl dead of consumption; and both concluded with the "hopes of an immortality through Jesus Christ." And there was an old sword and sword-belt hung on the tomb of another, killed in Spain at the age of twenty-eight; he also was to be raised up through Jesus Christ; and this was the Gospel of Jesus Christ I was hearing — made into something worse than the cawing of rooks. I was glad to get out, for my thoughts rose into my throat at last, as if they would choke me; and I privately vowed never to go there when worship was going on again!

We drove as usual in the evening, and also as usual played the game at chess — "decidedly improper," but I could not well refuse. I sat in my own room reading for two hours after I went upstairs; slept indifferently, the heat being extreme, and the cocks indefatigable; and now Mrs. Buller has sent me her revised "Play," begging I will read it, and speak again my candid opinion as to its being fit to be acted. So goodbye, dearest, I shall have a letter to-morrow. Love to Babbie. I wish she had seen the Queen. Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: *Wednesday, Aug.* 17, 1842.

Dearest, — There will be no news from me at Chelsea this day; it is to be hoped there will not be any great dismay in consequence. The fact is, you must not expect a daily letter; it occasions more trouble in the house than I was at first aware of; nobody goes from here regularly to the Post-office, which is a good two miles off; only, when there are letters to be sent, Mr. and Mrs. Buller take Ixworth in their evening drive and leave them at the post-office themselves. Now, twice over, I have found on getting to Ixworth that but for my letters, there would have been no occasion to go that road, which is an ugly one, while there are beautiful drives in other directions; besides that, they like, as I observe, to show me the county to the best advantage. They write, themselves, hardly any letters; those that come are left by somebody who passes this way from Ixworth early in the morning. Yesterday after breakfast, Mr. Buller said we should go to Ampton in the evening — a beautiful deserted place belonging to Lord Calthorpe — "Unless," he added, raising his eyebrows, "you have letters to take to Ixworth." Of course I said my writing was not so urgent that it could not be let alone for a day. And to Ampton we went, where Reginald and I clambered over a high gate, with spikes on the top of it, and enjoyed a stolen march through gardens unsurpassed since the original Eden, and sat in a pavilion with the most Arabian-tale-looking prospect; "the kingdom of the Prince of the Black Islands" it might have been! — and peeped in at the open windows of the old empty house — empty of people, that is — for there seemed in it everything mortal could desire for ease with dignity: such quantities of fine bound books in glass bookcases, and easy-chairs, etc., etc.! And this lovely place Lord Calthorpe has taken some disgust to; and has never set foot in it again! Suppose you write and ask him to give it to us! He is nearly mad with Evangelical religion, they say; strange that he does not see the sense of letting somebody have the good of what he cannot enjoy of God's providence himself! "Look at this delicious and deserted place, on the one side, and the two thousand people standing all night before the Provost's door on the other! And yet you believe," says Mrs. Buller, "that it is a good spirit who rules this world."

You never heard such strange discourse as we go on with, during the hour or so we are alone before dinner! How she contrives, with such opinions or no opinions, to keep herself so serene and cheerful, I am perplexed to conceive: is it the old story of the "cork going safely over the falls of Niagara, where everything weightier would sink?" I do not think she is so light as she gives herself out for — at all events, she is very clever, and very good to me.

On our return from Ampton, we found Mr. Loft waiting to tea with us — the elder brother of the Aids-to-Self-Development Loft — an affectionate, intelligent-looking man, "but terribly off for a language." Though he has been in India, and is up in years, he looks as frightened as a hare. There were also here yesterday the grandees of the district, Mr. and the Lady Agnes Byng — one of the Pagets "whom we all know" — an advent which produced no inconsiderable emotion in our Radical household! For my part, I made myself scarce; and thereby "missed," Reginald told me, "such an immensity of petty talk — the Queen, the Queen, at every word with Lady A."

To T. Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.

Troston: *Tuesday, Aug.* 23, 1842.

My dear Husband, — The pen was in my hand to write yesterday; but nothing would have come out of me yesterday except "literature of desperation;" and, aware of this, I thought it better to hold my peace for the next twenty-four hours, till a new night had either habilitated me for remaining awhile longer, or brought me to the desperate resolution of flying home for my life. Last night, Heaven be thanked, went off peaceably; and to-day I am in a state to record my last trial, without danger of becoming too tragical, or alarming you with the prospect of my making an unseemly termination of my visit. (Oh, what pens!)

To begin where I left off. On Sunday, after writing to you, I attended the afternoon service! Regy looked so *wae* when I answered his question "whether I was going?" in the negative, that a weak pity induced me to revise my determination. "It is a nice pew, that of ours," said old Mr. Buller; "it suits me remarkably well, for, being so deep, I am not overlooked; and in virtue of that, I read most part of the *Femme de Qualité* this morning!" "But don't," he added, "tell Mr. Regy this! Had Theresa been there, I would not have done it, for I like to set a good example!" I also turned the depth of the pew to good

account; when the sermon began, I made myself, at the bottom of it, a sort of Persian couch out of the praying-cushions; laid off my bonnet, and stretched myself out very much at my ease. I seemed to have been thus just one drowsy minute when a slight rustling and the words "Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," warned me to put on my bonnet, and made me for the first time aware that I had been asleep! For the rest, the music that day ought to have satisfied me; for it seemed to have remodeled itself expressly to suit my taste — Scotch tunes, produced with the nasal discordant emphasis of a Scotch country-congregation, and no clarionet. I noticed in a little square gallery seat, the only one in the church, a portly character, who acts as blacksmith, sitting with a wand, some five feet long, in his hand, which he swayed about majestically as if it had been a scepter! On inquiring of our man-servant what this could possibly mean or symbolize, he informed me it was "to beat the bad children." "And are the children here so bad that they need such a functionary?" "Ah, they will always, them little 'uns, be doing mischief in the church: it's a-wearisome for the poor things, and the rod keeps them in fear!"

In the evening, the drive, as always, with this only difference, that on Sunday evenings Mr. Buller only walks the horse, from principle! After this conscientious exercising, the game at chess! My head had ached more or less all day, and I was glad to get to bed, where I was fortunate enough to get to sleep without any violent disturbance. The next day, however, my head was rather worse than better; so that I would fain have "declined from" calling on Lady Agnes; but Mrs. Buller was bent on going to Livermere, and so, as I did not feel up to walking, it was my only chance of getting any fresh air and exercise that day. To Livermere we went, then, before dinner, the dinner being deferred till five o'clock to suit the more fashionable hours of our visitees. "The Pagets" seem to be extremely like other mortals, neither better nor bonnier nor wiser. To do them justice, however, they might, as we found them, have been sitting for a picture of high life doing the amiable and the rural in the country. They had placed a table under the shadow of a beech-tree; and at this sat Mr. Byng studying the "Examiner;" Lady Agnes reading — "Oh, nothing at all, only some nonsense that Lord Londonderry has been printing; I cannot think what has tempted him;" and a boy and girl marking for a cricket-party, consisting of all the men-servants, and two older little

sons, who were playing for the entertainment of their master and mistress and their own; the younger branches ever and anon clapping their hands, and calling out "What fun!" I may mention for your consolation that Mr. Byng (a tall, gentlemanly, *blasé*-looking man) was dressed from head to foot in unbleached linen; while Babbie may take a slight satisfaction to her curiosity *de femme* from knowing how a Paget attires herself of a morning, to sit under a beech-tree — a white-flowered muslin pelisse, over pale blue satin; a black lace scarf fastened against her heart with a little gold horse-shoe; her white neck tolerably revealed, and set off with a brooch of diamonds; immense gold bracelets, an immense gold chain; a little white silk bonnet with a profusion of blond and flowers; thus had she prepared herself for being rural! But, with all this finery, she looked a good-hearted, rattling, clever *haveral* sort of a woman. Her account of Lord Londonderry's sentimental dedication to his wife was perfect — "from a goose to a goose!" — and she defended herself with her pocket handkerchief against the wasps, with an energy. When we had sat sufficiently long under the tree, Mrs. Buller asked her to take me through the gardens, which she did very politely, and gave me some carnations and verbenas; and then through the stables, which were, indeed, the finer sight of the two.

All this sight-seeing, however, did not help my head; at night I let the chess go as it liked; took some medicine, and went early to bed, determined to be well on the morrow. About twelve, I fell into a sound sleep, out of which I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell. The church, you remember, is only a stone-cast from the house; so that, when the bell tolls, one seems to be exactly under its tongue. I sprang up — it was half after three by my watch — hardly light; the bell went on to toll two loud dismal strokes at regular intervals of a minute. What could it be? I fancied fire — fancied insurrection. I ran out into the passage and listened at Regy's door, all was still; then I listened at Mrs. Buller's, I heard her cough; surely, I thought, since she is awake, she would ring her bell if there were anything alarming for her in this tolling, it must be some other noise of the many they "have grown used to." So I went to bed again, but, of course, could not get another wink of sleep all night; for the bell only ceased tolling at my ear about six in the morning, and then I was too nervous to avail myself of the silence. "What on earth was that bell?" I asked Regy the first

thing in the morning. "Oh, it was only the passing bell! It was ordered to be rung during the night for an old lady who died the night before." This time, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Buller as angry as myself; for she also had been much alarmed.

Of course, yesterday I was quite ill, with the medicine, the sleeplessness, and the fright; and I thought I really would not stay any longer in a place where one is liable to such alarms. But now, as usual, one quiet night has given me hopes of more; and it would be a pity to return worse than I went away. I do not seem to myself to be nearly done; but Mr. Buller is sitting at my elbow with the chess-board, saying, "When you are ready I am ready." I am ready. Love to Babbie; I have your and her letter; but *must* stop.

T. Carlyle, Esq., at Scotsbrig.

Pier Hotel, Ryde: *Wednesday morning, Aug.* 9, 1843.

Dearest, — Here I actually am, and so far as has yet appeared, "if it had not been for the honor of the thing," I had better have stayed where I was. The journey hither was not pleasant the least in the world. What journey ever was or shall be pleasant for poor me? But this railway seems to me particularly shaky, and then the steamboating from Gosport, though it had not time to make me sick — the water, moreover, being smooth as the Thames — still made me as perfectly uncomfortable as need be; a heavy dew was falling; one could not see many yards ahead; everybody on board looked peevish. I wished myself at home in my bed.

We reached Ryde at eight in the evening, and, the second hotel being filled, had to take up our quarters for that night at the first, which "is the dearest hotel in Europe," and the hotel in Europe, so far as I have seen, where there is the least human comfort. I had to make tea from an urn the water of which was certainly not "as hot as one could drink it;" the cream was blue milk, the butter tasted of straw, and the "cold fowl" was a lukewarm one, and as tough as leather. After this insalubrious repast — which the Stimabile, more easily pleased than I, pronounced to be "infinitely refreshing, by Jove!" — finding that, beyond sounding the depths of vacuum, there was nothing to be done that night, I retired to my bed. The windows looked over house-roofs and the sea, so I hoped it would be quiet; but, alas, there was a dog uttering a volley of loud barks, about once in

the five minutes; and rousing up what seemed to be a whole infinitude of dogs in the distance! Of course, fevered and nervous as I was at any rate from the journey, I could not sleep at all; I do not mean that I slept ill, but I have absolutely never been asleep at all the whole night! So you may fancy the favorable mood I am in towards Ryde this morning! I feel as if I would not pass another night in that bed for a hundred pounds!

Nor shall I need. Clark has been out this morning to seek a lodging; and has found one, he says, very quiet, quite away from the town. If I cannot sleep there, I will return to my own red bed as fast as possible. I did not bind myself for any specified time. To Helen I said I should most likely be back in three or four days; but in my own private mind, I thought it possible I might make out a week. It was best, however, to let her expect me from day to day; both that she might get on faster and that she might suffer less from her apprehension of thieves, for she flattered herself nobody would know I was gone before I should be returned. I left Elizabeth with her, with plenty of needlework to do; alone, she would have gone out of her senses altogether, and most probably succeeded in getting the house robbed.

And now let me tell you something which you will perhaps think questionable, a piece of Hero-Worship that I have been after. My youthful enthusiasm, as John Sterling calls it, is not extinct then, as I had supposed; but must certainly be immortal! Only think of its blazing up for Father Mathew! You know I have always had the greatest reverence for that priest; and when I heard he was in London, attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him by the hand, and tell him I loved him considerably! I was expressing my wish to see him, to Robertson, the night he brought the Ballad Collector; and he told me it could be gratified quite easily. Mrs. Hall had offered him a note of introduction to Father Mathew, and she would be pleased to include my name in it. "Fix my time, then." "He was administering the pledge all day long in the Commercial Road." I fixed next evening.

Robertson, accordingly, called for me at five, and we rumbled off in omnibus, all the way to Mile End, that hitherto for me unimaginable goal! Then there was still a good way to walk; the place, the "new lodging," was a large piece of waste ground, boarded off from the Commercial Road, for a Catholic cemetery. I found "my youthful enthusiasm" rising higher and

higher as I got on the ground, and saw the thousands of people all hushed into awful silence, with not a single exception that I saw — the only religious meeting I ever saw in cockneyland which had not plenty of scoffers hanging on its outskirts. The crowd was all in front of a narrow scaffolding, from which an American captain was then haranguing it; and Father Mathew stood beside him, so good and simple-looking! Of course, we could not push our way to the front of the scaffold, where steps led up to it; so we went to one end, where there were no steps or other visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman; he took it and returned presently, saying that Father Mathew was coming. And he came; and reached down his hand to me, and I grasped it; but the boards were higher than my head, and it seemed our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of enthusiasm; I felt the need of getting closer to that good man. I saw a bit of rope hanging, in the form of a festoon, from the end of the boards; I put my foot on it; held still by Father Mathew's hand; seized the end of the boards with the other; and, in some, to myself (up to this moment), incomprehensible way, flung myself horizontally on to the scaffolding at Father Mathew's feet. He uttered a scream, for he thought (I suppose) I must fall back; but not at all; I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him and said — what? "God only knows." He made me sit down on the only chair a moment; then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold, to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it; and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw, melted into one, could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live; faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man, in particular, with a baby in his arms; and a young girl that seemed of the "unfortunate" sort, that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried; but I longed to lay my head down on the good man's shoulder and take a hearty cry there before the whole multitude! He said to me one such nice thing. "I dare not be absent for an hour," he said; "I think

always if some dreadful drunkard were to come, and me away, he might never muster determination perhaps to come again in all his life; and there would be a man lost!"

I was turning sick, and needed to get out of the thing, but, in the act of leaving him — never to see him again through all time, most probably — feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another movement of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers! No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything that I could leave with him in remembrance of me, and having bethought me of a pretty memorandum-book in my reticule, I drew him aside and put it in his hand, and bade him keep it for my sake; and asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation! Had you any idea that your wife was still such a fool! I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get him another presently, and then laid the medal into my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak for excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep; the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile; and even next morning, I could not anyhow subside into my normal state, until I had sat down and written Father Mathew a long letter — accompanying it with your "Past and Present!" Now, dear, if you are ready to beat me for a distracted Gomeril I cannot help it. All that it was put into my heart to do, *Ich konnte nicht anders.*

When you write, just address to Cheyne Row. I cannot engage for myself being here twenty-four hours longer; it will depend on how I sleep to-night; and also a little on when I find Elizabeth Mudie will be needed in Manchester. I must be back in time to get her clothes gathered together.

Bless you always. Love to them all.

Your J. C.

I began this in the hotel; but it has been finished in our lodging, which looks quiet and comfortable so far.

(Notes of a Sitter-still.)

T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig.

Chelsea: *Sunday night, July* 11, 1858.

Botkin (what a name!), your Russian translator, has called. Luckily Charlotte had been forewarned to admit him if he came again. He is quite a different type from Tourgueneff, though a tall man, this one too. I should say he must be a Cossack — not that I ever saw a Cossack or heard one described, instinct is all I have for it. He has flattened high-boned cheeks — a nose flattened towards the point — small, very black, deep-set eyes, with thin semi-circular eyebrows — a wide thin mouth — a complexion whity-gray, and the skin of his face looked thick enough to make a saddle of! He does not possess himself like Tourgueneff, but bends and gesticulates like a Frenchman.

He burst into the room with wild expressions of his "admiration for Mr. Carlyle." I begged him to be seated, and he declared "Mr. Carlyle was the man for Russia." I tried again and again to "enchain" a rational conversation, but nothing could I get out of him but rhapsodies about you in the frightfulest English that I ever heard out of a human head! It is to be hoped that (as he told me) he reads English much better than he speaks it, else he must have produced an inconceivable translation of "Hero Worship." Such as it is, anyhow, "a large deputation of the Students of St. Petersburg" waited on him (Botkin), to thank him in the strongest terms for having translated for them "Hero Worship," and made known to them Carlyle. And even the young Russian ladies now read "Hero Worship," and "unnerstants it thor — lie." He was all in a perspiration when he went away, and so was I!

I should like to have asked him some questions; for example, how he came to know of your Works (he had told me he had had to send to England for them "at extreem cost"), but it would have been like asking a cascade! The best that I could do for him I did. I gave him a photograph of you, and put him up to carrying it in the top of his hat!

I don't think I ever told you the surprising visit I had from David Aitken and Bess. I was so ill when I wrote after that all details were omitted. Charlotte had come to say one of the latch-keys was refusing to act. I went to see what the matter was, and when we opened the door, behold, David at the bottom

of the steps, and Bess preparing to knock! "Is this Mrs. Carlyle's?" she asked of myself, while I was gazing dumfoundered. "My goodness!" cried I. At the sound of my voice she knew me — not till then — though at my own door! and certainly the recognition was the furthest from complimentary I ever met. She absolutely staggered, screaming out, "God preserve me, Jane! That you?" Pleasant! David coming up the steps brought a little calm into the business, and the call got itself transacted better or worse.

They were on their way home from Italy. Both seemed rather more human than last time, especially David, whose face had taken an expression of "Peace on earth and goodwill unto men." Bess had lost a tooth or two, was rather thinner, and her eyes hollower; otherwise much the same.

They invited me very kindly to Minto, and he seemed really in earnest.

July 16.

Surely, dear, the shortest, most unimportant note you can write is worth a bit of paper all to itself? Such a mixed MS., with flaps too, may be a valuable literary curiosity "a hundred years hence," but is a trial of patience to the present reader, who, on eagerly opening a letter from you, had not calculated on having to go through a process like seeking the source of the Niger, in a small way.

For the rest, you don't at all estimate my difficulties in writing a letter every day, when I am expected to tell how I am, and when "I's ashamed to say I's no better." Dispense me from saying anything whatever about my health; let me write always "Notes," and it would be easy for me to send you a daily letter. As easy at least as it is to be lively with the callers, who go away in doubt (like George Cooke) "whether I am the most stoical of women, or whether there is nothing in the world the matter with me?"

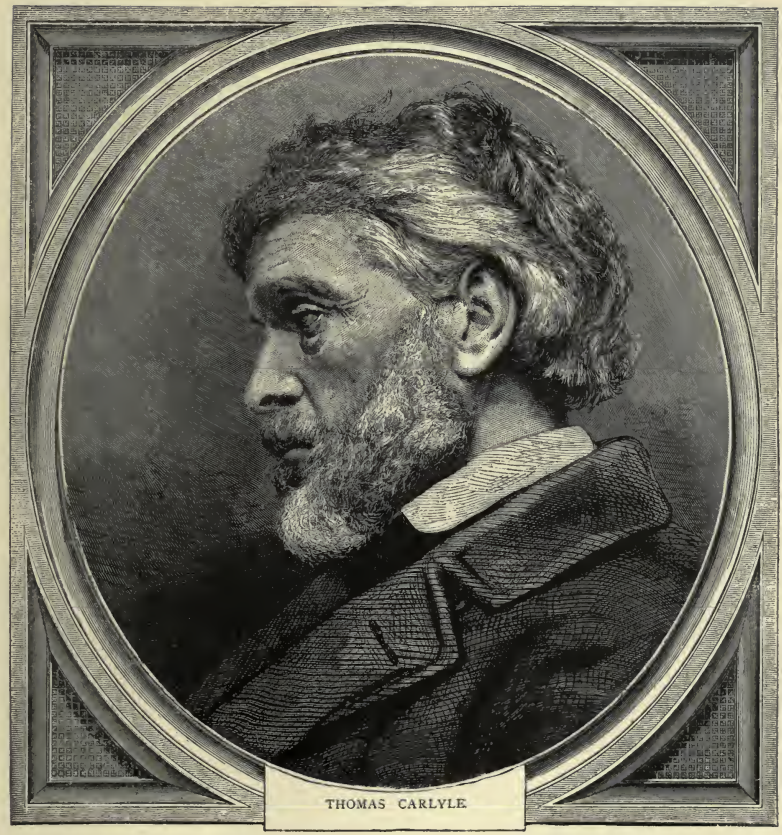
But you want to be told how I sleep, etc., etc.; and can't you understand that having said twice, thrice, call it four times, "I am sleeping hardly any, I am very nervous and suffering," the fifth time that I have the same account to repeat, "horrible is the thought to me," and I take refuge in silence. Wouldn't you do the same? Suppose, instead of putting myself in the omnibus the other day, and letting myself be carried in unbroken silence to Richmond and back again, I had sat at home writing to you all the thoughts that were in my head? But that I never would

have done; not a hundredth part of the thoughts in my head have ever been or ever will be spoken or written — as long as I keep my senses, at least.

Only don't you, "the apostle of silence," find fault with me for putting your doctrine in practice. There are days when I must hold my peace or speak things all from the lips outwards, or things that, being of the nature of self-lamentation, had better never be spoken.

My cold in the meanwhile? It is still carrying on, till Lonsdale coom, in the shape of cough and a stuffed head; but it does not hurt me anywhere, and I no longer need to keep the house; the weather being warm enough, I ride in an omnibus every day more or less.

All last night it thundered; and there was one such clap as I never heard in my life, preceded by a flash that covered my book for a moment with blue light (I was reading in bed about three in the morning, and you can't think what a wild effect that blue light on the book had!). To-day it is still thundering in the distance, and soft, large, hot drops of rain falling. What of the three tailors?



THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, a distinguished Scottish essayist and historian, born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795; died in London, Feb. 4, 1881. Thomas was sent at the age of fourteen to the University of Edinburgh. He was already fairly grounded in Latin, and mathematics, and read French with facility. Having completed his four years' course at the University, he was for two years mathematical tutor at Annan, then for two years more master of a new school at Kirkcaldy. In 1818 Carlyle went back to Edinburgh, and devoted himself to literary work. He married Jane Welsh in October, 1826, he being thirty-one and she six years younger. For a year and a half they lived at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh; then for some six years at Craigenputtock, a wild moorland farm, then in 1834 they went to London, and took a modest house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, then a suburb of the great city, but now almost in its very heart. This house was their home through the ensuing thirty years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years more during which he survived her.

Early in 1881 it became evident that the end was rapidly approaching. His power of speech failed him on the evening of the 4th of February; and he passed quietly away the next morning, at the age of eighty-five years and two months.

His works, as published, are: "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," a translation (1824); "Legendre's Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry," a translation (1824); "Life of Schiller" (1825); "German Romance," translations from Tieck, Musäus, Richter, etc. (1827); "Sartor Resartus" (first edition in book form, Boston, 1835; second, London, 1838); "The French Revolution" (1837); "Chartism" (1839); "Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History" (1841); "Past and Present" (1843); "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell" (1845); "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (1850); "Life of Sterling" (1851); "Friedrich II." (1858–1865); "Inaugural Address at Edinburgh" (1866); "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849" (1882); "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" (1882). He wrote also innumerable magazine articles, still uncollected.

The Procession.

(From "The French Revolution.")

On the first Saturday of May, it is gala at Versailles; and Monday, fourth of the month, is to be a still greater day. The Deputies have mostly got thither, and sought out lodgings; and are now successively, in long, well-ushered files, kissing the hand of Majesty in the Château. Supreme Usher de Brézé does not give the highest satisfaction: we cannot but observe that in ushering Noblesse or Clergy into the anointed Presence, he liberally opens *both* his folding-doors; and on the other hand, for members of the Third Estate opens only one! However, there is room to enter; Majesty has smiles for all.

The good Louis welcomes his Honorable Members, with smiles of hope. He has prepared for them the Hall of *Menus*, the largest near him; and often surveyed the workmen as they went on. A spacious Hall: with raised platform for Throne, Court and Blood-royal; space for six hundred Commons Deputies in front; for half as many Clergy on this hand, and half as many Noblesse on that. It has lofty galleries; wherefrom dames of honor, splendent in *gaze d'or;* foreign Diplomacies, and other gilt-edged white-frilled individuals, to the number of two thousand, — may sit and look. Broad passages flow through it; and, outside the inner wall, all round it. There are committee-rooms, guard-rooms, robing-rooms: really a noble Hall; where upholstery, aided by the subject fine-arts, has done its best; and crimson tasseled cloths, and emblematic *fleurs-de-lys* are not wanting.

The Hall is ready: the very costume, as we said, has been settled; and the Commons are *not* to wear that hated slouch-hat (*chapeau clabaud*), but one not quite so slouched (*chapeau rabattu*). As for their manner of *working*, when all dressed for their "voting by head or by order" and the rest, — this, which it were perhaps still time to settle, and in a few hours will be no longer time, remains unsettled; hangs dubious in the breast of Twelve Hundred men.

But now finally the Sun, on Monday the 4th of May, has risen; — unconcerned, as if it were no special day. And yet, as his first rays could strike music from the Memnon's Statue on the Nile, what tones were these, so thrilling, tremulous, of preparation and foreboding, which he awoke in every bosom at

Versailles! Huge Paris, in all conceivable and inconceivable vehicles, is pouring itself forth; from each Town and Village come subsidiary rills: Versailles is a very sea of men. But above all, from the Church of St. Louis to the Church of Notre-Dame: one vast suspended billow of life, — with *spray* scattered even to the chimney-tops! For on chimney-tops too, as over the roofs, and up thitherwards on every lamp-iron, signpost, break-neck coign of vantage, sits patriotic Courage; and every window bursts with patriotic Beauty: for the Deputies are gathering at St. Louis Church; to march in procession to Notre-Dame, and hear sermon.

Yes, friends, ye may sit and look: bodily or in thought, all France, and all Europe, may sit and look; for it is a day like few others. Oh, one might weep like Xerxes: — So many serried rows sit perched there; like winged creatures, alighted out of Heaven: all these, and so many more that follow them, shall have wholly fled aloft again, vanishing into the blue Deep; and the memory of this day still be fresh. It is the baptism-day of Democracy; sick Time has given it birth, the numbered months being run. The extreme-unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated System of Society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much; produced *you*, and what ye have and know!) — and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories; and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility, — is now to die: and so, with death-throes and birth-throes a new one is to be born. What a work, O Earth and Heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September Massacres, Bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Tenpound Franchises, Tarbarrels and Guillotines; — and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less; before Democracy go through its due, most baleful, stages of *Quack*ocracy; and a pestilential World be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again.

Rejoice nevertheless, ye Versailles multitudes; to you, from whom all this is hid, the glorious end of it is visible. This day, sentence of death is pronounced on Shams; judgment of resuscitation, were it but afar off, is pronounced on Realities. This day it is declared aloud, as with a Doom-trumpet, that *a Lie is unbelievable.* Believe that, stand by that, if more there be not; and let what thing or things soever will follow it follow. "Ye can no other; God be your help!" So spake

a greater than any of you; opening *his* Chapter of World-History.

Behold, however! The doors of St. Louis Church flung wide; and the Procession of Processions advancing towards Notre-Dame! Shouts rend the air; one shout, at which Grecian birds might drop dead. It is indeed a stately, solemn sight. The Elected of France, and then the Court of France; they are marshaled and march there, all in prescribed place and costume. Our Commons "in plain black mantle and white cravat;" Noblesse, in gold-worked, bright-dyed cloaks of velvet, resplendent, rustling with laces, waving with plumes; the Clergy in rochet, alb, or other best *pontificalibus;* lastly comes the King himself, and King's Household, also in their brightest blaze of pomp, — their brightest and final one. Some Fourteen Hundred Men blown together from all winds, on the deepest errand.

Yes, in that silent marching mass there lies futurity enough. No symbolic Ark, like the old Hebrews, do these men bear: yet with them too is a Covenant; they too preside at a new Era in the History of Men. The whole Future is there, and Destiny dim-brooding over it; in the hearts and unshaped thoughts of these men, it lies illegible, inevitable. Singular to think: *they* have it in them; yet not they, not mortal, only the Eye above can read it, — as it shall unfold itself, in fire and thunder, of siege, and field artillery; in the rustling of battle-banners, the tramp of hosts, in the glow of burning cities, the shriek of strangled nations! Such things lie hidden, safe-wrapt in this Fourth day of May; — say rather, had lain in some other unknown day, of which this latter is the public fruit and outcome. As indeed what wonders lie in every Day, — had we the sight, as happily we have not, to decipher it: for is not every meanest Day "the conflux of two Eternities!"

Meanwhile, suppose we too, good Reader, should, as now without miracle Muse Clio enables us, — take *our* station also on some coign of vantage; and glance momentarily over this Procession, and this Life-sea; with far other eyes than the rest do, — namely with prophetic? We can mount, and stand there, without fear of falling.

As for the Life-sea, or on-looking unnumbered Multitude, it is unfortunately all too dim. Yet as we gaze fixedly, do not nameless Figures not a few, which shall not always be nameless,

disclose themselves; visible or presumable there! Young Baroness de Staël — she evidently looks from a window; among older honorable women.[1] Her father is Minister, and one of the gala personages; to his own eyes the chief one. Young spiritual Amazon, thy rest is not there; nor thy loved Father's: "as Malebranche saw all things in God, so M. Necker sees all things in Necker," — a theorem that will not hold.

But where is the brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted Demoiselle Théroigne? Brown eloquent Beauty; who, with thy winged words and glances, shalt thrill rough bosoms, whole steel battalions, and persuade an Austrian Kaiser, — pike and helm lie provided for thee in due season; and, alas, also strait-waistcoat and long lodging in the Salpêtrière! Better hadst thou stayed in native Luxemburg, and been the mother of some brave man's children: but it was not thy task, it was not thy lot.

Of the rougher sex how, without tongue, or hundred tongues, of iron, enumerate the notabilities! Has not Marquis Valadi hastily quitted his Quaker broadbrim; his Pythagorean Greek in Wapping, and the city of Glasgow?[2] De Morande from his *Courrier de l'Europe;* Linguet from his *Annales*, they looked eager through the London fog, and became Ex-Editors, — that they might feed the guillotine, and have their due. Does Louvet (of *Faublas*) stand a-tiptoe? And Brissot, hight De Warville, friend of the Blacks? He, with Marquis Condorcet, and Clavière the Genevese "have created the *Moniteur* Newspaper," or are about creating it. Able Editors must give account of such a day.

Or seest thou with any distinctness, low down probably, not in places of honor, a Stanislas Maillard, riding-tipstaff (*huissier à Cheval*) of the Châtelet; one of the shiftiest of men? A Captain Hulin of Geneva, Captain Elie of the Queen's Regiment; both with an air of half-pay? Jourdan, with tile-colored whiskers, not yet with tile-beard; an unjust dealer in mules? He shall be, in few months, Jourdan the Headsman, and have other work.

Surely also, in some place not of honor, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see, — one squalidest

[1] Madame de Staël: *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* (London, 1818), i. 114–191.

[2] *Founders of the French Republic* (London, 1798), § Valadi.

bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel! O Marat, Renovator of Human Science, Lecturer on Optics; O thou remarkablest Horseleech, once in D'Artois' Stables, — as thy bleared soul looks forth, through thy bleared, dull-acrid, woe-stricken face, what sees it in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like dayspring after Nova-Zembla night? Or is it but *blue* sulphur-light, and specters; woe, suspicion, revenge without end?

Of Draper Lecointre, how he shut his cloth-shop hard by, and stepped forth, one need hardly speak. Nor of Santerre, the sonorous Brewer from the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two other Figures, and only two, we signalize there. The huge, brawny Figure; through whose black brows, and rude flattened face (*figure écrasée*), there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund, — he is an esurient, unprovided Advocate; Danton by name: him mark. Then that other, his slight-built comrade and craft-brother; he with the long curling locks; with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-lamp burnt within it: that Figure is Camille Desmoulins. A fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay, humor; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all these millions. Thou poor Camille, say of thee what they may, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man! But the brawny, not yet furibund Figure, we say, is Jacques Danton; a name that shall be "tolerably known in the Revolution." He is President to the electoral Cordeliers District at Paris, or about to be it; and shall open his lungs of brass.

We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude: for now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand!

Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess would become their *king?* For a king or a leader they, as all bodies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy, beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence,

bankruptcy, — and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane; as if prophetic of great deeds.

Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man; — and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The National Assembly? I am that."

Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood: for the Riquettis, or Arrighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, long centuries ago, and settled in Provence; where from generation to generation they have ever approved themselves a peculiar kindred: irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that sometimes verged towards madness, yet did not reach it. One ancient Riquetti, in mad fulfillment of a mad vow, chains two Mountains together; and the chain, with its "iron star of five rays," is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti *un*chain so much, and set it drifting, — which also shall be seen?

Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Destiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his grandfather, stout *Col-d'Argent* (Silver-Stock, so they named him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in one fell day, lie sunk together on the Bridge at Casano; while Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him, — only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that loved head; and Vendôme, dropping his spyglass, moaned out, "Mirabeau is *dead*, then!" Nevertheless he was not dead: he awoke to breath, and miraculous surgery; — for Gabriel was yet to be. With his *silver-stock* he kept his scarred head erect, through long years; and wedded; and produced tough Marquis Victor, the *Friend of Men*. Whereby at last in the appointed year 1749, this long-expected rough-hewn Gabriel Honoré did likewise see the light: roughest lion's-whelp ever littered of that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old Marquis too was lion-like, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring; and determined to train him

as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a *Friend of Men;* he will not be Thou, but must and will be Himself, another than Thou. Divorce lawsuits, "whole family save one in prison, and threescore *Lettres-de-Cachet*" for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world.

Our luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been in the Isle of Rhé, and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the Castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has been in the Fortress of Joux; and forty-two months, with hardly clothing to his back, in the Dungeon of Vincennes; — all by *Lettre-de-Cachet,* from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier Jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuaries of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He had pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: "the clatter-teeth (*claque-dents*)!" snarls singular old Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jawbones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.

But as for Gabriel Honoré, in these strange wayfarings, what has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants, to prime-ministers, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for at bottom it is a social, loving heart, that wild unconquerable one; — more especially all manner of women. From the Archer's Daughter at Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he could not but "steal," and be beheaded for — in effigy! For indeed hardly since the Arabian Prophet lay dead to Ali's admiration, was there seen such a Love-hero, with the strength of thirty men. In War, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious barons. In Literature, he has written on "Despotism" on *Lettres-de-Cachet;* Erotics Sapphic-Werterean, Obscenities, Profanities; Books on the "Prussian Monarchy," on "Cagliostro," on "Calonne," on the "Water-Companies of Paris": — each Book comparable, we will say, to a bituminous alarumfire; huge, smoky, sudden! The firepan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustible rubbish (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from hucksters, and ass-panniers, of every description

under heaven. Whereby, indeed, hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: Out upon it, the fire is *mine!*

Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and echo (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*)!" snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality of qualities for him. In that forty-years' "struggle against despotism," he has gained the glorious faculty of *self-help*, and yet not lost the glorious natural gift of *fellowship*, of being helped. Rare union: this man can live self-sufficing — yet lives also in the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him; a born king of men!

But consider further how, as the old Marquis still snarls, he has "made away with (*humé*, swallowed, snuffed up) all *Formulas;*" — a fact which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man nevertheless who will glare fiercely on any object; and see through it, and conquer it: for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles;* but with an *eye!* Unhappily without Decalogue, moral Code or Theorem of any fixed sort; yet not without a strong living Soul in him, and Sincerity there: a Reality, not an Artificiality, not a sham! And so he, having struggled "forty years against despotism," and "made away with all formulas," shall now become the spokesman of a Nation bent to do the same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast off despotism; to make away with *her* old formulas, — having found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will make away with *such* formulas; — and even go *bare*, if need be, till she have found new ones.

Towards such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air:* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smoldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that; — and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and, for twenty-three resplendent

months, pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and wonder-sign of an amazed Europe; — and then lies hollow, cold forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future time; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar color, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish-colored (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre.* The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and resign in favor of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, "in favor of the first Franklin thunder-rod." With a strict painful mind, an understanding small but clear and ready, he grew in favor with official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, therefore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent wholesome-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*, — the mother of ever new alegar; till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see.

Between which two extremes of grandest and meanest, so many grand and mean roll on, towards their several destinies, in that Procession! There is *Cazalès*, the learned young soldier; who shall become the eloquent orator of Royalism, and earn the shadow of a name. Experienced *Mounier;* experienced *Malouet;* whose Presidential Parlementary experience the stream

of things shall soon leave stranded. A *Pétion* has left his gown and briefs at Chartres for a stormier sort of pleading; has not forgotten his violin, being fond of music. His hair is grizzled, though he is still young: convictions, beliefs placid-unalterable are in that man; not hindmost of them, belief in himself. A Protestant-clerical *Rabaut-St.-Etienne*, a slender young eloquent and vehement *Barnave*, will help to regenerate France. There are so many of them young. Till thirty the Spartans did not suffer a man to marry: but how many men here under thirty; coming to produce not one sufficient citizen, but a nation and a world of such! The old to heal up rents; the young to remove rubbish: — which latter, is it not, indeed, the task here?

Dim, formless from this distance, yet authentically there, thou noticest the Deputies from Nantes? To us mere clothes-screens, with slouch-hat and cloak, but bearing in their pocket a *Cahier* of *doléances* with this singular clause, and more such in it: "That the master wigmakers of Nantes be not troubled with new guild-brethren, the actually existing number of ninety-two being more than sufficient!" The Rennes people have elected Farmer *Gérard*, "a man of natural sense and rectitude, without any learning." He walks there, with solid step; unique, "in his rustic farmer-clothes;" which he will wear always; careless of short-cloaks and costumes. The name Gérard, or "*Père Gérard*, Father Gérard," as they please to call him, will fly far; borne about in endless banter; in Royalist satires, in Republican didactic Almanacs. As for the man Gérard, being asked once, what he did, after trial of it, candidly think of this Parlementary work, — "I think," answered he, "that there are a good many scoundrels among us." So walks Father Gérard; solid in his thick shoes, whithersoever bound.

And worthy *Doctor Guillotin*, whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner: doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall: in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but greater far, he can produce his "Report on the Penal Code;" and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-

famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavors, gained not without meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine!* "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;" — whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! for two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his name like to outlive Cæsar's.

See *Bailly*, likewise of Paris, time-honored Historian of Astronomy Ancient and Modern. Poor Bailly, how thy serenely beautiful Philosophizing, with its soft moonshiny clearness and thinness, ends in foul thick confusion — of Presidency, Mayorship, diplomatic Officiality, rabid Triviality, and the throat of everlasting Darkness! Far was it to descend from the heavenly Galaxy to the *Drapeau Rouge:* beside that fatal dung-heap, on that last hell-day, thou must "tremble," though only with cold, "*de froid.*" Speculation is not practice: to be weak is not so miserable; but to be weaker than our task. Woe the day when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild Hippogriff of a Democracy; which, spurning the firm earth, nay lashing at the very *stars*, no yet known Astolpho could have ridden!

In the Commons Deputies there are Merchants, Artists, Men of Letters; three hundred and seventy-four Lawyers; and at least one Clergyman: the *Abbé Sieyès.* Him also Paris sends, among its twenty. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logic; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If indeed that can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and to sit there with a kind of godlike indifference, and look down on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This is the Sieyès who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) sky-high, — which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the scaffolding away. "*La Politique,*" said he to Dumont, "Polity is a science I think I have completed (*achevée*)." What things, O Sieyès, with thy clear assiduous eyes, art thou to see! But were it not curious to know how Sieyès, now in these days (for he is said

to be still alive) looks out on all that Constitution masonry, through the rheumy soberness of extreme age? Might we hope, still with the old irrefragable transcendentalism? The victorious cause pleased the gods, the vanquished one pleased Sieyès (*victa Catoni*).

Thus, however, amid sky-rending *vivats*, and blessings from every heart, has the Procession of the Commons Deputies rolled by.

Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not working is begging or stealing? Woe, woe to themselves and to all, if they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game! — Remark, meanwhile, how *D'Orléans* affects to step before his own Order, and mingle with the Commons. For him are *vivats:* few for the rest, though all wave in plumed "hats of a feudal cut," and have sword on thigh; though among them is *D'Antraigues*, the young Languedocian gentleman, — and indeed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

There are *Liancourt*, and *La Rochefoucauld;* the liberal Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious *Lally;* a couple of liberal *Lameths*. Above all, there is a *Lafayette;* whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison, and fill the world. Many a "formula" has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not *all* formulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he will stick; — and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight war-ship, which, after all changes of wildest weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea. Note further our old Parlementary friend, *Crispin-Catiline d'Espréménil.* He is returned from the Mediterranean Islands, a red-hot royalist, repentant to the finger-ends; — unsettled-looking; whose light, dusky-glowing at best, now flickers foul in the socket; whom the National Assembly will by and by, to save time, "regard as in a state of distraction." Note lastly that globular *Younger* Mirabeau; indignant that his elder Brother is among the Commons: it is *Viscomte* Mirabeau; named oftener

Mirabeau *Tonneau* (Barrel Mirabeau), on account of his rotundity, and the quantities of strong liquor he contains.

There then walks our French Noblesse. All in the old pomp of chivalry: and yet, alas, how changed from the old position; drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs got into the Equatorial sea, and fast thawing there! Once these Chivalry *Duces* (Dukes as they are still named) did actually *lead* the world, — were it only towards battle-spoil, where lay the world's best wages then: moreover, being the ablest Leaders going, they had their lion's share, those *Duces;* which none could grudge them. But now, when so many Looms, improved Plowshares, Steam-Engines and Bills of Exchange have been invented; and, for battle-brawling itself, men hire Drill-Sergeants at eighteenpence a day, — what mean these gold-mantled Chivalry Figures, walking there "in black-velvet cloaks," in high-plumed "hats of a feudal cut"? Reeds shaken in the wind!

The Clergy have got up; with *Cahiers* for abolishing pluralities, enforcing residence of bishops, better payment of tithes. The Dignitaries, we can observe, walk stately, apart from the numerous Undignified, — who indeed are properly little other than Commons disguised in Curate-frocks. Here, however, though by strange ways, shall the Precept be fulfilled, and they that are greatest (much to their astonishment) become least. For one example, out of many, mark that plausible *Grégoire:* one day Curé Grégoire shall be a Bishop, when the now stately are wandering distracted, as Bishops *in partibus.* With other thought, mark also the *Abbé Maury:* his broad bold face; mouth accurately primmed; full eyes, that ray out intelligence, falsehood, — the sort of sophistry which is astonished you should find it sophistical. Skillfulest vamper-up of old rotten leather, to make it look like new; always a rising man; he used to tell Mercier, "You will see; I shall be in the Academy before you." Likely indeed, thou skillfulest Maury; nay thou shalt have a Cardinal's Hat, and plush and glory; but alas, also, in the long-run — mere oblivion like the rest of us; and six feet of earth! What boots it, vamping rotten leather on these terms? Glorious in comparison is the livelihood thy good old Father earns, by making shoes, — one may hope, in a sufficient manner. Maury does not want for audacity. He shall wear pistols, by and by; and, at death-cries of "*La Lanterne*, The Lamp-iron!" — answer coolly, "Friends, will you see better there?"

But yonder, halting lamely along, thou noticest next *Bishop Talleyrand-Périgord*, his Reverence of Autun. A sardonic grimness lies in that irreverend Reverence of Autun. He will do and suffer strange things; and will *become* surely one of the strangest things ever seen, or like to be seen. A man living in falsehood, and on falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man; there is the specialty! It will be an enigma for future ages, one may hope; hitherto such a product of Nature and Art was possible only for this age of ours, — Age of Paper, and of the Burning of Paper. Consider Bishop Talleyrand and Marquis Lafayette as the topmost of their two kinds; and say once more, looking at what they did and what they were, *O Tempus ferax rerum!*

On the whole, however, has not this unfortunate Clergy also drifted in the Time-stream, far from its native latitude? An anomalous mass of men; of whom the whole world has already a dim understanding that it can understand nothing. They were once a Priesthood, interpreters of Wisdom, revealers of the Holy that is in Man; a true *Clerus* (or inheritance of God on Earth): but now? — They pass silently, with such *Cahiers* as they have been able to redact; and none cries, God bless them.

King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his Minister. Not so the Queen; on whom hope shines not steadily any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already gray with many cares and crosses; her first-born son is dying in these weeks: black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably while this generation lasts. Instead of *Vive la Reine*, voices insult her with *Vive d'Orléans*. Of her queenly beauty little remains except its stateliness; not now gracious, but haughty, rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble instincts; vehement glancings, vision all too fitful narrow for the work thou hast to do! Oh, there are tears in store for thee; bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, shut thy eyes on the future! —

And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of France. Some towards honor and quick fire-consummation;

most towards dishonor; not a few towards massacre, confusion, emigration, desperation: all towards Eternity! — So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, explosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an errand. So thousand-fold complex a Society, ready to burst up from its infinite depths; and these men, its rulers and healers, without life-rule for themselves, — other life-rule than a Gospel according to Jean Jacques! To the wisest of them, what we must call the wisest, man is properly an Accident under the sky. Man is without Duty round him; except it be "to make the Constitution." He is without Heaven above him, or Hell beneath him; he has no God in the world.

What further or better belief can be said to exist in these Twelve Hundred? Belief in high-plumed hats of a feudal cut; in heraldic scutcheons; in the divine right of Kings, in the divine right of Game-destroyers. Belief, or what is still worse, canting half-belief; or worst of all, mere Machiavellic pretense-of-belief, — in consecrated dough-wafers, and the godhood of a poor old Italian Man! Nevertheless in that immeasurable Confusion and Corruption, which struggles there so blindly to become less confused and corrupt, there is, as we said, this one salient point of a New Life discernible: the deep fixed Determination to have done with Shams. A determination, which, consciously or unconsciously, is *fixed;* which waxes ever more fixed, into very madness and fixed-idea; which in such embodiment as lies provided there, shall now unfold itself rapidly: monstrous, stupendous, unspeakable; new for long thousands of years! — How has the Heaven's *light*, oftentimes in this Earth, to clothe itself in thunder and electric murkiness; and descend as molten *lightning*, blasting, if purifying! Nay is it not rather the very murkiness, and atmospheric suffocation, that *brings* the lightning and the light? The new Evangel, as the old had been, was it to be born in the Destruction of the World?

But how the Deputies assisted at High Mass, and heard sermon, and applauded the preacher, church as it was, when he preached politics; how, next day, with sustained pomp, they are, for the first time, installed in their Salle-des-Menus (Hall no longer of *Amusements*), and become a States-General, — readers

can fancy for themselves. The King from his *estrade*, gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory, runs his eye over that majestic Hall; many-plumed, many-glancing; bright-tinted as rainbow, in the galleries and near side-spaces, where Beauty sits raining bright influence. Satisfaction, as of one that after long voyaging had got to port, plays over his broad simple face: the innocent King! He rises and speaks, with sonorous tone, a conceivable speech. With which, still more with the succeeding one-hour and two-hour speeches of Garde-des-Scéaux and M. Necker, full of nothing but patriotism, hope, faith, and deficiency of the revenue, — no reader of these pages shall be tried.

We remark only that, as his Majesty, on finishing the speech, put on his plumed hat, and the Noblesse according to custom imitated him, our *Tiers-État* Deputies did mostly, not without a shade of fierceness, in like manner clap on, and even crush on their slouched hats; and stand there awaiting the issue. Thick buzz among them, between majority and minority of *Couvrez-vous*, *Découvrez-vous* (Hats off, Hats on)! To which his Majesty puts end, by taking *off* his own royal hat again.

The session terminates without further accident or omen than this; with which, significantly enough, France has opened her States-General.

The Equal Diet.

But why lingers Mounier; returns not with his Deputation? It is six, it is seven o'clock; and still no Mounier, no Acceptance pure and simple.

And, behold, the dripping Menads, not now in deputation but in mass, have penetrated into the Assembly: to the shamefulest interruption of public speaking and order of the day. Neither Maillard nor Vice-President can restrain them, except within wide limits; not even, except for minutes, can the lion-voice of Mirabeau, though they applaud it: but ever and anon they break in upon the regeneration of France with cries of: "Bread; not so much discoursing! *Du pain; pas tant de longs discours!*" — So insensible were these poor creatures to bursts of parliamentary eloquence.

One learns also that the royal Carriages are getting yoked, as if for Metz. Carriages, royal or not, have verily showed themselves at the back Gates. They even produced, or quoted, a written order from our Versailles Municipality — which is a

Monarchic not a Democratic one. However, Versailles Patrols drove them in again; as the vigilant Lecointre had strictly charged them to do.

A busy man, truly, is Major Lecointre, in these hours. For Colonel d'Estaing loiters invisible in the Œil-de-Bœuf, invisible, or still more questionably *visible* for instants: then also a too loyal Municipality requires supervision: no order, civil or military, taken about any of these thousand things! Lecointre is at the Versailles Town-hall: he is at the Grate of the Grand Court; communing with Swiss and Body-guards. He is in the ranks of Flandre; he is here, he is there: studious to prevent bloodshed; to prevent the Royal Family from flying to Metz; the Menads from plundering Versailles.

At the fall of night, we behold him advance to those armed groups of Saint-Antoine, hovering all too grim near the Salle-des-Menus. They receive him in a half-circle; twelve speakers behind cannons with lighted torches in hand, the cannon-mouths *towards* Lecointre: a picture for Salvator! He asks, in temperate but courageous language: What they, by this their journey to Versailles, do specially want? The twelve speakers reply, in few words inclusive of much: "Bread, and the end of these brabbles; *Du pain, et la fin des affaires.*" When the *affairs* will end, no Major Lecointre, nor no mortal can say; but as to bread, he inquires, How many are you? — learns that they are six hundred, that a loaf each will suffice; and rides off to the Municipality to get six hundred loaves.

Which loaves, however, a Municipality of Monarchic temper will not give. It will give two tons of rice rather, — could you but know whether it should be boiled or raw. Nay when this too is accepted, the Municipals have disappeared; — ducked under, as the Six-and-twenty Long-gowned of Paris did; and, leaving not the smallest vestige of rice, in the boiled or raw state, they there vanish from History!

Rice comes not; one's hope of food is balked; even one's hope of vengeance: is not M. de Moucheton of the Scotch Company, as we said, deceitfully smuggled off? Failing all which, behold only M. de Moucheton's slain war-horse, lying on the Esplanade there! Saint-Antoine, balked, esurient, pounces on the slain war-horse; flays it; roasts it, with such fuel, of paling, gates, portable timber as can be come at, not without shouting; *and*, after the manner of ancient Greek Heroes, *they lifted their hands to the daintily readied repast;* such as it might

be. Other Rascality prowls discursive; seeking what it may devour. Flandre will retire to its barracks; Lecointre also with his Versaillese, — all but the vigilant Patrols, charged to be doubly vigilant.

So sink the shadows of night, blustering, rainy; and all paths grow dark. Strangest Night ever seen in these regions, — perhaps since the Bartholomew Night, when Versailles, as Bassompierre writes of it, was a *chétif château*. Oh for the Lyre of some Orpheus, to constrain, with touch of melodious strings, these mad masses into Order! For here all seems fallen asunder, in wide-yawning dislocation. The highest, as in down rushing of a World, is come in contact with the lowest: the Rascality of France beleaguering the Royalty of France; "iron-shod bâtons" lifted round the diadem, not to guard it! With denunciations of blood-thirsty Anti-National Body-guards, are heard dark growlings against a Queenly Name.

The Court sits tremulous, powerless; varies with the varying temper of the Esplanade, with the varying color of the rumors from Paris. Thick-coming rumors; now of peace, now of war. Necker and all the Ministers consult; with a blank issue. The Œil-de-Bœuf is one tempest of whispers: — We will fly to Metz; we will not fly. The royal Carriages again attempt egress, — though for trial merely; they are again driven in by Lecointre's Patrols. In six hours nothing has been resolved on; not even the Acceptance pure and simple.

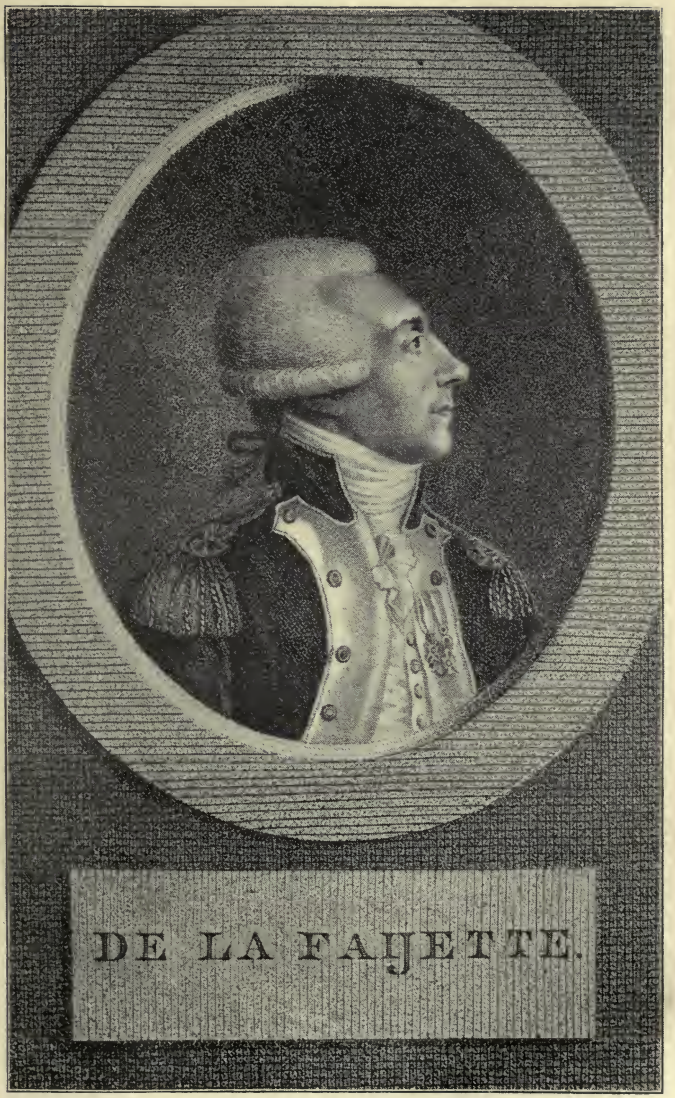
In six hours? Alas, he who, in such circumstances, cannot resolve in six minutes, may give up the enterprise: him Fate has already resolved for. And Menadism, meanwhile, and Sansculottism take counsel with the National Assembly; grow more and more tumultuous there. Mounier returns not; Authority nowhere shows itself: the Authority of France lies, for the present, with Lecointre and Usher Maillard. — This then is the abomination of desolation; come suddenly, though long foreshadowed as inevitable! For, to the blind, all things are sudden. Misery which, through long ages, had no spokesman, no helper, will now be its own helper and speak for itself. The dialect, one of the rudest, is, what it could be, *this*.

At eight o'clock there returns to our Assembly not the Deputation; but Doctor Guillotin announcing that it will return; also that there is hope of the Acceptance pure and simple. He himself has brought a Royal Letter, authorizing and commanding the freest "circulation of grains." Which Royal Let-

ter Menadism with its whole heart applauds. Conformably to which the Assembly forthwith passes a Decree; also received with rapturous Menadic plaudits: — Only could not an august Assembly contrive farther to "*fix* the price of bread at eight sous the half-quartern; butchers'-meat at six sous the pound;" which seem fair rates? Such motion do "a multitude of men and women," irrepressible by Usher Maillard, now make; does an august Assembly hear made. Usher Maillard himself is not always perfectly measured in speech; but if rebuked, he can justly excuse himself by the peculiarity of the circumstances.

But finally, this Decree well passed, and the disorder continuing; and Members melting away, and no President Mounier returning, — what can the Vice-President do but also melt away? The Assembly melts, under such pressure, into deliquium; or, as it is officially called, adjourns. Maillard is dispatched to Paris, with the "Decree concerning Grains" in his pocket; he and some women, in carriages belonging to the King. Thitherward slim Louison Chabray has already set forth, with that "written answer" which the Twelve She-deputies returned in to seek. Slim sylph, she has set forth, through the black muddy country: she has much to tell, her poor nerves so flurried; and travels, as indeed to-day on this road all persons do, with extreme slowness. President Mounier has not come, nor the Acceptance pure and simple; though six hours with their events have come; though courier on courier reports that Lafayette is coming. Coming, with war or with peace? It is time that the Château also should determine on one thing or another; that the Château also should show itself alive, if it would continue living!

Victorious, joyful after such delay, Mounier does arrive at last, and the hard-earned Acceptance with him; which now, alas, is of small value. Fancy Mounier's surprise to find his Senate, whom he hoped to charm by the Acceptance pure and simple, all gone; and in its stead a Senate of Menads! For as Erasmus's Ape mimicked, say with wooden splint, Erasmus shaving, so do these Amazons hold, in mock majesty, some confused parody of National Assembly. They make motions; deliver speeches; pass enactments; productive at least of loud laughter. All galleries and benches are filled; a Strong Dame of the Market is in Mounier's Chair. Not without difficulty, Mounier, by aid of macers and persuasive speaking, makes his way to the Female President; the Strong Dame, before abdicating,


DE LA FAIJETTE.

signifies that, for one thing, she and indeed her whole senate male and female (for what was one roasted warhorse among so many?) are suffering very considerably from hunger.

Experienced Mounier, in these circumstances, takes a two-fold resolution: To reconvoke his Assembly Members by sound of drum; also to procure a supply of food. Swift messengers fly, to all bakers, cooks, pastrycooks, vintners, restorers; drums beat, accompanied with shrill vocal proclamation, through all streets. They come: the Assembly Members come; what is still better, the provisions come. On tray and barrow come these latter; loaves, wine, great store of sausages. The nourishing baskets circulate harmoniously along the benches; *nor*, according to the Father of Epics, *did any soul lack a fair share of victual* (δαῖτος ἐΐσης, *an equal diet*); highly desirable at the moment.

Gradually some hundreds or so of Assembly Members get edged in, Menadism making way a little, round Mounier's chair; listen to the Acceptance pure and simple; and begin, what is the order of the night, "discussion of the Penal Code." All benches are crowded; in the dusky galleries, duskier with unwashed heads, is a strange "coruscation," — of impromptu bill-hooks. It is exactly five months this day since these same galleries were filled with high-plumed jeweled Beauty, raining bright influences; and now? To such length have we got in regenerating France. Methinks the travail-throes are of the sharpest! — Menadism will not be restrained from occasional remarks; asks, "What is the use of Penal Code? The thing we want is Bread." Mirabeau turns round with lion-voiced rebuke; Menadism applauds him; but recommences.

Thus they, chewing tough sausages, discussing the Penal Code, make night hideous. What the issue will be? Lafayette with his thirty thousand must arrive first: him, who cannot now be distant, all men expect, as the messenger of Destiny.

Lafayette.

Towards midnight lights flare on the hill; Lafayette's lights! The roll of his drums comes up the Avenue de Versailles. With peace, or with war? Patience, friends! With neither. Lafayette is come, but not yet the catastrophe.

He has halted and harangued so often, on the march; spent

nine hours on four leagues of road. At Montreuil, close on Versailles, the whole Host had to pause; and, with uplifted right hand, in the murk of Night, to these pouring skies, swear solemnly to respect the King's Dwelling; to be faithful to King and National Assembly. Rage is driven down out of sight, by the laggard march; the thirst of vengeance slaked in weariness and soaking clothes. Flandre is again drawn out under arms: but Flandre, grown so patriotic, now needs no "exterminating." The wayworn Battalions halt in the Avenue: they have, for the present, no wish so pressing as that of shelter and rest.

Anxious sits President Mounier; anxious the Château. There is a message coming from the Château, that M. Mounier would please to return thither with a fresh Deputation, swiftly; and so at least *unite* our two anxieties. Anxious Mounier does of himself send, meanwhile, to apprise the General that his Majesty has been so gracious as to grant us the Acceptance pure and simple. The General, with a small advance column, makes answer in passing; speaks vaguely some smooth words to the National President, — glances, only with the eye, at that so mixtiform National Assembly; then fares forward towards the Château. There are with him two Paris Municipals; they were chosen from the Three Hundred for that errand. He gets admittance through the locked and padlocked Grates, through sentries and ushers, to the Royal Halls.

The Court, male and female, crowds on his passage, to read their doom on his face; which exhibits, say Historians, a mixture "of sorrow, of fervor, and valor," singular to behold. The King, with Monsieur, with Ministers and Marshals, is waiting to receive him: He "is come," in his high-flown chivalrous way, "to offer his head for the safety of his Majesty's." The two Municipals state the wish of Paris: four things, of quite pacific tenor. First, that the honor of guarding his sacred person be conferred on patriot National Guards; — say, the Centre Grenadiers, who as Gardes Françaises were wont to have that privilege. Second, that provisions be got, if possible. Third, that the Prisons, all crowded with political delinquents, may have judges sent them. Fourth, *that it would please his Majesty to come and live in Paris.* To all which four wishes, except the fourth, his Majesty answers readily, Yes; or indeed may almost say that he has already answered it. To the fourth he can answer only, Yes or No; would so gladly answer, Yes *and* No! — But, in any case, are not their dispositions,

thank Heaven, so entirely pacific? There is time for deliberation. The brunt of the danger seems past!

Lafayette and D'Estaing settle the watches; Centre Grenadiers are to take the Guard-room they of old occupied as Gardes Françaises; — for indeed the Gardes-du-Corps, its late ill-advised occupants, are gone mostly to Rambouillet. That is the order of *this* night; sufficient for the night is the evil thereof. Whereupon Lafayette and the two Municipals, with high-flown chivalry, take their leave.

So brief has the interview been, Mounier and his Deputation were not yet got up. So brief and satisfactory. A stone is rolled from every heart. The fair Palace Dames publicly declare that this Lafayette, detestable though he be, is their savior for once. Even the ancient vinaigrous *Tantes* admit it; the King's Aunts, ancient *Graille* and Sisterhood, known to us of old. Queen Marie-Antoinette has been heard often to say the like. She alone, among all women and all men, wore a face of courage, of lofty calmness and resolve, this day. She alone saw clearly what she *meant* to do; and Theresa's Daughter *dares* do what she means, were all France threatening her: abide where her children are, where her husband is.

Towards three in the morning all things are settled: the watches set, the Centre Grenadiers put into their old Guard-room, and harangued; the Swiss, and few remaining Body-guards harangued. The wayworn Paris Battalions, consigned to "the hospitality of Versailles," lie dormant in spare-beds, spare-barracks, coffee-houses, empty churches. A troop of them, on their way to the Church of Saint-Louis, awoke poor Weber, dreaming troublous, in the Rue Sartory. Weber has had his waistcoat-pocket full of balls all day; "two hundred balls, and two *pears* of powder"! For waistcoats were waistcoats then, and had flaps down to mid-thigh. So many balls he has had all day; but no opportunity of using them: he turns over now, execrating disloyal bandits; swears a prayer or two, and straight to sleep again.

Finally the National Assembly is harangued; which thereupon, on motion of Mirabeau, discontinues the Penal Code, and dismisses for this night. Menadism, Sansculottism has cowered into guard-houses, barracks of Flandre, to the light of cheerful fire; failing that, to churches, office-houses, sentry-boxes, wheresoever wretchedness can find a lair. The troublous Day has

brawled itself to rest: no lives yet lost but that of one war-horse. Insurrectionary Chaos lies slumbering round the Palace, like Ocean round a Diving-bell, — no crevice yet disclosing itself.

Deep sleep has fallen promiscuously on the high and on the low; suspending most things, even wrath and famine. Darkness covers the Earth. But, far on the Northeast, Paris flings up her great yellow gleam; far into the wet black Night. For all is illuminated there, as in the old July Nights; the streets deserted, for alarm of war; the Municipals all wakeful; Patrols hailing, with their hoarse *Who-goes*. There, as we discover, our poor slim Louison Chabray, her poor nerves all fluttered, is arriving about this very hour. There Usher Maillard will arrive, about an hour hence, "towards four in the morning." They report, successively, to a wakeful Hôtel-de-Ville what comfort they can; which again, with early dawn, large comfortable Placards shall impart to all men.

Lafayette, in the Hôtel-de-Noailles, not far from the Château, having now finished haranguing, sits with his Officers consulting: At five o'olock the unanimous best counsel is, that a man so tost and toiled for twenty-four hours and more, fling himself on a bed, and seek some rest.

Thus, then, has ended the First Act of the Insurrection of Women. How it will turn on the morrow? The morrow, as always, is with the Fates! But his Majesty, one may hope, will consent to come honorably to Paris; at all events, he can visit Paris. Anti-National Body-guards, here and elsewhere, must take the National Oath; make reparation to the Tricolor; Flandre will swear. There may be much swearing; much public speaking there will infallibly be: and so, with harangues and vows, may the matter in some handsome way wind itself up.

Or, alas, may it not be all otherwise, *un*handsome; the consent not honorable, but extorted, ignominious? Boundless Chaos of Insurrection presses slumbering round the Palace, like Ocean round a Diving-bell; and may penetrate at any crevice. Let but that accumulated insurrectionary mass find entrance! Like the infinite inburst of water; or say rather, of inflammable, self-igniting fluid; for example, "turpentine-and-phosphorus oil," — fluid known to Spinola Santerre!

The Grand Entries.

The dull dawn of a new morning, drizzly and chill, had but broken over Versailles, when it pleased Destiny that a Body-guard should look out of window, on the right wing of the Château, to see what prospect there was in Heaven and in Earth. Rascality male and female is prowling in view of him. His fasting stomach is, with good cause, sour; he perhaps cannot forbear a passing malison on them; least of all can he forbear answering such.

Ill words breed worse: till the worst word come; and then the ill deed. Did the maledicent Body-guard, getting (as was too inevitable) better malediction than he gave, load his musketoon, and threaten to fire; nay actually fire? Were wise who wist! It stands asserted; to us not credibly. But be this as it may, menaced Rascality, in whinnying scorn, is shaking at all Grates: the fastening of one (some write, it was a chain merely) gives way; Rascality is in the Grand Court, whinnying louder still.

The maledicent Body-guard, more Body-guards than he do now give fire; a man's arm is shattered. Lecointre will depose that "the Sieur Cardine, a National Guard without arms, was stabbed." But see, sure enough, poor Jerôme l'Héritier, an unarmed National Guard he too, "cabinet-maker, a saddler's son, of Paris," with the down of youthhood still on his chin, — he reels death-stricken; rushes to the pavement, scattering it with his blood and brains! — Alleleu! Wilder than Irish wakes rises the howl; of pity, of infinite revenge. In few moments, the Grate of the inner and inmost Court, which they name Court of Marble, this too is forced, or surprised, and bursts open: the Court of Marble too is overflowed: up the Grand Staircase, up all stairs and entrances rushes the living Deluge! Deshuttes and Varigny, the two sentry Body-guards, are trodden down, are massacred with a hundred pikes. Women snatch their cutlasses, or any weapon, and storm in Menadic: — other women lift the corpse of shot Jerôme; lay it down on the Marble steps; there shall the livid face and smashed head, dumb forever, *speak*.

Woe now to all Body-guards, mercy is none for them! Miomandre de Sainte-Marie pleads with soft words, on the Grand Staircase, "descending four steps:" — to the roaring tornado. His comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally,

from the jaws of Destruction; and slam to their Door. This also will stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like pot-sherds. Barricading serves not: fly fast ye Body-guards: rabid Insurrection, like the Hell-hound Chase, uproaring at your heels!

The terror-struck Body-guards fly, bolting and barricading; it follows. Whitherward? Through hall on hall: woe, now! towards the Queen's Suite of Rooms, in the farthest room of which the Queen is now asleep. Five sentinels rush through that long Suite; they are in the Anteroom knocking loud: "Save the Queen!" Trembling women fall at their feet with tears: are answered: "Yes, we will die; save ye the Queen!"

Tremble not, women, but haste: for, lo, another voice shouts far through the outermost door, "Save the Queen!" and the door is shut. It is brave Miomandre's voice that shouts this second warning. He has stormed across imminent death to do it; fronts imminent death, having done it. Brave Tardivet du Repaire, bent on the same desperate service, was borne down with pikes; his comrades hardly snatched him in again alive. Miomandre and Tardivet: let the names of these two Body-guards, as the names of brave men should, live long.

Trembling Maids-of-Honor, one of whom from afar caught glimpse of Miomandre as well as heard him, hastily wrap the Queen; not in robes of state. She flies for her life, across the Œil-de-Bœuf; against the main door of which too Insurrection batters. She is in the King's Apartment, in the King's arms; she clasps her children amid a faithful few. The Imperial-hearted bursts into mother's tears: "O my friends, save me and my children; *O mes amis, sauvez-moi et mes enfans!*" The battering of Insurrectionary axes clangs audible across the Œil-de-Bœuf. What an hour!

Yes, Friends; a hideous, fearful hour; shameful alike to Governed and Governor; wherein Governed and Governor ignominiously testify that their relation is at an end. Rage, which had brewed itself in twenty thousand hearts for the last four-and-twenty hours, has taken *fire:* Jerôme's brained corpse lies there as live coal. It is, as we said, the infinite Element bursting in; wild-surging through all corridors and conduits.

Meanwhile the poor Body-guards have got hunted mostly into the Œil-de-Bœuf. They may die there, at the King's threshold; they can do little to defend it. They are heaping

tabourets (stools of honor), benches and all movables against the door; at which the ax of Insurrection thunders. — But did brave Miomandre perish, then, at the Queen's outer door? No, he was fractured, slashed, lacerated, left for dead; he has nevertheless crawled hither; and shall live, honored of loyal France. Remark also, in flat contradiction to much which has been said and sung, that Insurrection did *not* burst that door he had defended; but hurried elsewhither, seeking new Body-guards.

Poor Body-guards, with their Thyestes Opera-Repast! Well for them that Insurrection has only pikes and axes; no right sieging-tools! It shakes and thunders. Must they all perish miserably, and Royalty with them? Deshuttes and Varigny, massacred at the first inbreak, have been beheaded in the Marble Court; a sacrifice to Jerôme's *manes:* Jourdan with the tile-beard did that duty willingly; and asked, If there were no more? Another captive they are leading round the corpse, with howl-chantings: may not Jourdan again tuck up his sleeves?

And louder and louder rages Insurrection within, plundering if it cannot kill; louder and louder it thunders at the Œil-de-Bœuf: what can now hinder its bursting in? — On a sudden it ceases; the battering has ceased! Wild rushing; the cries grow fainter; there is silence, or the tramp of regular steps; then a friendly knocking: "We are the Centre Grenadiers, old Gardes Françaises: Open to us, Messieurs of the Garde-du-Corps; we have not forgotten how you saved us at Fontenoy!" The door is opened; enter Captain Gondran and the Centre Grenadiers: there are military embracings; there is sudden deliverance from death into life.

Strange Sons of Adam! It was to "exterminate" these Gardes-du-Corps that the Centre Grenadiers left home: and now they have rushed to save them from extermination. The memory of common peril, of old help, melts the rough heart; bosom is clasped to bosom, not in war. The King shows himself, one moment, through the door of his Apartment, with: "Do not hurt my Guards!" — "*Soyons frères*, Let us be brothers!" cries Captain Gondran; and again dashes off, with leveled bayonets, to sweep the Palace clear.

Now too Lafayette, suddenly roused, not from sleep (for his eyes had not yet closed), arrives; with passionate popular eloquence, with prompt military word of command. National

Guards, suddenly roused, by sound of trumpet and alarm-drum, are all arriving. The death-melly ceases: the first sky-lambent blaze of Insurrection is got damped down; it burns now, if unextinguished yet flameless, as charred coals do, and not inextinguishable. The King's Apartments are safe. Ministers, Officials, and even some loyal National Deputies are assembling round their Majesties. The consternation will, with sobs and confusion, settle down gradually, into plan and counsel, better or worse.

But glance now, for a moment, from the royal windows! A roaring sea of human heads, inundating both Courts; billowing against all passages: Menadic women; infuriated men, mad with revenge, with love of mischief, love of plunder! Rascality has slipped its muzzle; and now bays, three-throated, like the Dog of Erebus. Fourteen Body-guards are wounded; two massacred, and as we saw, beheaded; Jourdan asking, "Was it worth while to come so far for two?" Hapless Deshuttes and Varigny! Their fate surely was sad. Whirled down so suddenly to the abyss; as men are, suddenly, by the wide thunder of the Mountain Avalanche, awakened not by *them*, awakened far off by others! When the Château Clock last struck, they two were pacing languid, with poised musketoon; anxious mainly that the next hour would strike. It has struck; to them inaudible. Their trunks lie mangled: their heads parade, "on pikes twelve feet long," through the streets of Versailles; and shall, about noon, reach the Barriers of Paris, — a too ghastly contradiction to the large comfortable Placards that have been posted there!

The other captive Body-guard is still circling the corpse of Jerôme, amid Indian war-whooping; bloody Tilebeard, with tucked sleeves, brandishing his bloody ax; when Gondran and the Grenadiers come in sight. "Comrades, will you see a man massacred in cold blood?" — "Off, butchers!" answer they; and the poor Body-guard is free. Busy runs Gondran, busy run Guards and Captains; scouring all corridors; dispersing Rascality and Robbery; sweeping the Palace clear. The mangled carnage is removed; Jerôme's body to the Town-hall, for inquest: the fire of Insurrection gets damped, more and more, into measurable, manageable heat.

Transcendent things of all sorts, as in the general outburst of multitudinous Passion, are huddled together; the ludicrous, nay the ridiculous, with the horrible. Far over the billowy sea of heads, may be seen Rascality, caprioling on horses from the

Royal Stud. The Spoilers these; for Patriotism is always infected so, with a proportion of mere thieves and scoundrels. Gondran snatched their prey from them in the Château; whereupon they hurried to the Stables, and took horse there. But the generous Diomedes' steeds, according to Weber, disdained such scoundrel-burden; and, flinging up their royal heels, did soon project most of it, in parabolic curves, to a distance, amid peals of laughter; and were caught. Mounted National Guards secured the rest.

Now too is witnessed the touching last flicker of Etiquette; which sinks not here, in the Cimmerian World-wreckage, without a sign; as the house-cricket might still chirp in the pealing of a Trump of Doom. "Monsieur," said some Master of Ceremonies (one hopes it might be De Brézé), as Lafayette, in these fearful moments, was rushing towards the inner Royal Apartments, "*Monsieur, le Roi vous accorde les grandes entrées*, Monsieur, the King grants you the Grand Entries," — not finding it convenient to refuse them!

Count Fersen.

Royalty, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather *vache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron *Nibelungen Song!* No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that: and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as — might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step any-whither without her *Nécessaire;* dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette-implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers, — never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs

ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humored.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people. Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Bâton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is dispatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect. Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen; — as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons, — if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher,— one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste. As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several

things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Town-hall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of jewels, — could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline;* done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach-builders and such like; — so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus-Christi Day*, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal; what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*car-*

rosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the Saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman stills waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thick-set Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoe-buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits. — Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*, — light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheelspoke with her *badine?* O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheelspoke was the Queen of France!

She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Body-guard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good-night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Body-guard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, — these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?" — "Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter. — "*C'est bien.*"

Yes, it is well; — though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest! — And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, oh haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Body-guard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City; to wander whither it lists, — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Body-guard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the

Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy: — over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,— where long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the Great High King. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog-hutch,— occasionally going rabid.

. . . . . .

The Return.

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily, to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty-third of June, 1789, which exploded, as we

then said, "through the touch-hole"; which next, your war-god Broglie, having *re*loaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabers, and *O Richard, O my King!* which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valor profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such: and accordingly another of them, after this flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liége, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies — how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the *Soubrettes*.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture,

and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me;" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" and so forth: speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche;* or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *flebile ludibrium* of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace, — towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure.*

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them.* But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe

yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. — Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

Charlotte Corday.

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper*-leaves, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and

likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the "*Intendance*, or Departmental Mansion," of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bordeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials*. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye national Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of *Carabots*, Anti-Jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins*, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: to put down Anarchy by Civil War! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed; — lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work

and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed, — and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days;" and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret, — him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five Millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of

luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she has gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; — yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined at home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen: which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight, — towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready-money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you. — Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*À moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-Friend is ended: the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, — *whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reëchoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing

up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte," — whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can device: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men! — A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed, — which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? — "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted

energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tip-toe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death, — alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five Million hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well, — in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home,

OLIVER CROMWELL VISITING MILTON

From a Painting by David Neal

half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

Cromwell.

(From "Heroes and Hero-Worship.")

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,— the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him, — wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; — he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is

seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing, or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy?" One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, that to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made; your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or

believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay perhaps they could not have now worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant

how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; — but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error which I think the generality commit refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real

substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be "noticed" by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the down-hill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went, — he had been content to plow the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendor as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the prurient wind-bag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. "Corsica Boswell" flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel staid at home. The world-wide soul, wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows; — what could paradings and ribbons in the hat, do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his own department; silently thinking; silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs; — which must

soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small. — I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively, — become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money* and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honor'? Alas, yes; — but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition: one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not": this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels. — We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness for the man of the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*, perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were

"the only man in France that could have done any good there"? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him. —Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, "Thy kingdom come," was at length to be fulfilled! If you had convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small, — the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come, — that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his plow, and hastened thither.

He spoke there, — rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else, — on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty.

That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England, — what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a "devout imagination," this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realized*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*, — History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that "Faith in the Bible" was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in "detecting hypocrites," seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him, — why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, "Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action;" — how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.

BLISS CARMAN.

Bliss Carman, a Canadian poet, was born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15, 1861. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, with honors. Until 1888, he spent in private reading and study at Edinburgh and Harvard. Later he taught school, read law, and practiced engineering. He has been connected with "The Independent," "The Cosmopolitan," and "The Atlantic," also assisted in starting "The Chap-Book." His chief works are "Low Tide on Grand Pré" (1893), second edition (1894); "Songs from Vagabondia" (1894), with Richard Hovey; "A Seamark: a Threnody for R. L. Stevenson" (1895); "Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen" (1895); "More Songs from Vagabondia" (1896); "Ballads of Lost Haven" (1897); "By the Aurelian Wall" (1898).

Drifting.[1]

(From "Low Tide on Grand Pré.")

The while the river at our feet —
  A drowsy inland meadow stream —
At set of sun the after-heat
  Made running gold, and in the gleam
  We freed our birch upon the stream.

There, down along the elms at dusk,
  We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
  Where night and gloom a while uplift,
  Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands —
  Spirit of life or subtler thing —
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
  Of death, and taught us, whispering,
  The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
  To hold the shadow of the sun;

[1] The following selections used by permission of Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

A Vagabond Song.

(From "More Songs from Vagabondia.")

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

O, the scarlet of the maple-trees can shake me like the cry
Of the bugles going by;
And my lonely spirit thrills
When I see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
And we rise and follow her,
When from every hill aflame
She is calling, calling, calling every vagabond by name.

At the Granite Gate.

(From "Behind the Arras.")

There paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind.
With mystery before,
And reticence behind,

A portal waits me too
In the glad house of spring;
One day I shall pass through
And leave you wondering.

It lies beyond the marge
Of evening or of prime,
Silent and dim and large,
The gateway of all time.

There troop by night and day
My brothers of the field;
And I shall know the way
Their wood-songs have revealed.

The dusk will hold some trace
Of all my radiant crew

Who vanished to that place,
  Ephemeral as dew.

Into the twilight dun,
  Blue moth and dragon-fly
Adventuring alone, —
  Shall be more brave than I?

There innocents shall bloom,
  And the white cherry-tree,
With birch and willow plume
  To strew the road for me.

The wilding orioles then
  Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
  And the dark heart shall dare

Resume the old desire, —
  The exigence of spring
To be the orange fire
  That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird — Hark!
  The whippoorwill, night-long,
Threshing the summer dark
  With his dim flail of song! —

Shall be the lyric lift,
  When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
  In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
  The solace of your hand.
But ah, so brave and fond!
  Within that morrow-land,

Where deed and daring fail,
  But joy forevermore
Shall tremble and prevail
  Against the narrow door,

Where sorrow knocks too late,
  And grief is overdue,
Beyond the granite gate
  There will be thoughts of you.

A Sea Child.

The lover of child Marjory
  Had one white hour of life brim full;
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,
  Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory
  Hath in her veins, to beat and run,
The glad indomitable sea,
  The strong white sun.

A Windflower.

(From "Low Tide on Grand Pré.")

Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

The chance of straying feet came by, —
Nor death nor love nor any name
Known among men in all their lands, —
Yet failure put desire to shame.

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon.

How fair my thousand brothers wave
Upon the floor of God's abode:
Whence came that careless wanderer
Between the woodside and the road!

LEWIS CARROLL.

Lewis Carroll, pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English clergyman and writer on mathematical subjects, born in 1832; died in January, 1898. He was lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, from 1855 to 1881. His principal works are "A Syllabus of Plain and Algebraical Geometry" (1860); "Guide to the Mathematical Student," etc. (1864); "Elementary Treatise on Determinats" (1867). His fame chiefly rests, however, upon his two very popular tales for children, entitled "Alice in Wonderland" (1869), and "Through the Looking-glass" (1875). They are fantasy-fables, full of what seems pure nonsense, but really based largely on "reductions to absurdity" of illogical popular usages in language or reasoning. They have been translated into most of the languages of Europe. He also published "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876); "Rhyme? and Reason?" (1883); "A Tangled Tale" (1886); "Euclid and His Modern Rivals" (1879); "Game of Logic" (1887); "Curiosa Mathematica" (1888); "Sylvie and Bruno" (1890).

A Mad Tea-Party.

(From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.")

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

From a Painting by Sidley

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice: "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter

wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know —" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare,) "— it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle'" —

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*" — and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well"—

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked. "They'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much; so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone: "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped

herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing," Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one.*"

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know"—

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all, this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M"—

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on; "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'— did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness!"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think" —

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then* — she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

Who Stole the Tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them — all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the

White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it; they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them — "I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments!" But there seemed to be no chance of this; so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and, as he wore his crown over the wig, he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice; "and those twelve creatures," (she was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jury-men" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud indignant voice; but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "Stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbor to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in, before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This, of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court

and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment-scroll, and read as follows: —

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

"Call the first witness," said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out "First witness!"

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. "I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," said the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury; and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation. "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all: he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly: "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse: "not in that ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said, to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!" on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook off both his shoes.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't begun my tea — not above a week or so — and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin — and the twinkling of the tea" —

"The twinkling of *what?*" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling *begins* with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that — only the March Hare said" —

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said" — the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too; but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter" —

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"That I can't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor *speaker*," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter: "I'm on the floor, as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finishes the guinea-pigs!" thought Alice. "Now we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

— "and just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess's cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even

before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Sha'n't," said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said, in a low voice, "Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness."

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said, in a deep voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse!" the Queen shrieked out. "Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness. And," he added, in an under-tone to the Queen, "really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, —"for they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

Alice's Evidence.

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head,

and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King, in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places — *all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with his mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: "*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course," he said, in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, "important — unimportant — unimportant — important" — as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I sha'n't go at any rate," said Alice: "besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry: "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit; "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to — to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit: "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt, of course," said the Queen: "so, off with" —

"It doesn't prove anything of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

There was a dead silence in the court, whilst the White Rabbit read out these verses: —

"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury"—

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) "I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down, on their slates, "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a

world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. —'*said I could not swim*' — you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King; and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'*We know it to be true*' — that's the jury, of course — '*If she should push the matter on*' — that must be the Queen — '*What would become of you?*' — What, indeed! — '*I gave her one, they gave him two*' — why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know" —

"But it goes on '*they all returned from him to you,*'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again — '*before she had this fit*' — you never had *fits*, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen, furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

"Then the words don't *fit* you," said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

"It's a pun!" the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed. "Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first — verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for *you?*" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half

of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice. And she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and, when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea: it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

You Are Old, Father William.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

(From "Through the Looking-Glass.")

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar beside
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on *us!*" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said:
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but —
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

The Baker's Tale.

(From "The Hunting of the Snark.")

They roused him with muffins — they roused him with ice —
They roused him with mustard and cress —

They roused him with jam and judicious advice —
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called "Ho!" told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor" —
"Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste.
"If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark —
We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
"And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked when I bade him farewell" —
"Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men, —
"'If your Snark be a Snark that is right,
Fetch it home by all means — you may serve it with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

"'You may seek it with thimbles — and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway share,
You may charm it with smiles and soap —'"

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried: —
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"'But oh, beamish nephew! beware of the day
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'

"It is this, it is this, that oppresses my soul
When I think of my uncle's last words;

And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this" — "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied: "Let me say it once more;
It is this, it is this that I dread!

"I engage with the Snark — every night after dark —
In a dreamy delirious fight;
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and silently vanish away —
And the notion I cannot endure!"

Christmas Greetings.

[From a Fairy to a Child.]

Lady dear, if Fairies may
For a moment lay aside
Cunning tricks and elfish play,
'Tis at happy Christmas-tide.

We have heard the children say —
Gentle children, whom we love —
Long ago, on Christmas Day,
Came a message from above.

Still, as Christmas-tide comes round,
They remember it again —
Echo still the joyful sound
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Yet the hearts must childlike be
Where such heavenly guests abide;
Unto children, in their glee,
All the year is Christmas-tide!

Thus, forgetting tricks and play,
For a moment, Lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad New Year!

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

Alice and Phœbe Cary, American poets, were born on their father's farm, near Cincinnati, O., the former, April 20, 1820, and the latter, Sept. 4, 1824. In 1849 they published conjointly a volume of "Poems"; and in the following year, upon the death of their mother, they removed to New York City, where they resided during the rest of their lives. Alice died there Feb. 12, 1871; and her bereaved sister survived her but a few months, dying at Newport July 31 of the same year. In 1869 they had together prepared a volume entitled "From Year to Year"; and two years after their death their "Last Poems" was published. Alice, who was the more voluminous writer of the two, had early become known as "Patty Lee" by her contributions to the *National Era*. In her name were issued "Clovernook" (1852–1853); "Hagar" (1852); "Lyra" (1852); "Clovernook Children" (1854); "Married, not Mated" (1856); "Pictures of Country Life" (1859); "Ballads," "Lyrics," and "Hymns" (1865); "The Bishop's Son" (1867); "Snow-Berries" (1867); and "A Lover's Diary" (1867). Phœbe published in her own name "Poems and Parodies" (1854); and "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love" (1867).

The Sure Witness.

The solemn wood had spread
Shadows around my head:
"Curtains they are," I said,
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer;"
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I hear the winds, and ask if God were there.
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
And, pulling at her dress,
I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distills?"

ALICE CARY

No voice replied, but while I listening bent
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone: —
"She walketh Heaven alone,
And seeth all things," to myself I mused;
"Hast thou beheld Him, then,
Who hides himself from men
In that great power through nature interfused?"
No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Walking one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night;
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinner never planned;
The finest wool may not be washed so white.
"Hast thou come out of Heaven?"
I asked; and lo!
The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, Give o'er;
Question no more, no more!
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides him here and there,
Bears the sure witness he is everywhere.

— Alice Cary.

Latent Life.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed, within the seed,
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfill,
There lies another, more intense,
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
The soul, is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs,
  Enfolds a light more broad and clear;
Music but intimates the songs
  We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
  Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
  Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
  Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
  From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
  These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think, that we shall be as now —
  Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be
  Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
  Not what I am.

— ALICE CARY.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
  That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies
  That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
  With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
  He lieth in peace asleep;

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;

But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a weak embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

Faded Leaves.

The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still, sharp air, the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away in the disgrace
Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons, in black wavering lines,
Are swinging toward the sun,

And all the wide and withered fields
  Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
  The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
  The winter's weary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
  To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
  Of the eternal Spring.

— ALICE CARY.

DYING HYMN.

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills,
  Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
  Ye gates of death give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
  My blindness is my sight;
Thy shadows that I feared so long
  Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
  My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
  The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
  Low as the grave, to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives:
  That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
  Where dwells my Lord and King;
O grave, where is thy victory!
  O death, where is thy sting!

— ALICE CARY.

FIELD PREACHING.

I HAVE been out to-day in field and wood,
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
Such as a little child had understood,
  That, in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day;
Because his loving breath,
With soft persistence, won them back from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
And thanked Him, soft and low,
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank;
So narrow was the rill from which I drank,
An infant might have stepped from bank to bank,
And the tall rushes near
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went;
And rippling in the fullness of content,
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant;
For all the banks were spread
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,
With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright,
Shook out his yellow tresses for delight,
To all their tawny length,
Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
And seemed, in the same lays,
Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,
As if she understood
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,
To the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,
I went home softly through the falling dew,
Still lisping, rapt and calm,
To nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned,
And I, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

—PHŒBE CARY.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon its roof;
And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane;
And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees;
I have seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks,
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly,
And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught that filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.

And that deep old well, oh, that deep old well!
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair,—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

— PHŒBE CARY.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

— PHŒBE CARY.

HENRY G. CATLIN.

HENRY G. CATLIN, an American mining engineer who served in the civil war with the rank of major and has since followed his profession in the West. In "The Yellow Pine Basin" (1897) he has described one of the most original types of character to be met with in this country, the prospector, a character hitherto new to fiction. The scenes and people described in "The Yellow Pine Basin" are those with which the author became familiar in the course of his profession, and it was at the suggestion of a friend that he undertook to embody them in fiction.

ON WITH THE FLAG.

(From "Yellow Pine Basin.") [1]

"We was in Nevady, 'bout forty miles from Reese River, in the winter of '60 and '61, and had a quartz claim there, and was puttin' in the winter sinking a shaft. We got hold of two or three old papers that winter, and things in the States looked bad; hard talk in Washington and bad blood all over the country. I didn't like the way them South fellers talked. I was Dimicrat. Dad was, and I was. But I ain't never been one to crow and flop my wings when I was licked; it's the other rooster's place to do that, and it's his right, too.

"As I sensed it all up, it ranged itself in my head that the Dimicrats and the South put up a man or two men for President, and the Republicans and the North beat 'em, and their man was elected fair and square, and 'twarn't no fair play for the Dimicrats and the South to kick. 'Twas a fair fight and they was licked; and it riled me, too, to have sich talk 'bout the whole country, my country, being nothing but a lot of States, every one it's own boss, no captin, like a bunch of ranchers after Injuns, every one going it on his own hook.

"There warn't no sense in the idee. 'Twas the dangdest tomfoolery ever was, Bud. Then the Southern fellers said one of 'em could lick five Northern men, and the North wouldn't

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fight; and some feller said he was going to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, and I knew differnt.

"I was kinder on the fence like; born down in Southern Injianny; father and mother both came from North Caroliny; but perhaps because I was setting high on the fence I could see both sides clearer than them in either field could. I saw that the North they was stubborn and didn't say much, and I knew there was fight there; both sides were dead in earnist, and I felt bad.

"Yank and I didn't say much; course we talked 'bout other things, and each of us knew why we didn't talk. I was kinder Southern in my feelings, and I knew he was for the North straight. There was never no time before we didn't say everything we thought to each other. We worked together, and course we talked 'bout the work and things of no account, but I mean we never talked of the troubles, and both on us knew we were thinking 'bout them all the time. We both felt bad, but he was dead North and I was kinder South. When we got a paper, we would read it, and Yank would say, 'That was a danged smart thief, stole a man's watch from his pocket on Sansome Street, while he was a-looking at a fire.' And I would say, 'I never see such a cussed year for rain; been a-raining all the time in Californy, 'cording to the paper;' but never a word 'bout all the news we saw, that went clean to our toes as we read it. Somehow we was kinder gettin' apart, Yank an' me, who had been brothers, and I couldn't stand it. Yank was so kind of soft like to me in all ways, and that went to my heart, I kin tell ye.

"Grub was scarce with us; we had flour enuf, but meat was scarce. Yank wouldn't eat no bacon; said he was afeered of biles; I knew he only did it so there would be more for me. I couldn't stand it to see him going it only on bread, for we didn't have no coffee, nothing but flour and mighty little bacon. I wouldn't eat the bacon, and Yank got mad, said it seemed as if the devil was in me to try and drive him to eat bacon, and be covered from head to foot with biles. He'd be damned if any man was going to force hog down him when the idee made him sick, and cavorted and carried on so, I had to eat it. Ye couldn't do nothing with Yank. And one night we had only a couple of blankits each and 'twas cold. I was a-laying awake thinking of all the trouble I felt was a-coming, and how Yank and I seemed to be getting apart, shivering with the cold, too. I heered Yank coming still to my bunk, and he put a blankit on

me softly, and I couldn't hold in no longer. 'What ye doing, Yank?' I said. 'I'm so thundering hot,' says he, 'I was going to throw off this blankit, and I thought ye might be cold, and I put it on ye; ye warn't born in Maine, and ye feel the cold.'

"I tried hard to make him take it back, and lied to him, and said I was warm.

"'How cussed contrary ye are getting, Zeb,' he said. 'What's the matter with ye? Ye ain't yerself any more; yer so dang peevish.'

"He wouldn't hear to nothing, and so the blankit stayed with me. If there was any hard end to the work he would have it, and if I said anything he was short and cross, and so it went.

"One day he said to me something 'bout my working in the summer, and I said, 'We'll see 'bout that when the summer comes,' and Yank says, 'I may go East this summer. Haven't seen my folks for a long time.' He warn't thinking 'bout his folks, and I knew it.

"The winter went along, and every paper we see things were gittin' worse. All the talk of seceding made me mad.

"'Twas long in April, nigh the first of May, when a man come by. We was both of us at the mouth of the shaft, and the man said it was the story on the outside that the South had fired on some government forts down there, and that 'Old Abe' had called for volunteers to go and fight. Yank questioned him quiet like 'bout it all, but the man didn't know more and went on.

"Both on us knew 'twas all true.

"We was a-setting on a timber we was a-going to let down the shaft. When the man was gone I see the fight was in Yank's eyes, and 'twas in my heart, too.

"Yank put his hand on my knee. 'Zeb,' said he, 'this means me. We've been pardners through thick and thin. I love ye, Zeb, but I must leave ye. Ye has yer idees, I have mine. I'm going to the States. Uncle Sam has called for his men and I'm a-going to his call. My grandfather fit in the Revolution and his father before him in the old French wars; my father was with Commodore Porter in the Essex, and when the Stars and Stripes are going to the fight it ain't in my blood to stay behind if the President calls for me to foller. I don't say nothing, Zeb, 'bout what's right or what's wrong, God knows. I only think I know. The fight is on; it's my President that calls me to go, and I am a-going. Ye are sort of Southern, Zeb, and ye don't see things as I see 'em; and, old man, it's hard to leave ye, but

I'm a-going. I give ye all my interest in what we've got, and all good be with ye, Zeb.'

"I warn't never mad with Yank afore, but then I was, and I said, 'Yank, I'm going too. It's my country and my flag, and my President calls, and he don't call twice for me, if I am from Injianny nigh the river. Ye had it in yer mind, though ye didn't say it, that I was going to shirk this fight — me, Yank, me, who ye ought to know by this time. I've got my pride, if I am from Injianny, and I tell ye Injianny will be in it same as Maine. Damn it, Yank, this is my country, same as it's yours, and we'll go together, pardners, same as we've always been. Don't ye think I've got no feelings, Yank? I claim to be a man, and I'm ready to do a man's work. I see the work, and I'm going to do it. Ye've hurt me, Yank,' I said; 'ye've hurt me, me who ye have been pardner with so long. Did ye think I was going to be a woman when 'twas time to be a man? Shame on ye for it.'

"With that, Yank jumped up and swore and hugged me.

"'Why, Zeb,' he says, 'it's been on my mind all winter that ye were for the South and I've rasseled with the idee at night, and I thought, "Zeb's a man and he has his notions, and it ain't for one man to argy with another 'bout sich a thing, it is or it isn't; a man has a mind made up, he's going to do what he thinks is the squar thing to do, and it's no thing to talk," but I thought ye were for the South.'

"'The South be damned,' says I, 'and the North, too; I'm for the country, and the old flag.'

"Yank was like a boy, he was so glad, and he said:

"'Them Southern fellers say that one on 'em can lick five on us. Well, if one on 'em tackles us both and licks us, 'twill surprise me like hell;' and he laffed, and I did too, for I knew it would take a mighty good man to lick Yank single-handed, and with me on the outside to help, I didn't believe we'd ever find the man could do it. We was all so glad to be all friends agin same as before.

"Yank said, 'We'll quit this dang hole now,' and we did. We dropped the tools right there, and for all I know they're there now. We got up the hosses, we had one each, and two pack-hosses. There warn't no railroad then, and if there had been we hadn't no money, and we made it up we'd cross the plains to Iowy, and inlist in the first place we could. We had only a little grub, and we didn't know how we'd make it so far;

we reckoned, then it was 'bout the first of May, we could make Iowy by August, but how was we to get grub?

"We talked all over and didn't see no way. At last, Yank, he says, 'Dang it, Zeb, we've got the call, and we ain't going to hang back 'cause we ain't got grub. We hain't no money to go by sea, and it's a long pull to the "Bay," anyway; we've got to go 'cross the plains. We'll go on what grub we've got, and take chances on getting more.' Next morning we packed up and started.

"It's an all-fired ride to the States. We was in a hurry to git there, and the time seemed longer than it was. We made it though; got to Iowy.

"We come into a little town on foot. We'd swapped off the outfit for grub on the way, from time to time; a hoss here and another one there, and one died, and our guns had to go, too. It was nigh September, and, as I said, we come into a little place in Iowy on foot, hungry and ragged and pretty well beat out. An old man was standing at the gate of one of them little white houses with a white fence round it, grass and sunflowers and hollyhocks in the yard, and a trail through the grass to the door, straight as a gun-barrel.

"'Ye look like ye was used up,' said the old man. 'Yes,' said Yank, 'ye've hit the bull's eye, uncle. We've come a long way to go for soldiers, and we want to know where we can jine.'

"At that the old man made us come in, and drew a big bottle on us, and we must drink, and then we must eat, and we must stay with him over night, and his old woman — well, she was that kind we must eat this and that, and she wouldn't take no back talk from us. She told us how she had three boys in the army, and read us a letter that come that day from one.

"There was going to be a meeting that night, and speaking — a Union meeting, they called it — and there was a rigiment of men raising, and at the meeting volunteers could go up and sign, and the old man said there would be a fine lot of boys in it, and that the kernel was a man he knew, and he was going to be there, and he was a good man, but he thought he was too quiet like to be much of a fighter.

"So when we had washed up and had supper, we went with the old folks into the village. We was kind of 'shamed, for we looked like the devil; ragged we was, and our buckskin shirts pretty black, but we warn't dirty, for we were bound to sign with clean hands, anyway. As we went down the street there

was a band a-playin' in front of a church, and into it we went with a lot of folks who looked at us like we was Injuns. Pretty soon ye couldn't get a card in edgewise, the house was that full. A parson prayed, and then some men spoke all about how the Union must be kept solid, and asking the young men to jine the company that was making up in the village, and every once in a while the band would play 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and some young gals, putty as picturs, sang war songs, and it all made the blood come and go, I tell ye, Bud.

"Then a little man got up and said how he was to be the kernel of the rigiment; and while he warn't much of a talker, his heart was in the fight and he meant to be as good a soldier as it was in him to be. I took to the feller right off. I see he was a man, if he was small; and Yank he chucked me and says, 'He's our man, Zeb.'

"'Yank knew a man when he saw one, and he sized that little feller up then, and I tell ye he sized him up right, too. But everybody was kind of sneering at the man, and a feller behind says in a low voice, 'That little cuss is no good. Looks like he'd run better than he'd fight.'

"'If that's your idee, it ain't mine,' Yank said to him.

"Then they put a big paper on a little table that was under the pulpit, and the kernel says, 'Who's the first man to put his name down for his country?'

"'I am,' says Yank, 'and my pardner, Zeb, he's with me,' and up he goes with me and down we put our names on the paper.

"'Where are ye from?' says the kernel.

"'We've come from Nevady,' says Yank.

"'How'd ye get here?' says the kernel.

"'We heer'd the call and we saddled up and come,' says Yank.

"'What,' says the kernel, 'ye rode on hossback two thousand miles, to inlist?'

"'Yes,' says Yank, 'we rode and we hoofed it. We know we're strangers, but ye'll find we've come for business. No better man ever stood than Zeb, here, my pardner, and I'll try and keep up with him.'

"I was 'shamed to hear Yank say so 'bout me, and I said, 'Yank's a better man nor me. Why, Yank — there ain't no more sandier man in all the world than him. We'll do our duty,

both on us, to the country and to the flag. Ye don't know us, but try us.'

"'Then,' says the kernel, 'here are two men that heer'd the call in the desert, and they've come two thousand miles to inlist. Come, boys, show them that there are men in Iowy, too.'

"That's all he said, but the way he said it beat all the speeches that was made, and the young men rose up all over the church, and come up and put their names down, and there was nigh to sixty come up, but the kernel says, 'That ain't enough. I won't leave here this night till the roll has a hundred names on it.'

"Then up gits the parson, and a gritty, young-looking fellow he was, and he says, 'There's a time for men to preach and there comes a time for men to fight. The call of the country, that two thousand miles away, beyond the plains and the mountains these men heer'd, has been sounding in my heart for months, and to-night, I answer, "Yes, Father Abraham, I'm a-coming,"' and up he goes and signs the roll.

"I thought the church would bust with the cheering, and men went up two or three at a time and signed, and the men cheered, and women were a-crying, and in ten minutes the roll was full and more — a hundred and seven names.

"It warn't many days afore the rigiment was a full thousand men strong. The parson was made captin of the company we was in, and the kernel he says to Yank, 'What can I do for you, Yank?' and Yank says, 'Kernel, I wants to carry the flag, and I want Zeb with me, and Zeb and I'll carry her where she's got to go, and we'll stay with her.' So the kernel he made Yank color-sargeant and puts me in the color-guard so as to be near him.

"I always thought the Stars and Stripes made a fine show. I knew it was my country's flag and my flag, but bless ye, Bud, I didn't know nothing afore 'bout what that flag is, and what it means, and how a man gets to love it and be proud to his death of it; how it comes to mean everything; how it stands for everything a man loves; how it is a man's pride and his glory. His father and his grandfather and so back had it for their flag; all on 'em lived under it, some on 'em fought under it, some on 'em died under it.

"When ye were a small boy it meant trainings and fairs, and Fourth of July, and everything that was out of the common run. There never was no jollification that ye didn't see it a-

waving overhead; round the fire at night yer father told ye 'bout the last war, and ye could see in yer little cub mind the flag a-flyin', and hear the drums and fifes a-playin', as yer father, long with all the rest, charged the Britishers at Lundy's Lane, or held the cotton bales agin 'em at New Orleans; or yer old grandfather made the tears come in yer little eyes as he told how, when he was a boy, at Valley Forge, in cold and starvation, his frozen feet and his hungry belly was warm and full when day come, and he could see the flag a-waving; and yer little heart got big as he told the story how at Yorktown the men who come to fight us marched prisoners before the Stars and Stripes, saluting of 'em. Ye began to be a man then, and the flag come to mean something.

"But ye don't know nothing 'bout it, Bud, till ye foller it; ye gits to love it. It ain't a pretty piece of cloth, the totem of yer tribe, it's all there is of everything; it's country, it's memry, it's hope. All that's good and squar in ye comes to love it. Yer wet and tired and hungry a-follering of it; ye lose yer blood and yer life for it and it's all a pleasure.

"It's a-waving in the air so much cloth at so much a yard; it lies in yer heart, all the gold and the silver in the mountains; all the ships on the sea; all the farms, and the towns; and all the sweat and blood of them that's dead and gone, the joy and pride of them alive, the hope and cheer of them to come.

"Well, Yank, he carried the flag, and I was with him, with a few as fit men as ye ever see to guard it.

"Our company was 'C' Company, and the colors is always nigh 'C' Company, so all our boys as we were in line was 'long side.

"The parson who we made captin was a fine, straight young man. He was like an egg, the white all mild and pious and good, and the yelk all fight. Dang'd if I hain't thought a heap of parsons since I knew him. He'd preach like Billy be damn'd and fight like hell the same day; he was an all 'round man, I tell ye, but all through he stuck to his trade, as I likes to see a man do; never no swearing. I never could see how he did it; it's such a real comfort to cuss sometimes and it comes so nateral to a man.

"Well, we was sent down into Kentucky and into Tennessee; we marched a many miles and had many tight fights, and Yank was hit a couple of times, and I, too, light like, nothing to count. We was at Pittsburgh Landing and all them fights, and

we was proud of the fellows we was with. The kernel he was a fighter from way back, though he was so small and quiet, and the captin — the parson — there warn't no nervier man, and all the boys stood right into the collar. They all got to know Yank, and nobody warn't afeer'd 'bout the flag being carried by a man.

"Yank was one of them men who put his whole body, head, belly, and boots into anything he did; a-prospecting, a-hunting, a-playin' a game, going to preachings 'twas all the same, and he was all in that war. He didn't talk nothing else, he didn't think nothing else.

"What come hard to me was to be ordered here and there, and be under somebody all the time, but that didn't faze Yank a bit.

"'Zeb,' he used to say, 'ye must get the right savvy of this business. A ship has a captin and she has mates, and in some ships some on 'em are poor men. Ye know yer a better man nor them, but ye've got to obey orders; ye ain't sailin' the ship, yer just doing what yer told to do, that's yer business. It's the same here; I do my business, and ye do yours, and it don't consarn ye, nor I, nothing else.'

"All his idee was the flag, and we all see it, and 'twas our idee too.

"So it went along, marching and fighting, big fights and little ones, long marches and short ones, till it come we were under General Thomas at Chattanoogy. There was a sizable hill and the Johnnies was on the hill. In the morning when we come up to the kernel's tent to get the colors, the kernel himself come out and give the flag to Yank, and he says, 'It's going to be a hot day, and please God we'll have the colors top o' the hill 'fore night.'

"If there's a show, the flag will be there all right, Kernel; Zeb, he'll carry it there, if I don't,' says Yank.

"'We mayn't either of us git there, but the rigimint will, Yank,' says the kernel; 'I feel it somehow.'

"'I hain't no other idee,' says Yank.

"I never was so afore. I looked at Yank, and he looked kind o' strange, and I felt something was a-coming. We had it all put up from the first day Yank carried the flag. Says he to me: 'When I drop, Zeb, you take the flag; if ye leave me a-dyin', the flag must go on. If ye've got anything to say, "Good-by" or "God bless ye," say it now; for if I drop, the

flag must go, mind that, Zeb. I'd die a-cussing ye if ye stopped a second for me. Yer my pardner — dang it, Zeb, yer my brother — and man to man I want ye to say after me these words: "When ye, Yank, drops and can't go on or hold up the flag, I'll take it and go on. If I see yer dying I won't stop to say a word or nothing. I'll take the flag and leave ye where ye lie. I'll carry it and guard it, and die with it if so be I must. So help me God Almighty!" Hold up yer right hand,' he says, 'and say them very words after me.'

"'Oh, Yank,' I said, 'I couldn't leave ye so, I couldn't. I, yer long pardner.'

"'What,' says Yank, and them gray eyes of his looked like a cougar's in the dark, and his voice was so hard and changed; 'ye'd go agin me when I was a-dyin'? Ye'd refuse to give me comfort at such a time? Ye'd have me go afore God a-cussin' ye? Ye'd leave the flag, my flag, to any one else, or a-laying on the ground where I dropped it, while ye played the baby with me? Ain't there any man in ye, Zeb? Ain't there any friend in ye, Zeb? Ain't there any pride in ye for me? When I asked for to carry this flag, 'twas because I thought I had a man that would take it when my hands couldn't hold it no longer; that, if so be I was a-dyin', my eyes would see him going on with it. Didn't we go into this fight 'cause we felt it was a duty and we must? The man that's got the flag he's got his duty to do to his country; the flag has got to be carried, and the man who carries it can't stop to palaver over nobody's carkiss.'

"'Oh, Yank,' I said, 'I sees my duty, and I'll do it, but 'twould come rough the way ye put it.'

"'Yer a man,' Yank said, 'and yer a woman, but I know ye; say them words.' And I held up my right hand and said the words after him.

"When we first got into fights, I was afeered for Yank, but we had been in a many of 'em, and only two shots had hit him, and only one, me, and all on 'em no 'count, much more nor scratches, and somehow my fear 'bout him had got over; but that morning I felt something was a-coming.

"We didn't have much to do all morning, drawn up in a line to go in, and waiting orders. The battle had been going on for a couple of hours; we could see some of it and hear more, for the firing was heavy to the right of us, and the cannons was a-roaring.

"We was standing there and lying on the ground, Yank and

me a-smoking. The kernel had rode the line talking to the captins, and he come where we was.

"'Yank,' he says, 'and ye too, Zeb, I've mentioned ye both in reports, but I never did tell ye what I couldn't say then, and what I have wanted to say to ye both for a long time. Ye did more to raise this rigiment than I did, and all along ye have been good men, and I have to thank ye both. It isn't my fault, Yank, that yer not a commissioned officer,' and 'twas so; for twice he had Yank to be an officer, but Yank wouldn't have it; his idee was all to carry the flag. We was proud to hear the kernel say that, for he warn't no man to talk.

"We was a-smoking when a young officer come a-riding up and says something to the kernel, and the order come sharp to the rigiment, putting us into column, and we marched up over a rise of ground and past some woods where we could see the hill, 'Missionary Ridge' was the name of it. Yank took the pipe from his mouth, a short clay pipe it was, and give it to me. 'Keep that, Zeb,' he said, and I put it in my pocket. It's in my bag now," the old man said. "I've kept it. We could see the hill all spotted here and there with rigiments and brigades, some high up and some low down, and the smoke coming from their guns on both sides. The trees hid what was going on in places, and then there would be clearings where we could see putty good.

"The Johnnies had two or three lines of earthworks, and the fighting was a-going on where the lower line was mostly, but in one place we could see the lower line was carried, and our boys was up agin the next one.

"The other rigiments of our brigade had come up, and we was put in line agin, and right in front of us, and perhaps a half a mile away, the hill began to rise up sharp, and along the steep side we could see two lines of dirt where the rifle-pits was, and behind 'em we could see the tops of the baynits and the flag-staffs of the men behind, when the sun came through the clouds to shine on 'em. Everywhere else, 'cept opposite where we was, we could see either the men or the smoke they made, but there warn't no smoke or show of fight in front of us. It was our place.

"Well, as I said, the line was formed, and pretty soon the orders come to go ahead, and we marched toward the hill. The cannons was a-firing, but they didn't do much harm; ye can't catch the range on a cannon like ye can on a rifle.

"We come up to the front of the hill in good shape, and then they halted us a bit to take breath and to straighten the line.

"The hill above us was steep, and the rifle-pits we could see here and there the lines of between the trees, seemed right over us; and when we could see them at all, there was the Johnnies back of 'em, with their gun-barrels slanting down at us, and 'specially where we was a-going there was a clear strip of ground clean up to the pits; not a tree, hardly a bush a rabbit could get behind. I never see no sich place for men to go agin. Yank, he says to me, 'Zeb, mind what you swore to, and if I don't get the flag to the top ye will.' 'I'll keep my word, Yank,' says I, 'but we'll get there together, or it's as like I'll drop as will ye.'

"I hadn't much idee we'd either of us get there, it was such a dang tough place.

"The kernel he see how it was, and tried how he could manage it to get us to each side of the clear strip, but there warn't room. The other rigiments were up agin ours on either end of our line, and there warn't no time; for while he was a-studying on it come the order to forward up the hill.

"The kernel took his place just behind the color-guard, and most of 'C' Company and the next was in the clear strip, and we with the colors 'bout in the middle of it.

"In the picturs ye see of battles, Bud, ye'll always see the gineral or the kernel a-riding on ahead and a-waving of his sword and a-calling to the men to come on. The fellers who made them picturs don't know nothing. The officers' place is behind the men, and it's right and proper it's so. When it gets hot and mixed a bit, the officers is sometimes ahead; but when the thing goes on right, the men are in front and every officer has his place behind.

"We'd gone up the hill till we was, say, 'bout three hundred yards from the Johnnies behind the pits; it was hard climbing, enough to blow us a little, and the drums and fifes stopped playing, and ye only heer'd the officers a-saying 'Close up, close up,' and trying to keep the line straight.

"We was expecting hell would pop every second, but it didn't. As we was 'bout three hundred yards or so from 'em, as I say, we heer'd the officers a-calling to the Johnnies, and up they got and let us have it, but though it knocked many a feller, it warn't so bad, we was so under 'em like. Then comes

the order to 'Charge,' and at the hill we went, the shots coming down on us like hail stones and the men a-falling fast. I see Yank drop his arm like, and I said, 'yer hit.'

"'Tain't nothing,' he says, 'didn't hit no bone.' Just then come the order from the kernel to 'Fire,' and we picked 'em off the top of the rifle-pits like they was crows on a fence. Then it was 'Load' again. 'Hold yer fire,' he says to our company; and the next, 'Let no man fire till he gets the order;' but the other companies was a-putting in the lead fast as they could.

"We'd got up to, say, sixty or seventy yards, perhaps the half on us was left, and there was some rocks in a line; 'twas like an old fence, and the ground kind of sheltered us a little. We was halted there and dropped to what cover we could find. The breath was pretty well out of us and we was a-ketching of it again.

"Yank was a-bleeding and I put a handkerchief round his arm. I could see the ground behind us spotted with men down and dead. The kernel's horse was dead, and he a-walking and a-resting nigh us behind a rock. He crawled out a bit, and he says, 'See yer all loaded and we'll go over the pits next trip. Yank,' he says, 'when we charge, do ye go over the pits and we'll all be with ye.'

"I could see the ends of the rigiment was close on to the pits on both sides of us, but there was nothing but grass between us and the Johnnies, and right straight up it was. We'd a-rested two or three minutes or so, the bullets a-cracking agin the rocks and picking a man now and then who couldn't cover. 'Zeb,' says Yank, to me, 'there's a rock a little to the left on us nigh the pits, and there the earth ain't thrown so high; I'll make for that and ye all rush over with me.'

"There was only three of the color-guard left, but 'twas all the same. Nigh us was Jim Jackson and Dan Pinder and a lot of other sandy men. I passed the word to 'em and the others, and the captin — he'd wormed 'long till he was with us — he passed the word to the company to head for that pint in the rifle-pits. Then come the kernel's voice sharp and loud, and we stood up in front of the rock and got into line a-cheering. Up rose the Johnnies for a volley at us, and we pulled trigger at the kernel's 'Fire.'

"Lord, how we downed 'em! 'Forward, double quick, charge!' cried the kernel, and we went for 'em on the run, but they kept a-giving it to us quick and hot. Jackson dropped,

and Pinder's brains spurted in my face, but we made the rock and got on to the top of the earthwork. Then the Johnnies come hand to hand with us. The captin and the kernel and may be a dozen more was there, but we couldn't budge the solid line of men, and we was a-dropping fast. There warn't no time to load — 'twas hand to hand. The captin and the kernel's sword was everywhere; my baynit I broke in a man's breast. The kernel fell, shot in the head. Yank planted the colors behind him in the soft ground, and caught up Billy Lee's gun when he was run through, and he and me we cleared the spot round us with our muskits. We swung 'em like they was clubs. Yank was a stout man and I was fair, and many a time the heads would crack when we brought the gun-barrels down on 'em. 'Twarn't a minute, but I see the captin run through, and Yank and I was alone.

"'Give 'em hell, Zeb!' he cried, and I never see no man like him then. His eyes was a-blazing, the flag behind him, and his back agin the staff. He got a shot in the leg, and he had to drop on his knees. I caught it in the neck and another in my shoulder, and a baynit pricked me in the side, but still we kept 'em off.

"A big feller had been a-working closer to us, a long-haired cuss, and he whips out a six-shooter and p'ints it at Yank. There was a man on me, but I caught him with the heel of the gun, and I brought the barrel down on the long-haired feller and smashed his head in, but 'twas too late, Bud, 'twas too late; his gun went off and took Yank in the head.

"'The flag, Zeb,' he said, and he was gone. I warn't no man, then, I was a devil. I knew our fellers begun a-getting up to me. I can't 'member no more, but they said I caught up the flag and jumped agin the Johnnies like a cougar from a tree. Where we was — though 'twarn't no time, I s'pose, we was on the top — was the only place in the line that warn't carried, and when our boys had got both sides they closed down on the place, and so just as I took the flag, they come in like bees and drove the crowd agin us a-surging up the hill. But I was after 'em, and all was, and up we went agin the next line, and I over it and the boys a-follerin'; all I knew was, I was a-carryin' of the flag. I got on top with the flag, Yank's flag, and then I dropped.

"'Twas a great battle, and there was lots like me, a-wounded, and I come to in a big hospitil tent. I put out my hand a-feeling for Yank — we always slept under the same blankits.

'Yank,' I called, and the doctor of my rigiment he was nigh, and he sot down on the bed, and, 'Zeb,' he says, 'Yank's gone out.'

"Then it all come to me, and I says, 'Out of the world; he's gone to heaven.' And I was that weak I cried like a baby; but he give me some stuff and I dozed off. I come to myself right in a day or so more, and I knew I'd have to go it alone. Yank was gone. I didn't care to live, first off, and then the idee come to me how I was kinder to carry out Yank's notions, and I spruced up. 'Yes, Yank,' I said, 'I'll see the thing through, and I won't be easy till the flag that was yer pride has its own agin.'

"There was lots of the boys 'round me. The captin was two or three beds away, a-gitting on right smart, and he told me how it all was.

"The major come in and he said, as how the rigiment was cut up, we was a-going into camp till we got some more boys down from Iowy to take the places of them that was killed. They was all kind to me, and one day the gineral he come in and he come down the line of beds.

"'Where's Zeb?' he says, and comes up to me so sociable, and he talked like I was an officer, and calls me 'looytennant.' 'I'm only a corporal, Gineral,' I says. 'Yer a looytennant,' he says. 'I sent in yer name when I see ye top of the ridge with the flag.' The tears come in my eyes.

"'Gineral,' I says, 'it's kind of yer, and I feel it, I do, but I want to carry the flag'; and I told him how Yank and me was old pardners, and how his idee was all to carry the flag, and how he kinder left it to me to carry when he was gone, and that I wanted to carry it, if he'd let me, and he swore, and says: 'Zeb, ye shall. No man shall ever carry that flag so long as you kin, but you'; and he took my hand and he says, 'Such men as you and yer pardner make a country great.' Yes, he said that. 'Lord,' says I, 'Gineral, I didn't do nothing. After Yank was gone I was wild, and I didn't know nothing.'

"'Well,' he says, 'it's wild men like you who make us ginirals lots of glory we don't desarve'; and he took my hand, and he come agin two or three times, and we was mighty friendly. Dang'd if he didn't send me grub and cigars till ye couldn't rest.

"After a while I was all right, and went back to the rigiment, and they give me the flag to carry. Lord, how I loved

it! 'Twas all torn with bullits and the staff was nicked here and there, and I remembered one of them nicks well, but the cuss that made it, I see the kernel — 'twas the last thing he did afore he was killed — cut him down with his sword through the skull.

"I carried the flag all the war. I was hit agin, but not so bad as to have to drop it. I carried it with Sherman on the March to the Sea, and I carried it before the President at the Great Review in Washington; and when I left it, I cut a piece from it — I asked the giniral, and he said I might — that's in the buckskin sack I've got. How I hated to leave it, 'count of Yank! But Lord, 'twarn't that identical piece of cloth he was stuck on, 'twas all on 'em; that was Yank's idee."

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

Caius Valerius Catullus, a Roman poet, born at Verona about 87 B.C.; died at Rome about 54 B.C. He inherited a competent estate, and lived a life of pleasure. He was the earliest Latin lyric poet of any note. At an early age he went to Rome and enjoyed the society of the most celebrated men of the day, including Cicero, Cæsar, and Pollio. He soon squandered his patrimony and undermined his health, and died just when his genius should have been a-ripening. His longest poem is "The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis," in hexameter verse.

A Morning Call.

Varus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew, —
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated ere she chatters,
(As pretty girls are wont to do)
About all persons, places, matters: —
"And pray, what has been done for *you?*"

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,
"Is a fine province for a prætor;
For none (I promise you) beside,
And least of all am I her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However,
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter-bearers; none so clever
In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that's steady, tall, and straight;
It is the nature of the race.
Could you not lend me six or eight?"

"Why, six or eight of them or so,"
Said I, determined to be grand;

"My fortune is not quite so low
But these are still at my command."

"You'll send them?" — "Willingly!" I told her,
Although I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus! what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow!" — "Stay, fair lady, stay!

"You overvalue my intention.
Yes, there *are* eight . . . there may be nine:
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

— *Paraphrase of* W. S. Landor.

Home to Sirmio.

Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please, —
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Heart-Break.

With your Catullus ill it fares, alas!
O Cornificius, and most wearily;
Still worse with all the days and hours that pass.
And with what greeting do you comfort me?
The least of boons, and easiest to bestow;
Wroth am I, that my love is answered so.

A word of greeting, pray you; what you please;
More sad than tear-drops of Simonides!
— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

To Calvus in Bereavement.

If there be aught, my Calvus, that out of our sorrowing proffered
Unto the voiceless dead grateful or welcome may be,
When we revive with insatiate longing our ancient affection,
When for the ties we lament, broken, that once have been ours,
Though Quintilia grieve for her own untimely departure,
Yet in thy faithful love greater, be sure, is her joy.
— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

The Pinnace.

This pinnace, friends, which here you see,
Avers erewhile she used to be
Unmatched for speed, and could outstrip
Triumphantly the fastest ship
That ever swam, or breasted gale,
Alike with either oar or sail.
And this, she says, her haughty boast,
The stormy Adriatic coast,
The Cyclad islands, Rhodes the grand,
Rude Thrace, the wild Propontic strand,
Will never venture to gainsay;

Nor yet the Euxine's cruel bay,
Where in her early days she stood,
This bark to be, a shaggy wood;
For from her vocal locks full oft,
Where o'er Cytorus far aloft
The fitful mountain-breezes blow,
She piped and whistled loud or low.

To thee, Amastris, on thy rocks,
To thee, Cytorus, clad with box,
Has long been known, my bark avers,
This little history of hers.

In her first youth, she doth protest,
She stood upon your topmost crest,
First in your waters dipped her oars,
First bore her master from your shores
Anon unscathed o'er many a deep,
In sunshine and in storm to sweep;

Whether the breezes, as she flew,
From larboard or from starboard blew,
Or with a wake of foam behind,
She scudded full before the wind.
Nor to the gods of ocean e'er
For her was offered vow or prayer,
Though from yon farthest ocean drear
She came to this calm crystal mere.

But these are things of days gone past.
Now, anchored here in peace at last,
To grow to hoary age, lies she,
And dedicates herself to thee,
Who hast alway her guardian been,
Twin Castor, and thy brother twin!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

An Invitation to Dinner.

If the gods will, Fabullus mine,
With me right heartily you'll dine.
Bring but good cheer — that chance is thine
Some days hereafter;
Mind, a fair girl too, wit, and wine,
And merry laughter.

Bring these — you'll feast on kingly fare;
But bring them — for my purse — I swear
The spiders have been weaving there;
But thee I'll favor
With a pure love, or what's more rare,
More sweet of savor,

An unguent I'll before you lay
The Loves and Graces t'other day
Gave to my girl — smell it — you'll pray
The gods, Fabullus,
To make you turn all nose straightway.
Yours aye, Catullus.

— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

A Brother's Grave.

Brother! o'er many lands and oceans borne,
I reach thy grave, death's last sad rite to pay;
To call thy silent dust in vain, and mourn,
Since ruthless fate has hurried thee away:

Woe's me! yet now upon thy tomb I lay —
All soaked with tears for thee, thee loved so well —
What gifts our fathers gave the honored clay
Of valued friends; take them, my grief they tell:
And now, forever hail! forever fare thee well!
— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

Farewell to His Fellow-Officers.

The milder breath of Spring is nigh;
The stormy equinoctial sky
To Zephyr's gentle breezes yields.
Behind me soon the Phrygian fields,
Nicæa's sun-beat realm, shall lie.
To Asia's famous towns we'll hie.
My heart, that craves to wander free,
Throbs even now expectantly.
With zeal my joyous feet are strong;
Farewell, dear comrades, loved so long!
Afar together did we roam;
Now ways diverse shall lead us home.
— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

Verses from an Epithalamium.

And now, ye gates, your wings unfold!
The virgin draweth nigh. Behold
The torches, how upon the air
They shake abroad their gleaming hair!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

But lost in shame and maiden fears,
She stirs not, — weeping, as she hears
The friends that to her tears reply, —
"Thou must advance, the hour is nigh!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!"

Dry up thy tears! For well I trow,
No woman lovelier than thou,
Aurunculeia, shall behold
The day all panoplied in gold,
And rosy light uplift his head
Above the shimmering ocean's bed!

As in some rich man's garden-plot,
With flowers of every hue inwrought,

Stands peerless forth with drooping brow
The hyacinth, so standest thou!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

. . . . . .

Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half-open on his father smile.

And oh! may he in all be like
Manlius his sire, and strike
Strangers, when the boy they meet,
As his father's counterfeit,
And his face the index be
Of his mother's chastity!

Him, too, such fair fame adorn,
Son of such a mother born,
That the praise of both entwined
Call Telemachus to mind,
With her who nursed him on her knee,
Unparagoned Penelope!

Now, virgins, let us shut the door!
Enough we've toyed, enough and more!
But fare ye well, ye loving pair,
We leave ye to each other's care;
And blithely let your hours be sped
In joys of youth and lustyhed!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Love is All.

Let us, Lesbia darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.

A thousand kisses grant me, sweet:
With a hundred these complete;
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry one
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation;
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow.

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer;
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirruped with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus's gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

"Fickle and Changeable Ever."

Never a soul but myself, though Jove himself were to woo her,
Lesbia says she would choose, might she have me for her mate.
Says — but what woman will say to a lover on fire to possess her,
Write on the bodiless wind, write on the stream as it runs.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Two Chords.

I HATE and love — the why I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.
— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Last Word to Lesbia.

O Furius and Aurelius! comrades sweet!
Who to Ind's farthest shore with me would roam,
Where the far-sounding Orient billows beat
Their fury into foam;

Or to Hyrcania, balm-breathed Araby,
The Sacian's or the quivered Parthian's land,
Or where seven-mantled Nile's swoll'n waters dye
The sea with yellow sand;

Or cross the lofty Alpine fells, to view
Great Cæsar's trophied fields, the Gallic Rhine,
The paint-smeared Briton race, grim-visaged crew,
Placed by earth's limit line;

To all prepared with me to brave the way,
To dare whate'er the eternal gods decree —
These few unwelcome words to her convey
Who once was all to me.

Still let her revel with her godless train,
Still clasp her hundred slaves to passion's thrall,
Still truly love not one, but ever drain
The life-blood of them all.

Nor let her more my once fond passion heed,
For by her faithlessness 'tis blighted now,
Like flow'ret on the verge of grassy mead
Crushed by the passing plow.
— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

His Country House at Sirmio.

O BEST of all the scattered spots that lie
In sea or lake — apple of landscape's eye!
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!

Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart:
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosened limbs o'er the all-wished-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil. —
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master's come!
Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home.

— *Translation of* LEIGH HUNT.

ON HIS OWN LOVE.

I LOVE thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

— *Translation of* MOORE.

SAPPHO'S ODE.

BLEST as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

— *Translation of* AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

William Caxton, the first English printer, born about 1422; died about 1492. Few details of his life are known. He says: "I was born and lerned myn englissh in Kente in the weeld, where I doubt not is spoken as brode and rude englissh as is in ony place of englond." He thanks his parents for giving him a good education. In 1438 he was apprenticed to a merchant, upon whose death he went to Bruges, where he entered into business for himself, became governor of a Company of Merchant Adventurers, and was twice sent to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy concerning the wool-trade. In 1471 he entered the service of Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy. About this time he learned the art of printing. The first book printed in English was "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," the translation of which Caxton had begun in 1469, and had finished after he entered the service of the Duchess. The year of his return to England is uncertain. "The Game and Playe of Chesse Moralised," printed in 1474, is said to have come from his press at Westminster; but the first book known certainly to have been printed in England is the "Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers," which bears the date 1477. No fewer than ninety-nine works, many of them translated into English by Caxton, are known to have been printed by him. Among them are "The Chronicles of England" (1480); "Description of Britayne" (1480); "The History of Reynart, the Foxe" (1481); "Confessio Amantis" (1483); "The Golden Legende" (1483); "The Knyghte of the Toure" (1484); "The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope" (1484); "The Lyf of Charles the Grete" (1485); "The Book of Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye" (1489), and "The Arte and Crafte to Know Well to Dye" (1490). Caxton's industry ceased only with life. The translation of the "Vitæ Patrum" was completed by him a few hours before he died.

The Two Masters of Arts.

(Fable told by Caxton at the end of Æsop's Fables.)

Now, then, I will finish all these fables with this tale that followeth, which a worshipful priest and a parson told me late:

He said that there were dwelling at Oxenford two priests, both Masters of Arts — of whom that one was quick and could put himself forth; and that other was a good, simple priest. And so it happened that the master that was pert and quick was anon promoted to a benefice or twain, and after to prebends, and for to be a dean of a great prince o' chapel, supposing and weening that his fellow, the simple priest, should never be promoted, but be always an annual, or, at the most, a parish priest. So after a long time that this worshipful man, this dean, came running into a good parish with five or seven horses, like a prelate, and came into the church of the said parish, and found there this good, simple man, sometime his fellow, which came and welcomed him lowly. And that other bade him "Good morrow, Master John," and took him slightly by the hand, and axed him where he dwelt. And the good man said, "In this parish." "How," said he, "are ye here a sole priest, or a parish priest?" "Nay, sir," said he, "for lack of a better, though I be not able nor worthy, I am parson and curate of this parish." And then that other vailed [lowered] his bonnet, and said, "Master Parson, I pray you to be not displeased; I had supposed ye had not been beneficed. But, master," said he, "I pray you what is this benefice worth to you a year?" "Forsooth," said the good, simple man, "I wot never; for I never make accompts thereof, how well I have had it four or five years." "And know ye not," said he, "what it is worth? — it should seem a good benefice." "No, forsooth," said he, "but I wot well what it shall be worth to me." "Why," said he, "what shall it be worth?" "Forsooth," said he, "if I do my true dealing in the cure of my parishes in preaching and teaching, and do my part belonging to my cure, I shall have heaven therefore. And if their souls be lost, or any of them by my default, I shall be punished therefore. And hereof I am sure." And with that word the rich dean was abashed: and thought he should be the better, and take more heed to his cures and benefices than he had done. This was a good answer of a good priest and an honest. And herewith I finish this book, translated and imprinted by me, William Caxton.

BENVENVTO·CELLINI·
E. Deveria

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine artist, whose "Autobiography" is a famous Italian classic, was born Nov. 10, 1500; died Feb. 13, 1571. He served an apprenticeship with a jeweler and goldsmith, and at the same time applied himself to the study of drawing, engraving, and music. He was appointed by Clement VII. his goldsmith and musician. Being of a very turbulent disposition he was frequently engaged in quarrels. He distinguished himself by his courage in defending the citadel of Rome against the Constable Bourbon, whom he says he killed. He also defended the Castle of St. Angelo; and the Prince of Orange, he declares, was killed by the ball which was shot from a cannon he had directed. On the death of Clement VII., in 1534, he returned to Florence, whence he went to France, where he was patronized by Francis I. He revisited Rome, where he was confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, on the charge of having robbed the fortress of a considerable treasure. He escaped, but was retaken, and suffered great hardships until released by the mediation of Cardinal Ferrara. He then revisited France, where he executed some fine works of sculpture and cast large figures in metal. After staying there five years he returned to his own country, and was employed by the Grand Duke Cosmo de Medici, who gave him a studio, where he commenced his great work "Perseus." Cellini's fame was now established, and he spent the remainder of his days in Florence. He worked equally well in marble and metal, and wrote a treatise on the goldsmith's art, and another on sculpture and the casting of metals. His "Autobiography," having long circulated in manuscript, was printed in 1730.

A Necklace of Pearls.

(From the "Memoirs": Symonds's Translation.)

I must beg your attention now, most gracious reader, for a very terrible event which happened.

I used the utmost diligence and industry to complete my statue, and went to spend my evenings in the Duke's wardrobe,

assisting there the goldsmiths who were working for his Excellency. Indeed, they labored mainly on designs which I had given them. Noticing that the Duke took pleasure in seeing me at work and talking with me, I took it into my head to go there sometimes also by day. It happened upon one of those days that his Excellency came as usual to the room where I was occupied, and more particularly because he heard of my arrival. His Excellency entered at once into conversation, raising several interesting topics, upon which I gave my views so much to his entertainment that he showed more cheerfulness than I had ever seen in him before. All of a sudden one of his secretaries appeared, and whispered something of importance in his ear; whereupon the Duke rose, and retired with the official into another chamber.

Now the Duchess had sent to see what his Excellency was doing, and her page brought back this answer: — "The Duke is talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and is in excellent good humor." When the Duchess heard this, she came immediately to the wardrobe, and not finding the Duke there, took a seat beside us. After watching us at work a while, she turned to me with the utmost graciousness, and showed me a necklace of large and really very fine pearls. On being asked by her what I thought of them, I said it was in truth a very handsome ornament. Then she spoke as follows: — "I should like the Duke to buy them for me; so I beg you, my dear Benvenuto, to praise them to him as highly as you can." At these words I disclosed my mind to the Duchess with all the respect I could, and answered: — "My lady, I thought this necklace of pearls belonged already to your illustrious Excellency. Now that I am aware you have not yet acquired them, it is right, nay more, it is my duty, to utter what I might otherwise have refrained from saying; namely, that my mature professional experience enables me to detect very grave faults in the pearls, and for this reason I could never advise your Excellency to purchase them."

She replied: — "The merchant offers them for six thousand crowns; and were it not for some of those trifling defects you speak of, the rope would be worth over twelve thousand."

To this I replied that, even were the necklace of quite flawless quality, I could not advise any one to bid up to five thousand crowns for it: for pearls are not gems; pearls are but fishes' bones, which in the course of time must lose their freshness. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on the con-

trary, never grow old; these four are precious stones, and these it is right to purchase. When I had thus spoken, the Duchess showed some signs of irritation, and exclaimed, "I have a mind to possess these pearls; so prithee, take them to the Duke and praise them up to the skies; even if you have to use some words beyond the bounds of truth, speak them to do me service; it will be well for you!"

I have always been the greatest friend of truth and foe of lies; yet compelled by necessity, unwilling to lose the favor of so great a princess, I took those confounded pearls sorely against my inclination, and went with them over to the other room, whither the Duke had withdrawn. No sooner did he set eyes upon me than he cried, "O Benvenuto, what are you about here?" I uncovered the pearls and said, "My lord, I am come to show you a most splendid necklace of pearls, of the rarest quality, and truly worthy of your Excellency; I do not believe it would be possible to put together eighty pearls which could show better than these do in a necklace. My counsel therefore is that you should buy them, for they are in good sooth miraculous." He responded on the instant, "I do not choose to buy them; they are not pearls of the quality and goodness you affirm; I have seen the necklace, and they do not please me." Then I added, "Pardon me, Prince! These pearls exceed in rarity and beauty any which were ever brought together for a necklace." The Duchess had risen, and was standing behind a door listening to all I said. Well, when I had praised the pearls a thousandfold more warmly than I have described above, the Duke turned toward me with a kindly look, and said, "O my dear Benvenuto, I know that you have an excellent judgment in all these matters. If the pearls are as rare as you certify, I should not hesitate about their purchase; partly to gratify the Duchess and partly to possess them, seeing I have always need of such things, not so much for her Grace as for the various uses of my sons and daughters." When I heard him speak thus, having once begun to tell fibs, I stuck to them with even greater boldness; I gave all the color of truth I could to my lies, confiding in the promise of the Duchess to help me at the time of need. More than two hundred crowns were to be my commission on the bargain, and the Duchess had intimated that I should receive so much; but I was firmly resolved not to touch a farthing, in order to secure my credit, and convince the Duke I was not prompted by avarice. Once more his Excellency

began to address me with the greatest courtesy: "I know that you are a consummate judge of these things; therefore, if you are the honest man I always thought you, tell me now the truth." Thereat I flushed up to my eyes, which at the same time filled with tears, and said to him, "My lord, if I tell your most illustrious Excellency the truth, I shall make a mortal foe of the Duchess; this will oblige me to depart from Florence, and my enemies will begin at once to pour contempt upon my Perseus, which I have announced as a masterpiece to the most noble school of your illustrious Excellency. Such being the case, I recommend myself to your most illustrious Excellency."

The Duke was now aware that all my previous speeches had been, as it were, forced out of me. So he rejoined, "If you have confidence in me, you need not stand in fear of anything whatever." I recommenced, "Alas! my lord, what can prevent this coming to the ears of the Duchess?" The Duke lifted his hand in sign of troth-pledge and exclaimed, "Be assured that what you say will be buried in a diamond casket." To this engagement upon honor I replied by telling the truth according to my judgment, namely, that the pearls were not worth above two thousand crowns. The Duchess, thinking we had stopped talking, for we now were speaking in as low a voice as possible, came forward and began as follows: — "My lord, do me the favor to purchase this necklace, because I have set my heart on them, and your Benvenuto here has said he never saw a finer row of pearls." The Duke replied, "I do not choose to buy them." — "Why, my lord, will not your excellency gratify me by buying them?" — "Because I do not care to throw my money out of the window." The Duchess recommenced, "What do you mean by throwing your money away, when Benvenuto, in whom you place such well-merited confidence, has told me that they would be cheap at over three thousand crowns?" Then the Duke said, "My lady! my Benvenuto here has told me that if I purchase this necklace I shall be throwing my money away, inasmuch as the pearls are neither round nor well-matched, and some of them are quite faded. To prove that this is so, look here! look there! consider this one and then that. The necklace is not the sort of thing for me." At these words the Duchess cast a glance of bitter spite at me, and retired with a threatening nod of her head in my direction. I felt tempted to pack off at once, and bid farewell to Italy. Yet my Perseus being all but finished, I did not like to leave without exposing

it to public view. But I ask every one to consider in what a grievous plight I found myself!

How Benvenuto Lost His Brother.

My brother at this period was also in Rome, serving Duke Alessandro, on whom the Pope had recently conferred the duchy of Penna. This prince kept in his service a multitude of soldiers, worthy fellows, brought up to valor in the school of that famous general Giovanni de' Medici; and among these was my brother, whom the Duke esteemed as highly as the bravest of them. One day my brother went after dinner to the shop of a man called Baccino della Croce, in the Banchi, which all those men-at-arms frequented. He had flung himself upon a settee and was sleeping. Just then the guard of the Bargello passed by; they were taking to prison a certain Captain Cisti, a Lombard, who had also been a member of Giovanni's troop, but was not in the service of the Duke. The captain, Cattivanza degli Strozzi, chanced to be in the same shop; and when Cisti caught sight of him he whispered, "I was bringing you those crowns I owed; if you want them, come for them before they go with me to prison." Now Cattivanza had a way of putting his neighbors to the push, not caring to hazard his own person. So, finding there around him several young fellows of the highest daring, more eager than apt for so serious an enterprise, he bade them catch up Captain Cisti and get the money from him, and if the guard resisted, overpower the men, provided they had pluck enough to do so.

The young men were but four, and all four of them without a beard. The first was called Bertino Aldobrandi, another Anguillotto of Lucca; I cannot recall the names of the rest. Bertino had been trained like a pupil by my brother, and my brother felt the most unbounded love for him. So then off dashed the four brave lads and came up with the guard of the Bargello, — upwards of fifty constables, counting pikes, arquebuses, and two-handed swords. After a few words they drew their weapons, and the four boys so harried the guard that if Captain Cattivanza had but shown his face, without so much as drawing, they would certainly have put the whole pack to flight. But delay spoiled all: for Bertino received some ugly wounds and fell; at the same time Anguillotto was also hit in the right arm, and being unable to use his sword, got out of the fray as well as he

was able. The others did the same. Bertino Aldobrandi was lifted from the ground seriously injured.

While these things were happening we were all at table; for that morning we had dined more than an hour later than usual. On hearing the commotion one of the old man's sons, the elder, rose from table to go and look at the scuffle. He was called Giovanni; and I said to him, "For Heaven's sake don't go! In such matters one is always certain to lose, while there is nothing to be gained." His father spoke to like purpose, "Pray, my son, don't go!" But the lad, without heeding any one, ran down the stairs. Reaching the Banchi, where the great scrimmage was, and seeing Bertino lifted from the ground, he ran towards home, and met my brother Cecchino on the way, who asked what was the matter. Though some of the bystanders signed to Giovanni not to tell Cecchino, he cried out like a madman how it was that Bertino Aldobrandi had been killed by the guard. My poor brother gave vent to a bellow which might have been heard ten miles away. Then he turned to Giovanni; "Ah me! but could you tell me which of those men killed him for me?" Giovanni said yes, that it was a man who had a big two-handed sword, with a blue feather in his bonnet. My poor brother rushed ahead, and having recognized the homicide by those signs, he threw himself with all his dash and spirit into the middle of the band, and before his man could turn on guard, ran him right through the guts, and with the sword's hilt thrust him to the ground. Then he turned upon the rest with such energy and daring that his one arm was on the point of putting the whole band to flight, had it not been that while wheeling round to strike an arquebusier, this man fired in self-defense and hit the brave unfortunate young fellow above the knee of his right leg. While he lay stretched upon the ground the constables scrambled off in disorder as fast as they were able, lest a pair to my brother should arrive upon the scene.

Noticing that the tumult was not subsiding, I too rose from table, and girding on my sword — for everybody wore one then — I went to the bridge of Sant' Agnolo, where I saw a group of several men assembled. On my coming up and being recognized by some of them, they gave way before me and showed me what I least of all things wished to see, albeit I made mighty haste to view the sight. On the instant I did not know Cecchino, since he was wearing a different suit of clothes from

that in which I had lately seen him. Accordingly he recognized me first and said, "Dearest brother, do not be upset by my grave accident: it is only what might be expected in my profession; get me removed from here at once, for I have but few hours to live." They had acquainted me with the whole event while he was speaking, in brief words befitting such occasion. So I answered, "Brother, this is the greatest sorrow and the greatest trial that could happen to me in the whole course of my life. But be of good cheer; for before you lose sight of him who did the mischief, you shall see yourself revenged by my hand." Our words on both sides were to the purport, but of the shortest.

The guard was now about fifty paces from us; for Maffio, their officer, had made some of them turn back to take up the corporal my brother killed. Accordingly, I quickly traversed that short space, wrapped in my cape, which I had tightened round me, and came up with Maffio, whom I should most certainly have murdered; for there were plenty of people round, and I had wound my way among them. With the rapidity of lightning I had half drawn my sword from the sheath, when Berlinghier Berlinghieri, a young man of the greatest daring and my good friend, threw himself from behind upon my arms; he had four other fellows of like kidney with him, who cried out to Maffio, "Away with you, for this man here alone was killing you!" He asked, "who is he?" and they answered, "Own brother to the man you see there." Without waiting to hear more, he made haste for Torre di Nona; and they said, "Benvenuto, we prevented you against your will, but did it for your good; now let us go to succor him who must die shortly." Accordingly we turned and went back to my brother, whom I had at once conveyed into a house. The doctors who were called in consultation treated him with medicaments, but could not decide to amputate the leg which might perhaps have saved him.

As soon as his wound had been dressed, Duke Alessandro appeared and most affectionately greeted him. My brother had not as yet lost consciousness; so he said to the Duke, "My lord, this only grieves me, that your Excellency is losing a servant than whom you may perchance find men more valiant in the profession of arms, but none more lovingly and loyally devoted to your service than I have been." The Duke bade him do all he could to keep alive; for the rest, he well knew him to be a

man of worth and courage. He then turned to his attendants, ordering them to see that the brave young fellow wanted for nothing.

When he was gone, my brother lost blood so copiously — for nothing could be done to stop it — that he went off his head and kept raving all the following night, with the exception that once, when they wanted to give him the communion, he said, "You would have done well to confess me before; now it is impossible that I should receive the divine sacrament in this already ruined frame; it will be enough if I partake of it by the divine virtue of the eyesight, whereby it shall be transmitted into my immortal soul, which only prays to Him for mercy and forgiveness." Having spoken thus, the Host was elevated; but he straightway relapsed into the same delirious ravings as before, pouring forth a torrent of the most terrible frenzies and horrible imprecations that the mind of man could imagine; nor did he cease once all that night until the day broke.

When the sun appeared above our horizon he turned to me and said, "Brother, I do not wish to stay here longer, for these fellows will end by making me do something tremendous, which may cause them to repent of the annoyance they have given me." Then he kicked out both his legs — the injured limb we had inclosed in a very heavy box — and made as though he would fling it across a horse's back. Turning his face round to me, he called out thrice, "Farewell, farewell!" and with the last word that most valiant spirit passed away.

At the proper hour, toward nightfall, I had him buried with due ceremony in the Church of the Florentines; and afterwards I erected to his memory a very handsome monument of marble, upon which I caused trophies and banners to be carved. I must not omit to mention that one of his friends had asked him who the man was that had killed him, and if he could recognize him; to which he answered that he could, and gave his description. My brother indeed attempted to prevent this coming to my ears; but I got it very well impressed upon my mind, as will appear in the sequel.

An Adventure in Necromancy.

It happened through a variety of singular accidents that I became intimate with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of very

elevated genius and well instructed in both Latin and Greek letters. In the course of conversation one day we were led to talk about the art of necromancy, apropos of which I said, "Throughout my whole life I have had the most intense desire to see or learn something of this art." Thereto the priest replied, "A stout soul and a steadfast must the man have who sets himself to such an enterprise." I answered that of strength and steadfastness of soul I should have enough and to spare, provided I found the opportunity. Then the priest said, "If you have the heart to dare it, I will amply satisfy your curiosity." Accordingly we agreed upon attempting the adventure.

The priest one evening made his preparations, and bade me find a comrade, or not more than two. I invited Vincenzio Romoli, a very dear friend of mine, and the priest took with him a native of Pistoja, who also cultivated the black art. We went together to the Coliseum; and there the priest, having arrayed himself in necromancer's robes, began to describe circles on the earth with the finest ceremonies that can be imagined. I must say that he had made us bring precious perfumes and fire, and also drugs of fetid odor. When the preliminaries were completed he made the entrance into the circle, and taking us by the hand, introduced us one by one inside it. Then he assigned our several functions; to the necromancer, his comrade, he gave the pentacle to hold; the other two of us had to look after the fire and the perfumes; and then he began his incantations. This lasted more than an hour and a half; when several legions appeared, and the Coliseum was all full of devils. I was occupied with the precious perfumes, and when the priest perceived in what numbers they were present he turned to me and said, "Benvenuto, ask them something." I called on them to reunite me with my Sicilian Angelica. That night we obtained no answer; but I enjoyed the greatest satisfaction of my curiosity in such matters. The necromancer said that we should have to go a second time, and that I should obtain the full accomplishment of my request; but he wished me to bring with me a little boy of pure virginity.

I chose one of my shop-lads, who was about twelve years old, and invited Vincenzio Romoli again; and we also took a certain Agnolino Gaddi, who was a very intimate friend of both. When we came once more to the place appointed, the necromancer made just the same preparations, attended by the same and even more impressive details. Then he introduced us

into the circle, which he had reconstructed with art more admirable and yet more wondrous ceremonies. Afterwards he appointed my friend Vincenzio to the ordering of the perfumes and the fire, and with him Agnolino Gaddi. He next placed in my hand the pentacle, which he bid me turn toward the points he indicated, and under the pentacle I held the little boy, my workman. Now the necromancer began to utter those awful invocations, calling by name on multitudes of demons who are captains of their legions, and these he summoned by the virtue and potency of God, the Uncreated, Living, and Eternal, in phrases of the Hebrew, and also of the Greek and Latin tongues; insomuch that in a short space of time the whole Coliseum was full of a hundredfold as many as had appeared upon the first occasion. Vincenzio Romoli, together with Agnolino, tended the fire and heaped on quantities of precious perfumes. At the advice of the necromancer I again demanded to be reunited with Angelica. The sorcerer turned to me and said, "Hear you what they have replied — that in the space of one month you will be where she is?" Then once more he prayed me to stand firm by him, because the legions were a thousandfold more than he had summoned, and were the most dangerous of all the denizens of hell; and now that they had settled what I had asked, it behoved us to be civil to them and dismiss them gently. On the other side, the boy, who was beneath the pentacle, shrieked out in terror that a million of the fiercest men were swarming round and threatening us. He said moreover that four huge giants had appeared, who were striving to force their way inside the circle. Meanwhile the necromancer, trembling with fear, kept doing his best with mild and soft persuasions to dismiss them. Vincenzio Romoli, who quaked like an aspen-leaf, looked after the perfumes. Though I was quite as frightened as the rest of them, I tried to show it less, and inspired them all with marvelous courage; but the truth is that I had given myself up for dead when I saw the terror of the necromancer. The boy had stuck his head between his knees, exclaiming, "This is how I will meet death, for we are certainly dead men." Again I said to him, "These creatures are all inferior to us, and what you see is only smoke and shadow; so then raise your eyes." When he had raised them he cried out, "The whole Coliseum is in flames, and the fire is advancing on us;" then covering his face with his hands, he groaned again that he was dead, and that he could not endure

the sight longer. The necromancer appealed for my support, entreating me to stand firm by him, and to have asafetida flung upon the coals; so I turned to Vincenzio Romoli, and told him to make the fumigation at once. While uttering these words I looked at Agnolino Gaddi, whose eyes were starting from their sockets in his terror, and who was more than half dead, and said to him, "Agnolo, in time and place like this we must not yield to fright, but do the utmost to bestir ourselves; therefore up at once, and fling a handful of that asafetida upon the fire." . . . The boy, roused by that great stench and noise, lifted his face a little, and hearing me laugh, he plucked up courage, and said the devils were taking to flight tempestuously. So we abode thus until the matin bells began to sound. Then the boy told us again that but few remained, and those were at a distance. When the necromancer had concluded his ceremonies he put off his wizard's robe, and packed up a great bundle of books which he had brought with him; then all together we issued with him from the circle, huddling as close as we could to one another, especially the boy, who had got into the middle, and taken the necromancer by his gown and me by the cloak. All the while that we were going toward our houses in the Banchi he kept saying that two of the devils he had seen in the Coliseum were gamboling in front of us, skipping now along the roofs and now upon the ground. The necromancer assured me that as often as he had entered magic circles, he had never met with such a serious affair as this. He also tried to persuade me to assist him in consecrating a book, by means of which we should extract immeasurable wealth, since we could call up fiends to show us where treasures were, whereof the earth is full; and after this wise we should become the richest of mankind: love affairs like mine were nothing but vanities and follies without consequence. I replied that if I were a Latin scholar I should be very willing to do what he suggested. He continued to persuade me by arguing that Latin scholarship was of no importance, and that if he wanted, he could have found plenty of good Latinists; but that he had never met with a man of soul so firm as mine, and that I ought to follow his counsel. Engaged in this conversation, we reached our homes, and each one of us dreamed all that night of devils.

As we were in the habit of meeting daily, the necromancer kept urging me to join in his adventure. Accordingly I asked

him how long it would take, and where we should have to go. To this he answered that we might get through with it in less than a month, and that the most suitable locality for the purpose was the hill country of Norcia: a master of his in the art had indeed consecrated such a book quite close to Rome, at a place called the Badia di Farfa; but he had met with some difficulties there, which would not occur in the mountains of Norcia: the peasants also of that district are people to be trusted, and have some practice in these matters, so that at a pinch they are able to render valuable assistance.

This priestly sorcerer moved me so by his persuasions that I was well disposed to comply with his request; but I said I wanted first to finish the medals I was making for the Pope. I had confided what I was doing about them to him alone, begging him to keep my secret. At the same time I never stopped asking him if he believed that I should be reunited to my Sicilian Angelica at the time appointed; for the date was drawing near, and I thought it singular that I heard nothing about her. The necromancer told me that it was quite certain I should find myself where she was, since the devils never break their word when they promise, as they did on that occasion; but he bade me keep my eyes open and be on the lookout against some accident which might happen to me in that connection, and put restraint upon myself to endure somewhat against my inclination, for he could discern a great and imminent danger in it: well would it be for me if I went with him to consecrate the book, since this would avert the peril that menaced me and would make us both most fortunate.

I was beginning to hanker after the adventure more than he did; but I said that a certain Maestro Giovanni of Castel Bolognese had just come to Rome, very ingenious in the art of making medals of the sort I made in steel, and that I thirsted for nothing more than to compete with him and take the world by storm with some great masterpiece, which I hoped would annihilate all those enemies of mine by the force of genius and not the sword. The sorcerer on his side went on urging, "Nay, prithee, Benvenuto, come with me and shun a great disaster which I see impending over you." However, I had made my mind up, come what would, to finish my medal, and we were now approaching the end of the month. I was so absorbed and enamored by my work that I thought no more about Angelica or anything of that kind, but gave my whole self up to it.

Benvenuto Loses Self-Control under Severe Provocation.

It happened one day, close on the hours of vespers, that I had to go, at an unusual time for me, from my house to my workshop; for I ought to say that the latter was in the Banchi, while I lived behind the Banchi, and went rarely to the shop; all my business there I left in the hands of my partner, Felice. Having stayed a short while in the workshop, I remembered that I had to say something to Alessandro del Bene. So I arose, and when I reached the Banchi, I met a man called Ser Benedetto, who was a great friend of mine. He was a notary, born in Florence, son of a blind man who said prayers about the streets for alms, and a Sienese by race. This Ser Benedetto had been very many years in Naples; afterwards he had settled in Rome, where he transacted business for some Sienese merchants of the Chigi. My partner had over and over again asked him for some moneys which were due for certain little rings confided to Ser Benedetto. That very day, meeting him in the Banchi, he demanded his money rather roughly, as his wont was. Benedetto was walking with his masters, and they, annoyed by the interruption, scolded him sharply, saying they would be served by somebody else in order not to have to listen to such barking.

Ser Benedetto did the best he could to excuse himself, swore that he had paid the goldsmith, and said he had no power to curb the rage of madmen. The Sienese took his words ill, and dismissed him on the spot. Leaving them, he ran like an arrow to my shop, probably to take revenge upon Felice. It chanced that just in the middle of the street we met. I, who had heard nothing of the matter, greeted him most kindly, according to my custom, to which courtesy he replied with insults. Then what the sorcerer had said flashed all at once upon my mind; and bridling myself as well as I was able, in the way he bade me, I answered: —

"Good brother Benedetto, don't fly into a rage with me, for I have done you no harm, nor do I know anything about these affairs of yours. Please go and finish what you have to do with Felice. He is quite capable of giving you a proper answer; but inasmuch as I know nothing about it, you are wrong to abuse me in this way, especially as you are well aware that I am not the man to put up with insults."

He retorted that I knew everything, and that he was the man to make me bear a heavier load than that, and that Felice and I were two great rascals. By this time a crowd had gathered round to hear the quarrel. Provoked by his ugly words, I stooped and took up a lump of mud — for it had rained — and hurled it with a quick and unpremeditated movement at his face. He ducked his head, so that the mud hit him in the middle of the skull. There was a stone in it with several sharp angles, one of which striking him, he fell stunned like a dead man; whereupon all the bystanders, seeing the great quantity of blood, judged that he was really dead.

While he was still lying on the ground, and people were preparing to carry him away, Pompeo the jeweler passed by. The Pope had sent for him to give orders about some jewels. Seeing the fellow in such a miserable plight, he asked who had struck him; on which they told him, "Benvenuto did it, but the stupid creature brought it down upon himself." No sooner had Pompeo reached the Pope than he began to speak: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto has this very moment murdered Tobbia; I saw it with my own eyes." On this the Pope in a fury ordered the Governor, who was in the presence, to take and hang me at once in the place where the homicide had been committed; adding that he must do all he could to catch me, and not appear again before him until he had hanged me.

CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA.

Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra, a distinguished Spanish poet and novelist, born near Madrid, Spain, Oct. 9 (?), 1547; died there, April 23, 1616. He is said to have spent two years at the University of Salamanca, and to have studied afterward in Madrid. In 1568 he went to Italy in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, and distinguished himself at the naval battle of Lepanto, where his left hand was shattered by a gunshot. After five years of army life he was taken prisoner, and sent to Algiers, where he remained a captive for five years. He was at length ransomed by his friends, and reëntered the army, in which he continued to serve until 1583. He then began his literary career, his first work being a prose pastoral entitled "Galatea." In 1584 he married. During the next ten years he wrote about thirty dramas, of which only two survive. In 1588 he went to Seville as Commissioner to the Indian squadrons, and helped to victual the ships of the Spanish Armada. For several years after this time his life is involved in obscurity. He is said to have visited La Mancha, and to have been imprisoned there on a charge of malversation in office. It is also said that while in prison he conceived the idea of "Don Quixote." In 1603 he was living in Valladolid. In 1604 he published the first part of "Don Quixote," which ran through four editions in a single year. In 1613 he published "Novelas Exemplares," or "Didactic Tales," twelve stories which display a thorough acquaintance with every phase of Spanish life. The next year appeared Cervantes's most successful poem, a burlesque entitled "Viage al Parnassus," a volume of plays, and second part of "Don Quixote," which was published late in 1615. On the 4th of April, 1616, he entered the order of Franciscans, and died within three weeks.

Of the Counsels which Don Quixote Gave Sancho Panza before He Set out to Govern the Island, Together with other Well-Considered Matters.

(From "Don Quixote.")

The duke and duchess were so well pleased with the successful and droll result of the adventure of the Distressed One,

that they resolved to carry on the joke, seeing what a fit subject they had to deal with for making it all pass for reality. So having laid their plans and given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the next day, that following Clavileño's flight, the duke told Sancho to prepare and get ready to go and be governor, for his islanders were already looking out for him as for the showers of May.

Sancho made him an obeisance, and said, "Ever since I came down from heaven, and from the top of it beheld the earth, and saw how little it is, the great desire I had to be a governor has been partly cooled in me; for what is there grand in being ruler on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or authority in governing half a dozen men about as big as hazel nuts; for, so far as I could see, there were no more on the whole earth? If your lordship would be so good as to give me ever so small a bit of heaven, were it no more than half a league, I'd rather have it than the best island in the world."

"Take notice, friend Sancho," said the duke, "I cannot give a bit of heaven, no not so much as the breadth of my nail, to any one; rewards and favors of that sort are reserved for God alone. What I can give I give you, and that is a real, genuine island, compact, well-proportioned, and uncommonly fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to use your opportunities, you may, with the help of the world's riches, gain those of heaven."

"Well then," said Sancho, "let the island come; and I'll try and be such a governor, that in spite of scoundrels I'll go to heaven; and it's not from any craving to quit my own humble condition or better myself, but from the desire I have to try what it tastes like to be a governor."

"If you once make trial of it, Sancho," said the duke, "you'll eat your fingers off after the government, so sweet a thing is it to command and be obeyed. Depend upon it when your master comes to be emperor (as he will beyond a doubt from the course his affairs are taking), it will be no easy matter to wrest the dignity from him, and he will be sore and sorry at heart to have been so long without becoming one."

"Señor," said Sancho, "it is my belief it's a good thing to be in command, if it's only over a drove of cattle."

"May I be buried with you, Sancho," said the duke, "but you know everything; I hope you will make as good a governor as your sagacity promises, and that is all I have to say; and

now remember to-morrow is the day you must set out for the government of the island, and this evening they will provide you with the proper attire for you to wear, and all things requisite for your departure."

"Let them dress me as they like," said Sancho; "however I'm dressed I'll be Sancho Panza."

"That's true," said the duke; "but one's dress must be suited to the office or rank one holds; for it would not do for a jurist to dress like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go partly as a lawyer, partly as a captain, for, in the island I am giving you, arms are needed as much as letters, and letters as much as arms."

"Of letters I know but little," said Sancho, "for I don't even know the A B C; but it is enough for me to have the Christus[1] in my memory to be a good governor. As for arms, I'll handle those they give me till I drop, and then, God be my help!"

"With so good a memory," said the duke, "Sancho cannot go wrong in anything."

Here Don Quixote joined them; and learning what passed, and how soon Sancho was to go to his government, he with the duke's permission took him by the hand, and retired to his room with him for the purpose of giving him advice as to how he was to demean himself in his office. As soon as they had entered the chamber he closed the door after him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a quiet tone thus addressed him: "I give infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, that before I have met with any good luck, fortune has come forward to meet thee. I who counted upon my good fortune to discharge the recompense of thy services, find myself still waiting for advancement, while thou, before the time, and contrary to all reasonable expectation, seest thyself blessed in the fulfillment of thy desires. Some will bribe, beg, solicit, rise early, entreat, persist, without attaining the object of their suit; while another comes, and without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself invested with the place or office so many have sued for; and here it is that the common saying, 'There is good luck as well as bad luck in suits,' applies. Thou, who, to my thinking, art beyond all doubt a dullard, without early rising or night watching or taking any trouble, with the mere breath of

[1] The cross prefixed to the alphabet in schoolbooks; *no saber el Cristus*, is to know nothing at all.

knight-errantry that has breathed upon thee, seest thyself without more ado governor of an island, as though it were a mere matter of course. This I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not the favor thou hast received to thine own merits, but give thanks to Heaven that disposes matters beneficently, and secondly thanks to the great power the profession of knight-errantry contains in itself. With a heart, then, inclined to believe what I have said to thee, attend, my son, to thy Cato here [1] who would counsel thee, and be thy pole-star and guide to direct and pilot thee to a safe haven out of this stormy sea wherein thou art about to ingulf thyself; for offices and great trusts are nothing else but a mighty gulf of troubles.

"First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught.

"Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the mind can imagine. If thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost, the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly."

"That's the truth," said Sancho; "but that was when I was a boy; afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for not all who are governors come of a kingly stock."

"True," said Don Quixote, "and for that reason those who are not of noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.

"Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed no one will set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who, born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances enough to weary thee.

"Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who are born princes and lords, for blood is an

[1] i.e. Dionysius Cato, author of the "Disticha."

inheritance, but virtue an acquisition, and virtue has in itself a worth that blood does not possess.

"This being so, if perchance any one of thy kinsfolk should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of Heaven (which is not pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply with the laws of well-ordered nature.

"If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and instruct her, and strive to smooth down her natural roughness; for all that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a boorish stupid wife.

"If perchance thou art left a widower — a thing which may happen — and in virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one to serve thee for a hook, or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy 'won't have it;' for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge's wife receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling to account; where he will have to repay in death fourfold, items that in life he regarded as naught.

"Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favored by ignorant men who plume themselves on cleverness.

"Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

"Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises and presents of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

"When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost rigor of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

"If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

"If it should happen to thee to give judgment in the cause of one who is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on the justice of the case.

"Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and fortune.

"If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

"Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of thine objurgations.

"Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature, and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing; for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

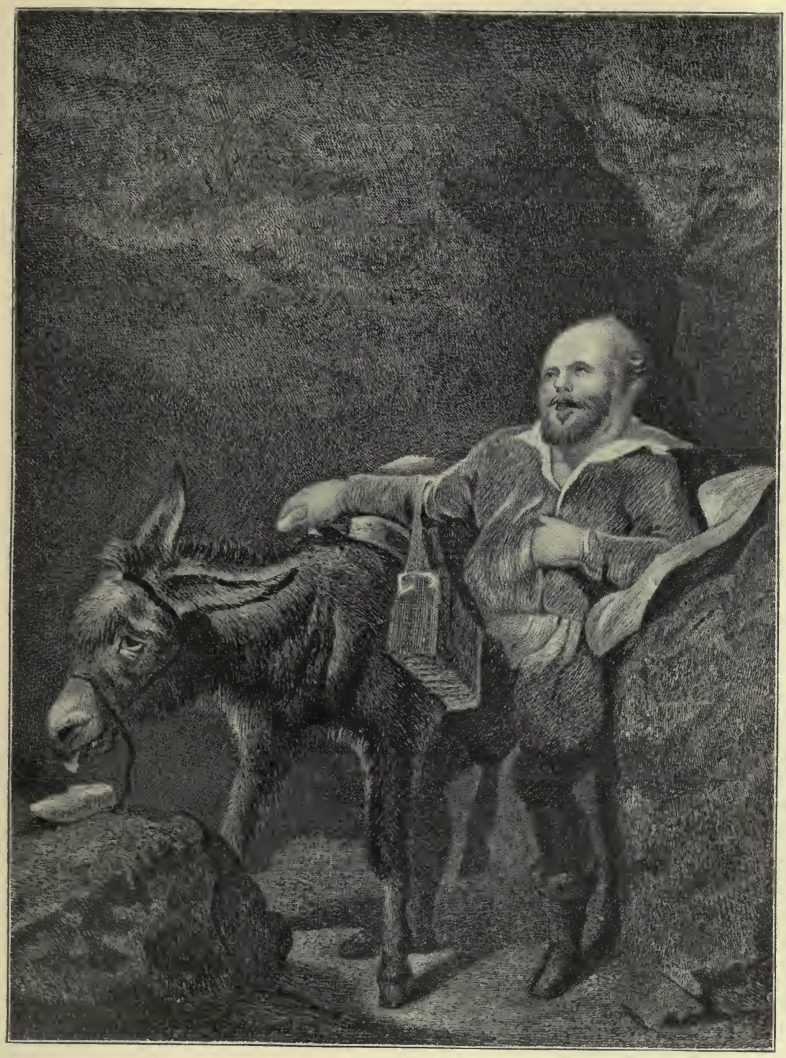
"If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be long, thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable; thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst; they and thy grandchildren will bear titles; thou wilt live in peace and concord with all men; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy great-grandchildren will close thine eyes.

"What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the adornment of thy mind; listen now to those which tend to that of the body."

Of the Second Set of Counsels Don Quixote Gave Sancho Panza.

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and unbiased understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these second counsels that he gave Sancho he showed himself to have a lively turn of humor, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom, and also his folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavored to fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant



SANCHO PANZA

From a Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

to follow them and by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say: —

"With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean, and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance makes them fancy that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons of a lizard-catching kestrel — a filthy and unnatural abuse.

"Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius Cæsar.

"Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and pages for earth; the vainglorious never think of this new mode of giving liveries.

"Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as to make it seem thou art listening to thyself; for all affectation is bad.

"Dine sparingly, and sup more sparingly still; for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

"Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps neither secrets nor promises.

"Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in anybody's presence."

"Eruct!" said Sancho; "I don't know what that means."

"To eruct, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "means to belch, and that is one of the filthiest words in the Spanish language, though a very expressive one; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin, and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations; and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be readily understood; that is the way a language is enriched; custom and the public are all-powerful there."

"In truth, señor," said Sancho, "one of the counsels and cautions I mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I'm constantly doing it."

"Eruct, Sancho, not belch," said Don Quixote.

"Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it," said Sancho.

"Likewise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou must not mingle such a quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost; for though proverbs are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and shoulders that they savor more of nonsense than of maxims."

"God alone can cure that," said Sancho; "for I have more proverbs in me than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out; that's why my tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the purpose. But I'll take care henceforward to use such as befit the dignity of my office; for 'in a house where there's plenty, supper is soon cooked,' and 'he who binds does not wrangle,' and 'the bell-ringer's in a safe berth,' and 'giving and keeping require brains.'"

"That's it, Sancho!" said Don Quixote; "pack, tack, string proverbs together; nobody is hindering thee! 'My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks.' I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are talking about as 'over the hills of Úbeda.' Mind, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable; but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes conversation dull and vulgar.

"When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the horse's belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others.

"Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother of good fortune, and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the object of an honest ambition.

"The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less useful to thee

than those I have given thee already, and it is this — never engage in a dispute about families, at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily one of those compared will be better than the other, and thou wilt be hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape from the one thou hast exalted.

"Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

"For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow, if thou take care to let me know how thou art circumstanced."

"Señor," said Sancho, "I see well enough that all these things your worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use will they be to me if I don't remember one of them? To be sure that about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the chance, will not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle, and jumble — I don't and can't recollect any more of it than of last year's clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can't either read or write, I'll give it to my confessor to drive it into me and remind me of it whenever it is necessary."

"Ah, sinner that I am!" said Don Quixote, "how bad it looks in governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee, Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou laborest under, and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name."

"I can sign my name well enough," said Sancho, "for when I was steward of the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name. Besides I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make some one else sign for me, for 'there's a remedy for everything except death'; and as I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover, 'he who has the alcalde for his father —,' and I'll be governor, and that's higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of me and abuse me; 'they'll come for wool and go

back shorn'; 'whom God loves, his house is sweet to him'; 'the silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world'; and as I'll be rich, being a governor, and at the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me. 'Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you'; 'as much as thou hast so much art thou worth,' as my grandmother used to say; and 'thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance.'"

"Oh, God's curse upon thee, Sancho!" here exclaimed Don Quixote; "sixty thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day, I promise thee; thy subjects will take the government from thee, or there will be revolts among them, all because of them. Tell me, where dost thou pick them up, thou booby? How dost thou apply them, thou blockhead? For with me, to utter one and make it apply properly, I have to sweat and labor as if I were digging."

"By God, master mine," said Sancho, "your worship is making a fuss about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of what is my own? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in trade except proverbs and more proverbs; and here are four just this instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a basket; but I won't repeat them, for 'Sage silence is called Sancho.'"

"That, Sancho, thou art not," said Don Quixote; "for not only art thou not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity; still I would like to know what four proverbs have just now come into thy memory, for I have been turning over mine own — and it is a good one — and not one occurs to me."

"What can be better," said Sancho, "than 'never put thy thumbs between two back teeth;' and 'to "*get out of my house*" and "*what do you want with my wife?*" there is no answer;' and 'whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's a bad business for the pitcher;' all which fit to a hair? For no one should quarrel with his governor, or him in authority over him, because he will come off the worst, as he does who puts his finger between two back teeth, and if they are not back teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to whatever the governor may say there's no answer, any more than to 'get out of my house' and 'what do you want with my

wife?' and then, as for that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So that he who sees the mote in another's eye had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of himself, 'the dead woman was frightened at the one with her throat cut;' and your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's."

"Nay, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or in anybody else's, for no wise structure of any sort can stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it, Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou wilt turn the whole island upside down, a thing I might prevent by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs and sauciness."

"Señor," said Sancho, "if your worship thinks I'm not fit for this government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of my soul is dearer to me than my whole body; and I can live just as well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges and capons; and what's more, while we're asleep we're all equal, great and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of governing; for I know no more about the government of islands than a buzzard; and if there's any reason to think that because of my being a governor the devil will get hold of me, I'd rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell."

"By God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for those last words thou hast uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge is worth anything; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the pursuit of thy main object; I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for Heaven always helps good intentions; and now let us go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady are waiting for us."

How Sancho Panza was Conducted to His Government, and of the Strange Adventure that Befell Don Quixote in the Castle.

Sancho at last set out attended by a great number of people. He was dressed in the garb of a lawyer, with a gaban of tawny watered camlet over all and a montera cap of the same material, and mounted *à la gineta* upon a mule. Behind him, in accordance with the duke's orders, followed Dapple with brand new ass-trappings and ornaments of silk, and from time to time Sancho turned round to look at his ass, so well pleased to have him with him that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany. On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess and got his master's blessing, which Don Quixote gave him with tears, and he received blubbering. Let worthy Sancho go in peace, and good luck to him, Gentle Reader; and look out for two bushels of laughter, which the account of how he behaved himself in office will give thee. In the meantime turn thy attention to what happened to his master the same night, and if thou dost not laugh thereat, at any rate thou wilt stretch thy mouth with a grin; for Don Quixote's adventures must be honored either with wonder or with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible for him to revoke the mandate and take away the government from him, he would have done so. The duchess observed his dejection and asked him why he was melancholy; because, she said, if it was for the loss of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would wait upon him to his full satisfaction.

"The truth is, señora," replied Don Quixote, "that I do feel the loss of Sancho; but that is not the main cause of my looking sad; and of all the offers your excellence makes me, I accept only the good-will with which they are made, and as to the remainder I entreat of your excellence to permit and allow me alone to wait upon myself in my chamber."

"Indeed, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that must not be; four of my damsels, as beautiful as flowers, shall wait upon you."

"To me," said Don Quixote, "they will not be flowers, but thorns to pierce my heart. They, or anything like them, shall

as soon enter my chamber as fly. If your highness wishes to gratify me still further, though I deserve it not, permit me to please myself, and wait upon myself in my own room; for I place a barrier between my inclinations and my virtue, and I do not wish to break this rule through the generosity your highness is disposed to display towards me; and, in short, I will sleep in my clothes, sooner than allow any one to undress me."

"Say no more, Señor Don Quixote, say no more," said the duchess; "I assure you I will give orders that not even a fly, not to say a damsel, shall enter your room. I am not the one to undermine the propriety of Señor Don Quixote, for it strikes me that among his many virtues the one that is preëminent is that of modesty. Your worship may undress and dress in private and in your own way, as you please and when you please, for there will be no one to hinder you; and in your chamber you will find all the utensils requisite to supply the wants of one who sleeps with his door locked, to the end that no natural needs compel you to open it. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her fame extend all over the surface of the globe, for she deserves to be loved by a knight so valiant and so virtuous; and may kind Heaven infuse zeal into the heart of our governor Sancho Panza to finish off his discipline speedily, so that the world may once more enjoy the beauty of so grand a lady."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Your highness has spoken like what you are; from the mouth of a noble lady nothing bad can come; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and better known to the world by the praise of your highness than by all the eulogies the greatest orators on earth could bestow upon her."

"Well, well, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "it is nearly supper-time, and the duke is probably waiting; come, let us go to supper, and retire to rest early, for the journey you made yesterday from Kandy was not such a short one but that it must have caused you some fatigue."

"I feel none, señora," said Don Quixote, "for I would go so far as to swear to your excellence that in all my life I never mounted a quieter beast, or a pleasanter paced one, than Clavileño; and I don't know what could have induced Malambruno to discard a steed so swift and so gentle, and burn it so recklessly as he did."

"Probably," said the duchess, "repenting of the evil he had

done to the Trifaldi and company, and others, and the crimes he must have committed as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to make away with all the instruments of his craft; and so burned Clavileño as the chief one, and that which mainly kept him restless, wandering from land to land; and by its ashes and the trophy of the placard the valor of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha is established forever."

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess; and having supped, retired to his chamber alone, refusing to allow any one to enter with him to wait on him, such was his fear of encountering temptations that might lead or drive him to forget his chaste fidelity to his lady Dulcinea; for he had always present to his mind the virtue of Amadis, that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind him, and by the light of two wax candles undressed himself, but as he was taking off his stockings — O disaster unworthy of such a personage! — there came a burst, not of sighs, or anything belying his delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy gentleman was beyond measure distressed, and just then he would have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk there; I say green silk, because the stockings were green.

Here Cid Hamet exclaimed as he was writing, "O poverty, poverty! I know not what could have possessed the great Cordovan poet to call thee 'holy gift ungratefully received.' Although a Moor, I know well enough from the intercourse I have had with Christians that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty; but for all that, I say he must have a great deal of godliness who can find any satisfaction in being poor; unless, indeed, it be the kind of poverty one of the greatest saints refers to, saying, 'possess all things as though ye possessed them not'; which is what they call poverty in spirit. But thou, that other poverty — for it is of thee I am speaking now — why dost thou love to fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth more than with other people? Why dost thou compel them to smear the cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons of their coats, one silk, another hair, and another glass? Why must their ruffs be always crinkled like endive leaves, and not crimped with a crimping iron?" (From this we may perceive the antiquity of starch and crimped ruffs.) Then he goes on: "Poor gentleman of good

family! always cockering up his honor, dining miserably and in secret, and making a hypocrite of the toothpick with which he sallies out into the street after eating nothing to oblige him to use it! Poor fellow, I say, with his nervous honor, fancying they perceive a league off the patch on his shoe, the sweat-stains on his hat, the shabbiness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!"

All this was brought home to Don Quixote by the bursting of his stitches; however, he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had left behind a pair of traveling boots, which he resolved to wear the next day. At last he went to bed, out of spirits and heavy at heart, as much because he missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to his stockings, the stitches of which he would have even taken up with silk of another color, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty a gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments. He put out the candles; but the night was warm and he could not sleep; he rose from his bed and opened slightly a grated window that looked out on a beautiful garden, and as he did so he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively, and those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words.

Of how the Great Sancho Panza Took Possession of His Island, and of how He Made a Beginning in Governing.

O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet stimulator of the water-coolers! Thymbræus here, Phœbus there, now archer, now physician, father of poetry, inventor of music; thou that always risest and, notwithstanding appearances, never settest! To thee, O Sun, by whose aid man begetteth man, to thee I appeal to help me and lighten the darkness of my wit that I may be able to proceed with scrupulous exactitude in giving an account of the great Sancho Panza's government; for without thee I feel myself weak, feeble, and uncertain.

To come to the point, then — Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of Barataria, either because the name of the

village was Barataria, or because of the joke by way of which the government had been conferred upon him. On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with great pomp they conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure of the new governor astonished all those who were not in the secret, and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him on it, and the duke's majordomo said to him, "It is an ancient custom of this island, señor governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to him, and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his answer the people take the measure of their new governor's wit, and hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly."

While the majordomo was making this speech Sancho was gazing at several large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could not read he asked what that was painted on the wall. The answer was, "Señor, there is written and recorded the day on which your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says, 'This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy it.'"

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.

"Your lordship," replied the majordomo; "for no other Panza but the one who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island."

"Well then, let me tell you, brother," said Sancho, "I haven't got the 'Don,' nor has any one of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father's name, and Sancho was my grandfather's, and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Doñas tacked on; I suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days I'll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the midges, they're so plenty. Let the majordomo

"They carried him to the Judgment Seat"

go on with his question, and I'll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or not."

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick, and the one who had no stick said, "Señor, some time ago I lent this good man ten gold-crowns in gold to gratify him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or of the payment, for he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he swears he returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before God."

"What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?" said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, "I admit, señor, that he lent them to me; but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly."

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not recollecting it, was every minute asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given him back the crown; and that from that time forth he would make no further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court. Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and observing too the resignation of the plaintiff,

Sancho buried his head in his bosom, and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his head and bade them call back the old man with the stick, for he had already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him he said, "Honest man, give me that stick, for I want it."

"Willingly," said the old man; "here it is, señor," and he put it into his hand.

Sancho took it and handing it to the other old man, said to him, "Go, and God be with you; for now you are paid."

"I, señor!" returned the old man; "why, is this cane worth ten gold-crowns?"

"Yes," said the governor, "or if not I am the greatest dolt in the world; now you will see whether I have got the head-piece to govern a whole kingdom;" and he ordered the cane to be broken in two, there, in the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold-crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the conclusion that the ten crowns were in the cane; he replied that, observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be fools; besides he had heard the curate himself mention just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be such a memory in all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming, "Justice, señor governor, justice! and if I don't get it on earth I'll go look for it in heaven. Señor governor of my soul, this wicked man caught me in the middle

of the fields here and used my body as if it was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me! got from me what I had kept these three-and-twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers; and I always as hard as an oak, and keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle me!"

"It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not," said Sancho; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in answer to the woman's charge.

He all in confusion made answer, "Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on the road with this good dame, and the devil who makes a coil and a mess out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here; she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to swear; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it."

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him; he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant; he obeyed trembling; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and praying to God for the long life and health of the señor governor who had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however, to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his purse, "Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her, by force even, and come back with it here;" and he did not say it to one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off at once like a flash of lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout was the woman's defense, she all the while crying out, "Justice from God and the world! see here,

señor governor, the shamelessness and boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him give me."

"And did he take it?" asked the governor.

"Take it!" said the woman; "I'd let my life be taken from me sooner than the purse. A pretty child I'd be! It's another sort of cat they must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels would not get it out of my grip; no, nor lions' claws; the soul from out of my body first!"

"She is right," said the man; "I own myself beaten and powerless; I confess I haven't the strength to take it from her;" and he let go his hold of her.

Upon this the governor said to the woman, "Let me see that purse, my worthy and sturdy friend." She handed it to him at once, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of force, "Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit and vigor in defending your body as you have shown in defending that purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don't show your face in all this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew."

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and the governor said to the man, "Honest man, go home with your money, and God speed you; and for the future, if you don't want to lose it, see that you don't take it into your head to yoke with anybody." The man thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor's judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm-laborer, and the other a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before him, and the tailor said, "Señor governor, this laborer and I come before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop yesterday (for saving everybody's presence I'm a passed tailor, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me, 'Señor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?' Measuring the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected — as I supposed,

and I supposed right — that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he would be at, and I said 'yes.' He, still following up his original unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I 'yes' after 'yes' until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; and I gave them to him, but he won't pay me for the making; on the contrary, he calls upon me to pay *him*, or else return his cloth."

"Is all this true, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes, señor," replied the man; "but will your worship make him show the five caps he has made me?"

"With all my heart," said the tailor; and drawing his hand from under his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon the five fingers of it, and said, "there are the five caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon my conscience I haven't a scrap of cloth left, and I'll let the work be examined by the inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit; Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, "It seems to me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded arguments, but only to give off-hand the judgment of an honest man; and so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the laborer the cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the jail, and let there be no more about it."

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer's purse excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; however, the governor's orders were after all executed. All this, having been taken down by his chronicler, was at once dispatched to the duke, who was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora's music, has pressing claims upon us now.

Wherein an Account is Given of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, together with the Incident of Basilio the Poor.

Scarce had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus time to dry the liquid pearls upon her golden locks with the heat of his

fervent rays, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his limbs, sprang to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; seeing which Don Quixote ere he roused him thus addressed him: "Happy thou, above all the dwellers on the face of the earth, that, without envying or being envied, sleepest with tranquil mind, and that neither enchanters persecute nor enchantments affright. Sleep, I say, and will say a hundred times, without any jealous thoughts of thy mistress to make thee keep ceaseless vigils, or any cares as to how thou art to pay the debts thou owest, or find to-morrow's food for thyself and thy needy little family, to interfere with thy repose. Ambition breaks not thy rest, nor doth this world's empty pomp disturb thee, for the utmost reach of thy anxiety is to provide for thy ass, since upon my shoulders thou hast laid the support of thyself, the counterpoise and burden that nature and custom have imposed upon masters. The servant sleeps and the master lies awake thinking how he is to feed him, advance him, and reward him. The distress of seeing the sky turn brazen, and withhold its needful moisture from the earth, is not felt by the servant, but by the master, who in time of scarcity and famine must support him who has served him in times of plenty and abundance."

To all this Sancho made no reply because he was asleep, nor would he have wakened up so soon as he did had not Don Quixote brought him to his senses with the butt of his lance. He awoke at last, drowsy and lazy, and casting his eyes about in every direction, observed, "There comes, if I don't mistake, from the direction of that arcade a steam and a smell a great deal more like fried rashers than galingale or thyme; a wedding that begins with smells like that, by my faith, ought to be plentiful and unstinting."

"Have done, thou glutton," said Don Quixote; "come, let us go and witness this bridal, and see what the rejected Basilio does."

"Let him do what he likes," returned Sancho; "he'd be poor and yet marry Quiteria. To make a grand match for himself, and he without a farthing; is that all he wants? Faith, señor, it's my opinion the poor man should be content with what he can get, and not go looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea. I will bet my arm that Camacho could bury Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as no doubt it is, what a fool Quiteria would be to refuse the fine dresses and jewels

Camacho must have given her and will give her, and take Basilio's bar-throwing and sword-play. They won't give a pint of wine at the tavern for a good cast of the bar or a neat thrust of the sword. Talents and accomplishments that can't be turned into money, let Count Dirlos have them; but when such gifts fall to one that has hard cash, I wish my condition of life was as becoming as they are. On a good foundation you can raise a good building, and the best foundation and groundwork in the world is money."

"For God's sake, Sancho," said Don Quixote here, "stop that harangue; it is my belief, if thou wert allowed to continue all thou beginnest every instant, thou wouldst have no time left for eating or sleeping; for thou wouldst spend it all in talking."

"If your worship had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we started from home this last time; one of them was that I was to be let say all I liked, so long as it was not against my neighbor or your worship's authority; and so far, it seems to me, I have not broken the said article."

"I remember no such article, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and even if it were so, I desire you to hold your tongue and come along; for the instruments we heard last night are already beginning to enliven the valleys again, and no doubt the marriage will take place in the cool of the morning, and not in the heat of the afternoon."

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rosinante and the pack-saddle on Dapple, they both mounted and at a leisurely pace entered the arcade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was a whole ox spitted on a whole elm-tree, and in the fire at which it was to be roasted there was burning a middling-sized mountain of fagots, and six stewpots that stood round the blaze had not been made in the ordinary mold of common pots, for they were six half wine-jars, each fit to hold the contents of a slaughter-house; they swallowed up whole sheep and hid them away in their insides without showing any more sign of them than if they were pigeons. Countless were the hares ready skinned and the plucked fowls that hung on the trees for burial in the pots, numberless the wildfowl and game of various sorts suspended from the branches that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wine-skins of over six gallons each, and all filled, as it proved afterwards, with generous wines. There were, besides,

piles of the whitest bread, like the heaps of corn one sees on the threshing-floors. There was a wall made of cheeses arranged like open brick-work, and two caldrons full of oil, bigger than those of a dyer's shop, served for cooking fritters, which when fried were taken out with two mighty shovels, and plunged into another caldron of prepared honey that stood close by. Of cooks and cook-maids there were over fifty, all clean, brisk, and blithe. In the capacious belly of the ox were a dozen soft little sucking-pigs, which, sewn up there, served to give it tenderness and flavor. The spices of different kinds did not seem to have been bought by the pound, but by the quarter, and all lay open to view in a great chest. In short, all the preparations made for the wedding were in rustic style, but abundant enough to feed an army.

Sancho observed all, contemplated all, and everything won his heart. The first to captivate and take his fancy were the pots, out of which he would have very gladly helped himself to a moderate pipkinful; then the wine-skins secured his affections; and lastly, the produce of the frying-pans, if, indeed, such imposing caldrons may be called frying-pans; and unable to control himself or bear it any longer, he approached one of the busy cooks and civilly but hungrily begged permission to soak a scrap of bread in one of the pots: to which the cook made answer, "Brother, this is not a day on which hunger is to have any sway, thanks to the rich Camacho; get down and look about for a ladle and skim off a hen or two, and much good may they do you."

"I don't see one," said Sancho.

"Wait a bit," said the cook; "sinner that I am! how particular and bashful you are!" and so saying, he seized a bucket and plunging it into one of the half jars took up three hens and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, "Fall to, friend, and take the edge off your appetite with these skimmings until dinner-time comes."

"I have nothing to put them in," said Sancho.

"Well, then," said the cook, "take spoon and all; for Camacho's wealth and happiness furnish everything."

While Sancho fared thus, Don Quixote was watching the entrance, at one end of the arcade, of some twelve peasants, all in holiday and gala dress, mounted on twelve beautiful mares with rich handsome field trappings and a number of little bells attached to their petrals, who, marshaled in regular order, ran

not one but several courses over the meadow, with jubilant shouts and cries of "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest on earth!"

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to himself, "It is easy to see these folk have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for if they had they would be more moderate in their praises of this Quiteria of theirs."

Shortly after this, several bands of dancers of various sorts began to enter the arcade at different points, and among them one of sword-dancers composed of some four-and-twenty lads of gallant and high-spirited mien, clad in the finest and whitest of linen, and with handkerchiefs embroidered in various colors with fine silk; and one of those on the mares asked an active youth who led them if any of the dancers had been wounded. "As yet, thank God, no one has been wounded," said he, "we are all safe and sound"; and he at once began to execute complicated figures with the rest of his comrades, with so many turns and so great dexterity, that although Don Quixote was well used to see dances of the same kind, he thought he had never seen any so good as this. He also admired another that came in composed of fair young maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or over eighteen years of age, all clad in green stuff, with their locks partly braided, partly flowing loose, but all of such bright gold as to vie with the sunbeams, and over them they wore garlands of jessamine, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. At their head were a venerable old man and an ancient dame, more brisk and active, however, than might have been expected from their years. The notes of a Zamora bagpipe accompanied them, and with modesty in their countenances and in their eyes, and lightness in their feet, they looked the best dancers in the world.

Following these there came an artistic dance of the sort they call "speaking dances." It was composed of eight nymphs in two files, with the God Cupid leading one and Interest the other, the former furnished with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the latter in a rich dress of gold and silver of divers colors. The nymphs that followed Love bore their names written on white parchment in large letters on their backs. "Poetry" was the name of the first, "Wit" of the second, "Birth" of the third, and "Valor" of the fourth. Those that followed Interest were distinguished in the same way; the badge of the first announced "Liberality," that of the second "Largess," the third "Treas-

ure," and the fourth "Peaceful Possession." In front of them all came a wooden castle drawn by four wild men, all clad in ivy and hemp stained green, and looking so natural that they nearly terrified Sancho. On the front of the castle and on each of the four sides of its frame it bore the inscription, "Castle of Caution." Four skillful tabor and flute players accompanied them, and the dance having been opened, Cupid, after executing two figures, raised his eyes and bent his bow against a damsel who stood between the turrets of the castle, and thus addressed her:

I am the mighty God whose sway
  Is potent over land and sea.
The heavens above us own me; nay,
  The shades below acknowledge me.
I know not fear, I have my will,
  Whate'er my whim or fancy be;
For me there's no impossible,
  I órder, bind, forbid, set free.

Having concluded the stanza, he discharged an arrow at the top of the castle, and went back to his place. Interest then came forward and went through two more figures, and as soon as the tabors ceased, he said:

But mightier than Love am I,
  Though Love it be that leads me on,
Than mine no lineage is more high,
  Or older, underneath the sun.
To use me rightly few know how,
  To act without me fewer still,
For I am Interest, and I vow
  For evermore to do thy will.

Interest retired, and Poetry came forward, and when she had gone through her figures like the others, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

With many a fanciful conceit,
  Fair Lady, winsome Poesy
Her soul, an offering at thy feet,
  Presents in sonnets unto thee.
If thou my homage wilt not scorn,
  Thy fortune, watched by envious eyes,
On wings of poesy upborne
  Shall be exalted to the skies.

Poetry withdrew, and on the side of Interest, Liberality advanced, and after having gone through her figures, said:

To give, while shunning each extreme,
The sparing hand, the over-free,
Therein consists, so wise men deem,
The virtue Liberality.
But thee, fair lady, to enrich,
Myself a prodigal I'll prove,
A vice not wholly shameful, which
May find its fair excuse in love.

In the same manner all the characters of the two bands advanced and retired, and each executed its figures, and delivered its verses, some of them graceful, some burlesque, but Don Quixote's memory (though he had an excellent one) only carried away those that have been just quoted. All then mingled together, forming chains and breaking off again with graceful, unconstrained gayety; and whenever Love passed in front of the castle he shot his arrows up at it, while Interest broke gilded pellets against it. At length, after they had danced a good while, Interest drew out a great purse, made of the skin of a large brindled cat and to all appearance full of money, and flung it at the castle, and with the force of the blow the boards fell asunder and tumbled down, leaving the damsel exposed and unprotected. Interest and the characters of his band advanced, and throwing a great chain of gold over her neck pretended to take her and lead her away captive, on seeing which, Love and his supporters made as though they would release her, the whole action being to the accompaniment of the tabors and in the form of a regular dance. The wild men made peace between them, and with great dexterity readjusted and fixed the boards of the castle, and the damsel once more ensconced herself within; and with this the dance wound up, to the great enjoyment of the beholders.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had composed and arranged it. She replied that it was a beneficiary of the town who had a nice taste in devising things of the sort.

"I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that the same bachelor or beneficiary is a greater friend of Camacho's than of Basilio's, and that he is better at satire than at vespers; he has

introduced the accomplishments of Basilio and the riches of Camacho very neatly into the dance."

Sancho Panza, who was listening to all this, exclaimed, "The king is my cock; I stick to Camacho."

"It is easy to see thou art a clown, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and one of that sort that cry 'Long life to the conqueror.'"

"I don't know of what sort I am," returned Sancho, "but I know very well I'll never get such elegant skimmings off Basilio's pots as these I have got off Camacho's;" and he showed him the bucketful of geese and hens, and seizing one began to eat with great gayety and appetite, saying, "A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! As much as thou hast so much art thou worth, and as much as thou art worth so much hast thou. As a grandmother of mine used to say, there are only two families in the world, the Haves and the Haven'ts; and she stuck to the Haves; and to this day Señor Don Quixote, people would sooner feel the pulse of 'Have' than of 'Know'; an ass covered with gold looks better than a horse with a pack-saddle. So once more I say I stick to Camacho, the bountiful skimmings of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; but of Basilio's, if any ever come to hand, or even to foot, they'll be only rinsings."

"Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Of course I have finished it," replied Sancho, "because I see your worship takes offense at it; but if it was not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."

"God grant I may see thee dumb before I die, Sancho," said Don Quixote.

"At the rate we are going," said Sancho, "I'll be chewing clay before your worship dies; and then, maybe, I'll be so dumb that I'll not say a word until the end of the world, or, at least, till the day of judgment."

"Even should that happen, O Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thy silence will never come up to all thou hast talked, art talking, and wilt talk all thy life; moreover, it naturally stands to reason, that my death will come before thine; so I never expect to see thee dumb, not even when thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the utmost I can say."

"In good faith, señor," replied Sancho, "there's no trusting that fleshless one, I mean Death, who devours the lamb as soon

as the sheep, and, as I have heard our curate say, treads with equal foot upon the lofty towers of kings and the lowly huts of the poor. That lady is more mighty than dainty, she is no way squeamish, she devours all and is ready for all, and fills her alforjas with people of all sorts, ages, and ranks. She is no reaper that sleeps out the noontide; at all times she is reaping and cutting down, as well the dry grass as the green; she never seems to chew, but bolts and swallows all that is put before her, for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, she shows she has a dropsy and is athirst to drink the lives of all that live, as one would drink a jug of cold water."

"Say no more, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this; "don't try to better it, and risk a fall; for in truth what thou hast said about death in thy rustic phrase is what a good preacher might have said. I tell thee, Sancho, if thou hadst discretion equal to thy mother wit, thou mightst take a pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons."

"He preaches well who lives well," said Sancho, "and I know no more th'ology than that."

"Nor needst thou," said Don Quixote; "but I cannot conceive or make out how it is that, the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, knowest so much."

"Pass judgment on your chivalries, señor," returned Sancho, "and don't set yourself up to judge of other men's fears or braveries, for I am as good a fearer of God as my neighbors; but leave me to dispatch these skimmings, for all the rest is only idle talk that we shall be called to account for in the other world;" and so saying, he began a fresh attack on the bucket, with such a hearty appetite that he aroused Don Quixote's, who no doubt would have helped him had he not been prevented by what must be told farther on.

In Which Camacho's Wedding Is Continued, With Other Delightful Incidents.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discussion set forth in the last chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great noise, which were uttered and made by the men on the mares as they went at full gallop, shouting, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were approaching with musical

instruments and pageantry of all sorts around them, and accompanied by the priest and the relatives of both, and all the most distinguished people of the surrounding villages. When Sancho saw the bride, he exclaimed, "By my faith, she is not dressed like a country girl, but like some fine court lady; egad, as well as I can make out, the patena she wears is rich coral, and her green Cuenca stuff is thirty-pile velvet; and then the white linen trimming — by my oath, but it's satin! Look at her hands — jet rings on them! May I never have luck if they're not gold rings, and real gold, and set with pearls as white as curdled milk, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head! Whoreson baggage, what hair she has! if it's not a wig, I never saw longer or brighter all the days of my life. See how bravely she bears herself — and her shape! Wouldn't you say she was like a walking palm-tree loaded with clusters of dates? for the trinkets she has hanging from her hair and neck look just like them. I swear in my heart she is a brave lass, and fit to pass the banks of Flanders."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's boorish eulogies, and thought that, saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a fairer woman. The fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, which was, no doubt, because of the bad night brides always pass dressing themselves out for their wedding on the morrow. They advanced towards a theater that stood on one side of the meadow, decked with carpets and boughs, where they were to plight their troth, and from which they were to behold the dances and plays; but at the moment of their arrival at the spot they heard a loud outcry behind them, and a voice exclaiming, "Wait a little, ye, as inconsiderate as ye are hasty!"

At these words all turned round, and perceived that the speaker was a man clad in what seemed to be a loose black coat garnished with crimson patches like flames. He was crowned (as was presently seen) with a crown of gloomy cypress, and in his hand he held a long staff. As he approached he was recognized by every one as the gay Basilio, and all waited anxiously to see what would come of his words, in dread of some catastrophe in consequence of his appearance at such a moment. He came up at last weary and breathless, and planting himself in front of the bridal pair, drove his staff, which had a steel spike at the end, into the ground, and, with a pale face and eyes fixed on Quiteria, he thus addressed her in a hoarse, trembling voice: "Well dost thou know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, ac-

cording to the holy law we acknowledge, so long as I live thou canst take no husband; nor art thou ignorant either that, in my hopes that time and my own exertions would improve my fortunes, I have never failed to observe the respect due to thy honor; but thou, casting behind thee all thou owest to my true love, wouldst surrender what is mine to another whose wealth serves to bring him not only good fortune, but supreme happiness; and now to complete it (not that I think he deserves it, but inasmuch as Heaven is pleased to bestow it upon him), I will with my own hands, do away with the obstacle that may interfere with it, and remove myself from between you. Long live the rich Camacho! many a happy year may he live with the ungrateful Quiteria! and let the poor Basilio die, Basilio whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and brought him to the grave!" and so saying, he seized the staff he had driven into the ground, and leaving one half of it fixed there, showed it to be a sheath that concealed a tolerably long rapier; and, what may be called its hilt being planted in the ground, he swiftly, coolly, and deliberately threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point and half the steel blade appeared at his back, the unhappy man falling to the earth bathed in his blood, and transfixed by his own weapon.

His friends at once ran to his aid, filled with grief at his misery and sad fate, and Don Quixote, dismounting from Rocinante, hastened to support him, and took him in his arms, and found he had not yet ceased to breathe. They were about to draw out the rapier, but the priest who was standing by objected to its being withdrawn before he had confessed him, as the instant of its withdrawal would be that of his death. Basilio, however, reviving slightly, said in a weak voice, as though in pain, "If thou wouldst consent, cruel Quiteria, to give me thy hand as my bride in this last fatal moment, I might still hope that my rashness would find pardon, as by its means I attained the bliss of being thine."

Hearing this the priest bade him think of the welfare of his soul rather than of the cravings of the body, and in all earnestness implore God's pardon for his sins and for his rash resolve; to which Basilio replied that he was determined not to confess unless Quiteria first gave him her hand in marriage, for that happiness would compose his mind and give him courage to make his confession.

Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's entreaty, ex-

claimed aloud that what Basilio asked was just and reasonable, and moreover a request that might be easily complied with; and that it would be as much to Señor Camacho's honor to receive the lady Quiteria as the widow of the brave Basilio as if he received her direct from her father. "In this case," said he, "it will be only to say 'yes,' and no consequences can follow the utterance of the word, for the nuptial couch of this marriage must be the grave."

Camacho was listening to all this, perplexed and bewildered and not knowing what to say or do; but so urgent were the entreaties of Basilio's friends, imploring him to allow Quiteria to give him her hand, so that his soul, quitting this life in despair, should not be lost, that they moved, nay, forced him, to say that if Quiteria were willing to give it he was satisfied, as it was only putting off the fulfillment of his wishes for a moment. At once all assailed Quiteria and pressed her, some with prayers, and others with tears, and others with persuasive arguments, to give her hand to poor Basilio; but she, harder than marble and more unmoved than any statue, seemed unable or unwilling to utter a word, nor would she have given any reply had not the priest bade her decide quickly what she meant to do, as Basilio now had his soul at his teeth, and there was no time for hesitation.

On this the fair Quiteria, to all appearance distressed, grieved, and repentant, advanced without a word to where Basilio lay, his eyes already turned in his head, his breathing short and painful, murmuring the name of Quiteria between his teeth, and apparently about to die like a heathen and not like a Christian. Quiteria approached him, and kneeling, demanded his hand by signs without speaking. Basilio opened his eyes and gazing fixedly at her, said, "O Quiteria, why hast thou turned compassionate at a moment when thy compassion will serve as a dagger to rob me of life, for I have not now the strength left either to bear the happiness thou givest me in accepting me as thine, or to suppress the pain that is rapidly drawing the dread shadow of death over my eyes? What I entreat of thee, O thou fatal star to me, is that the hand thou demandest of me and wouldst give me, be not given out of complaisance or to deceive me afresh, but that thou confess and declare that without any constraint upon thy will thou givest it to me as to thy lawful husband; for it is not meet that thou shouldst trifle with me at such a moment as this, or have recourse to falsehoods with one who has dealt so truly by thee."

While uttering these words he showed such weakness that the bystanders expected each return of faintness would take his life with it. Then Quiteria, overcome with modesty and shame, holding in her right hand the hand of Basilio, said, "No force would bend my will; as freely, therefore, as it is possible for me to do so, I give thee the hand of a lawful wife, and take thine if thou givest it to me of thine own free will, untroubled and unaffected by the calamity thy hasty act has brought upon thee."

"Yes, I give it," said Basilio, "not agitated or distracted, but with the unclouded reason that Heaven is pleased to grant me, thus do I give myself to be thy husband."

"And I give myself to be thy wife," said Quiteria, "whether thou livest many years, or they carry thee from my arms to the grave."

"For one so badly wounded," observed Sancho at this point, "this young man has a great deal to say; they should make him leave off billing and cooing, and attend to his soul; for to my thinking he has it more on his tongue than at his teeth."

Basilio and Quiteria having thus joined hands, the priest, deeply moved and with tears in his eyes, pronounced the blessing upon them, and implored Heaven to grant an easy passage to the soul of the newly wedded man, who, the instant he received the blessing, started nimbly to his feet and with unparalleled effrontery pulled out the rapier that had been sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and some, more simple than inquiring, began shouting, "A miracle, a miracle!" But Basilio replied, "No miracle, no miracle; only a trick, a trick!" The priest, perplexed and amazed, made haste to examine the wound with both hands, and found that the blade had passed, not through Basilio's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron tube full of blood, which he had adroitly fixed at the place, the blood, as was afterwards ascertained, having been so prepared as not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho and most of those present saw they were tricked and made fools of. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the deception; on the contrary, hearing them say that the marriage, being fraudulent, would not be valid, she said that she confirmed it afresh, whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by agreement and understanding between the pair, whereat Camacho and his supporters were so mortified that they proceeded to revenge themselves by violence, and a great num-

ber of them drawing their swords attacked Basilio, in whose protection as many more swords were in an instant unsheathed, while Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, with his lance over his arm and well covered with his shield, made all give way before him. Sancho, who never found any pleasure or enjoyment in such doings, retreated to the wine-jars from which he had taken his delectable skimmings, considering that, as a holy place, that spot would be respected. "Hold, sirs, hold!" cried Don Quixote in a loud voice; "we have no right to take vengeance for wrongs that love may do to us: remember love and war are the same thing, and as in war it is allowable and common to make use of wiles and stratagems to overcome the enemy, so in the contests and rivalries of love the tricks and devices employed to attain the desired end are justifiable, provided they be not to the discredit or dishonor of the loved object. Quiteria belonged to Basilio and Basilio to Quiteria by the just and beneficent disposal of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and as it pleases him. Basilio has but this ewe-lamb, and no one, however powerful he may be, shall take her from him; these two whom God hath joined man cannot separate; and he who attempts it must first pass the point of this lance"; and so saying he brandished it so stoutly and dexterously that he overawed all who did not know him.

But so deep an impression had the rejection of Quiteria made on Camacho's mind that it banished her at once from his thoughts; and so the counsels of the priest, who was a wise and kindly disposed man, prevailed with him, and by their means he and his partisans were pacified and tranquilized, and to prove it put up their swords again, inveighing against the pliancy of Quiteria rather than the craftiness of Basilio; Camacho maintaining that, if Quiteria as a maiden had such a love for Basilio, she would have loved him too as a married woman, and that he ought to thank Heaven more for having taken her than for having given her.

Camacho and those of his following, therefore, being consoled and pacified, those on Basilio's side were appeased; and the rich Camacho, to show that he felt no resentment for the trick, and did not care about it, desired the festival to go on just as if he were married in reality. Neither Basilio, however, nor his bride, nor their followers would take any part in them, and they withdrew to Basilio's village; for the poor, if they

are persons of virtue and good sense, have those who follow, honor, and uphold them, just as the rich have those who flatter and dance attendance on them. With them they carried Don Quixote, regarding him as a man of worth and a stout one. Sancho alone had a cloud on his soul, for he found himself debarred from waiting for Camacho's splendid feast and festival, which lasted until night; and thus dragged away, he moodily followed his master, who accompanied Basilio's party, and left behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt; though in his heart he took them with him, and their now nearly finished skimmings that he carried in the bucket conjured up visions before his eyes of the glory and abundance of the good cheer he was losing. And so, vexed and dejected though not hungry, without dismounting from Dapple he followed in the footsteps of Rocinante.

Of the Bristly Adventure that Befell Don Quixote.

The night was somewhat dark, for though there was a moon in the sky it was not in a quarter where she could be seen; for sometimes the lady Diana goes on a stroll to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains all black and the valleys in darkness. Don Quixote obeyed nature so far as to sleep his first sleep, but did not give way to the second, very different from Sancho, who never had any second, because with him sleep lasted from night till morning, wherein he showed what a sound constitution and how few cares he had. Don Quixote's cares kept him restless, so much so that he awoke Sancho and said to him, "I am amazed, Sancho, at the unconcern of thy temperament. I believe thou art made of marble or hard brass, incapable of any emotion or feeling whatever. I lie awake while thou sleepest, I weep while thou singest. I am faint with fasting while thou art sluggish and torpid from pure repletion. It is the duty of good servants to share the sufferings and feel the sorrows of their masters, if it be only for the sake of appearances. See the calmness of the night, the solitude of the spot, inviting us to break our slumbers by a vigil of some sort. Rise as thou livest, and retire a little distance, and with a good heart and cheerful courage give thyself three or four hundred lashes on account of Dulcinea's disenchantment score; and this I entreat of thee, making it a request, for I have no desire to come to grips with thee a second time, as I know thou hast a heavy hand. As soon as thou

hast laid them on we will pass the rest of the night, I singing my separation, thou thy constancy, making a beginning at once with the pastoral life we are to follow at our village."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "I'm no monk to get up out of the middle of my sleep and scourge myself, nor does it seem to me that one can pass from one extreme of the pain of whipping to the other of music. Will your worship let me sleep, and not worry me about whipping myself? or you'll make me swear never to touch a hair of my doublet, not to say my flesh."

"O hard heart!" said Don Quixote, "O pitiless squire! O bread ill-bestowed and favors ill-acknowledged, both those I have done thee and those I mean to do thee! Through me hast thou seen thyself a governor, and through me thou seest thyself in immediate expectation of being a count, or obtaining some other equivalent title, for I—*post tenebras spero lucem.*"

"I don't know what that is," said Sancho; "all I know is that so long as I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, trouble nor glory; and good luck betide him that invented sleep, the cloak that covers over all a man's thoughts, the food that removes hunger, the drink that drives away thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cold that tempers the heat, and, to wind up with, the universal coin wherewith everything is bought, the weight and balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king and the fool with the wise man. Sleep, I have heard say, has only one fault, that it is like death; for between a sleeping man and a dead man there is very little difference."

"Never have I heard thee speak so elegantly as now, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and here I begin to see the truth of the proverb thou dost sometimes quote, 'Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.'"

"Ha, by my life, master mine," said Sancho, "it's not I that am stringing proverbs now, for they drop in pairs from your worship's mouth faster than from mine; only there is this difference between mine and yours, that yours are well-timed and mine are untimely; but anyhow, they are all proverbs."

At this point they became aware of a harsh indistinct noise that seemed to spread through all the valleys around. Don Quixote stood up and laid his hand upon his sword, and Sancho ensconced himself under Dapple and put the bundle of armor on one side of him and the ass's pack-saddle on the other, in fear and trembling as great as Don Quixote's perturbation. Each instant the noise increased and came nearer to the two

terrified men, or at least to one, for as to the other, his courage is known to all. The fact of the matter was that some men were taking above six hundred pigs to sell at a fair, and were on their way with them at that hour, and so great was the noise they made and their grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and they could not make out what it was. The wide-spread grunting drove came on in a surging mass, and without showing any respect for Don Quixote's dignity or Sancho's, passed right over the pair of them, demolishing Sancho's intrenchments, and not only upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rocinante off his feet into the bargain; and what with the trampling and the grunting, and the pace to which the unclean beasts went, pack-saddle, armor, Dapple and Rocinante were left scattered on the ground and Sancho and Don Quixote at their wits' end.

Sancho got up as best he could and begged his master to give him his sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those dirty unmannerly pigs, for he had by this time found out that that was what they were.

"Let them be, my friend," said Don Quixote; "this insult is the penalty of my sin; and it is the righteous chastisement of Heaven that jackals should devour a vanquished knight, and wasps sting him and pigs trample him under foot."

"I suppose it is the chastisement of Heaven, too," said Sancho, "that flies should prick the squires of vanquished knights, and lice eat them, and hunger assail them. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or their very near relations, it would be no wonder if the penalty of their misdeeds overtook us, even to the fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, well, let's lie down again and sleep out what little of the night there's left, and God will send us dawn and we shall be all right."

"Sleep thou, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for thou wast born to sleep as I was born to watch; and during the time it now wants of dawn I will give a loose rein to my thoughts, and seek a vent for them in a little madrigal which, unknown to thee, I composed in my head last night."

"I should think," said Sancho, "that the thoughts that allow one to make verses cannot be of great consequence; let your worship string verses as much as you like and I'll sleep as much as I can;" and forthwith, taking the space of ground he required, he muffled himself up and fell into a sound sleep, undis-

turbed by bond, debt, or trouble of any sort. Don Quixote, propped up against the trunk of a beech or a cork tree — for Cid Hamet does not specify what kind of a tree it was — sang in this strain to the accompaniment of his own sighs:

"When in my mind
I muse, O Love, upon thy cruelty,
To death I flee,
In hope therein the end of all to find.

"But drawing near
That welcome haven in my sea of woe,
Such joy I know,
That life revives, and still I linger here.

"Thus life doth slay,
And death again to life restoreth me;
Strange destiny,
That deals with life and death as with a play!"

He accompanied each verse with many sighs and not a few tears, just like one whose heart was pierced with grief at his defeat and his separation from Dulcinea.

And now daylight came, and the sun smote Sancho on the eyes with his beams. He awoke, roused himself up, shook himself and stretched his lazy limbs, and seeing the havoc the pigs had made with his stores he cursed the drove, and more besides. Then the pair resumed their journey, and as evening closed in they saw coming towards them some ten men on horseback and four or five on foot. Don Quixote's heart beat quick and Sancho's quailed with fear, for the persons approaching them carried lances and bucklers, and were in very warlike guise. Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said, "If I could make use of my weapons, and my promise had not tied my hands, I would count this host that comes against us but cakes and fancy bread; but perhaps it may prove something different from what we apprehend." The men on horseback now came up, and raising their lances surrounded Don Quixote in silence, and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his lips as a sign to him to be silent, seized Rocinante's bridle and drew him out of the road, and the others driving Sancho and Dapple before them, and all maintaining a strange silence, followed in the steps of the one who led Don Quixote. The latter two or three times

attempted to ask where they were taking him to and what they wanted, but the instant he began to open his lips they threatened to close them with the points of their lances; and Sancho fared the same way, for the moment he seemed about to speak one of those on foot punched him with a goad, and Dapple likewise, as if he too wanted to talk. Night set in, they quickened their pace, and the fears of the two prisoners grew greater, especially as they heard themselves assailed with — "Get on, ye Troglodytes;" "Silence, ye barbarians;" "March, ye cannibals;" "No murmuring, ye Scythians;" "Don't open your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemes, ye bloodthirsty lions," and such-like names with which their captors harassed the ears of the wretched master and man. Sancho went along saying to himself, "We tortolites, barbers, animals! I don't like those names at all; 'it's in a bad wind our corn is being winnowed;' 'misfortune comes upon us all at once like sticks on a dog,' and God grant it may be no worse than them that this unlucky adventure has in store for us."

Don Quixote rode completely dazed, unable with the aid of all his wits to make out what could be the meaning of these abusive names they called them, and the only conclusion he could arrive at was that there was no good to be hoped for and much evil to be feared. And now, about an hour after midnight, they reached a castle which Don Quixote saw at once was the duke's, where they had been but a short time before. "God bless me!" said he, as he recognized the mansion "what does this mean? It is all courtesy and politeness in this house; but with the vanquished good turns into evil, and evil into worse."

They entered the chief court of the castle and found it prepared and fitted up in a style that added to their amazement and doubled their fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.

Of the Strangest and most Extraordinary Adventure that Befell Don Quixote in the Whole Course of this Great History.

The horsemen dismounted, and, together with the men on foot, without a moment's delay taking up Sancho and Don Quixote bodily, they carried them into the court, all round which near a hundred torches fixed in sockets were burning, besides

above five hundred lamps in the corridors, so that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the want of daylight could not be perceived. In the middle of the court was a catafalque, raised about two yards above the ground and covered completely by an immense canopy of black velvet, and on the steps all around it white wax tapers burned in more than a hundred silver candlesticks. Upon the catafalque was seen the dead body of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she made death itself look beautiful. She lay with her head resting upon a cushion of brocade and crowned with a garland of sweet-smelling flowers of divers sorts, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and between them a branch of yellow palm of victory. On one side of the court was erected a stage, where, upon two chairs, were seated two persons who, from having crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands, appeared to be kings of some sort, whether real or mock ones. By the side of this stage, which was reached by steps, were two other chairs on which the men carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all in silence, and by signs giving them to understand that they too were to be silent; which, however, they would have been without any signs, for their amazement at all they saw held them tongue-tied. And now two persons of distinction, who were at once recognized by Don Quixote as his hosts the duke and duchess, ascended the stage attended by a numerous suite, and seated themselves on two gorgeous chairs close to the two kings, as they seemed to be. Who would not be amazed at this? Nor was this all, for Don Quixote had perceived that the dead body on the catafalque was that of the fair Altisidora. As the duke and duchess mounted the stage Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which they returned by bowing their heads slightly. At this moment an official crossed over, and approaching Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap put upon his head a miter such as those undergoing the sentence of the Holy Office wear; and whispered in his ear that he must not open his lips, or they would put a gag upon him, or take his life. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot and saw himself all ablaze with flames; but as they did not burn him he did not care two farthings for them. He took off the miter and seeing it painted with devils he put it on again, saying to himself, "Well, so far those don't burn me nor do these carry me off." Don Quixote surveyed him too, and though

fear had got the better of his faculties, he could not help smiling to see the figure Sancho presented. And now from underneath the catafalque, so it seemed, there rose a low sweet sound of flutes, which, coming unbroken by human voice (for there silence itself kept silence), had a soft and languishing effect. Then, beside the pillow of what seemed to be the dead body, suddenly appeared a fair youth in a Roman habit, who, to the accompaniment of a harp which he himself played, sang in a sweet and clear voice these two stanzas:

"While fair Altisidora, who the sport
Of cold Don Quixote's cruelty hath been,
Returns to life, and in this magic court
The dames in sables come to grace the scene,
And while her matrons all in seemly sort
My lady robes in baize and bombazine,
Her beauty and her sorrows will I sing
With defter quill than touched the Thracian string.

"But not in life alone, methinks, to me
Belongs the office; Lady, when my tongue
Is cold in death, believe me unto thee
My voice shall raise its tributary song.
My soul, from this strait prison-house set free,
As o'er the Stygian lake it floats along,
Thy praises singing still shall hold its way,
And make the waters of oblivion stay."

At this point one of the two that looked like kings exclaimed, "Enough, enough, divine singer! It would be an endless task to put before us now the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but living in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza, here present, has to undergo to restore her to the long-lost light. Do thou, therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest in judgment with me in the murky caverns of Dis, as thou knowest all that the inscrutable fates have decreed touching the resuscitation of this damsel, announce and declare it at once, that the happiness we look forward to from her restoration be no longer deferred."

No sooner had Minos the fellow judge of Rhadamanthus said this, than Rhadamanthus rising up said, "Ho, officials of this house, high and low, great and small, make haste hither one and all, and print on Sancho's face four-and-twenty smacks,

and give him twelve pinches and six pin-thrusts in the back and arms; for upon this ceremony depends this restoration of Altisidora."

On hearing this Sancho broke silence and cried out, "By all that's good, I'll as soon let my face be smacked or handled as turn Moor. Body o' me! What has handling my face got to do with the resurrection of this damsel? 'The old woman took kindly to the blits;' they enchant Dulcinea, and whip me in order to disenchant her; Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to bring her to life again they must give me four-and-twenty smacks, and prick holes in my body with pins, and raise weals on my arms with pinches! Try those jokes on a brother-in-law; 'I'm an old dog, and "tus, tus" is no use with me.'"

"Thou shalt die," said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice; "relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, for no impossibilities are asked of thee; it is not for thee to inquire into the difficulties in this matter; smacked thou must be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and with pinches thou must be made to howl. Ho, I say, officials, obey my orders; or by the word of an honest man, ye shall see what ye were born for."

At this some duennas, advancing across the court, made their appearance in procession, one after the other, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands uplifted, showing four fingers of wrist to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion now-a-days. No sooner had Sancho caught sight of them than, bellowing like a bull, he exclaimed, "I might let myself be handled by all the world; but allow duennas to touch me — not a bit of it! Scratch my face, as my master was served in this very castle; run me through the body with burnished daggers; pinch my arms with red-hot pinchers; I'll bear all in patience to serve these gentlefolk; but I won't let duennas touch me, though the devil should carry me off!"

Here Don Quixote, too, broke silence, saying to Sancho, "Have patience, my son, and gratify these noble persons, and give all thanks to Heaven that it has infused such virtue into thy person, that by its sufferings thou canst disenchant the enchanted and restore to life the dead."

The duennas were now close to Sancho, and he, having become more tractable and reasonable, settling himself well in his chair presented his face and beard to the first, who delivered

him a smack very stoutly laid on, and then made him a low courtesy.

"Less politeness and less paint, señor duenna," said Sancho; "by God your hands smell of vinegar-wash."

In fine, all the duennas smacked him and several others of the household pinched him; but what he could not stand was being pricked by the pins; and so, apparently out of patience, he started up out of his chair, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him fell upon the duennas and the whole set of his tormentors, exclaiming, "Begone ye ministers of hell; I'm not made of brass not to feel such out-of-the-way tortures."

At this instant Altisidora, who probably was tired of having been so long lying on her back, turned on her side; seeing which the bystanders cried out almost with one voice, "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!"

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho put away his wrath, as the object they had in view was now attained. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he went on his knees to Sancho saying to him, "Now is the time, son of my bowels, not to call thee my squire, for thee to give thyself some of those lashes thou art bound to lay on for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when the virtue that is in thee is ripe, and endowed with efficacy to work the good that is looked for from thee."

To which Sancho made answer, "That's trick upon trick, I think, and not honey upon pancakes; a nice thing it would be for a whipping to come now, on the top of pinches, smacks, and pin-proddings! You had better take a big stone and tie it round my neck, and pitch me into a well; I should not mind it much, if I'm to be always made the cow of the wedding for the cure of other people's ailments. Leave me alone; or else by God I'll fling the whole thing to the dogs, come what may."

Altisidora had by this time sat up on the catafalque, and as she did so the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and the voices of all present exclaiming, "Long life to Altisidora! long life to Altisidora!" The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus stood up, and all, together with Don Quixote and Sancho, advanced to receive her and take her down from the catafalque; and she, making as though she were recovering from a swoon, bowed her head to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and looking sideways at Don Quixote, said to him, "God forgive thee, insensible knight, for through thy

cruelty I have been, to me it seems, more than a thousand years in the other world; and to thee, the most compassionate squire upon earth, I render thanks for the life I am now in possession of. From this day forth, friend Sancho, count as thine six smocks of mine which I bestow upon thee, to make as many shirts for thyself, and if they are not all quite whole, at any rate they are all clean."

Sancho kissed her hands in gratitude kneeling, and with the miter in his hand. The duke bade them take it from him, and give him back his cap and doublet and remove the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to let them leave him the robe and miter; as he wanted to take them home for a token and memento of that unexampled adventure. The duchess said they must leave them with him; for he knew already what a great friend of his she was. The duke then gave orders that the court should be cleared, and that all should retire to their chambers, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old quarters.

Sancho slept that night in a cot in the same chamber with Don Quixote, a thing he would have gladly excused if he could, for he knew very well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep, and he was in no humor for talking much, as he still felt the pain of his late martyrdom, which interfered with his freedom of speech; and it would have been more to his taste to sleep in a hovel alone, than in that luxurious chamber in company. And so well founded did his apprehension prove, and so correct was his anticipation, that scarcely had his master got into bed when he said, "What dost thou think of to-night's adventure, Sancho? Great and mighty is the power of cold-hearted scorn, for thou with thine own eyes hast seen Altisidora slain, not by arrows, nor by the sword, nor by any warlike weapon, nor by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the sternness and scorn with which I have always treated her."

"She might have died and welcome," said Sancho, "when she pleased and how she pleased; and she might have left me alone, for I never made her fall in love or scorned her. I don't know nor can I imagine how the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more fanciful than wise, can have, as I have said before, anything to do with the sufferings of Sancho Panza. Now I begin to see plainly and clearly that there are enchanters and enchanted people in the world; and may God deliver me from them, since I can't deliver myself; and so I beg of your worship to let me

sleep and not ask me any more questions, unless you want me to throw myself out of the window."

"Sleep, Sancho, my friend," said Don Quixote, "if the pin-prodding and pinches thou hast received and the smacks administered to thee will let thee."

"No pain came up to the insult of the smacks," said Sancho, "for the simple reason that it was duennas, confound them, that gave them to me; but once more I entreat your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is relief from misery to those who are miserable when awake."

"Be it so, and God be with thee," said Don Quixote.

They fell asleep, both of them, and Cid Hamet, the author of this great history, took this opportunity to record and relate what it was that induced the duke and duchess to get up the elaborate plot that has been described. The bachelor Samson Carrasco, he says, not forgetting how he as the Knight of the Mirrors had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow upset all his plans, resolved to try his hand again, hoping for better luck than he had before; and so, having learned where Don Quixote was from the page who brought the letter and present to Sancho's wife, Teresa Panza, he got himself new armor and another horse, and put a white moon upon his shield, and to carry his arms he had a mule led by a peasant, not by Tom Cecial his former squire for fear he should be recognized by Sancho or Don Quixote. He came to the duke's castle, and the duke informed him of the road and route Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts at Saragossa. He told him, too, of the jokes he had practiced upon him, and of the device for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's backside; and finally he gave him an account of the trick Sancho had played upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and turned into a country wench; and of how the duchess, his wife, had persuaded Sancho that it was he himself who was deceived, inasmuch as Dulcinea was really enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed not a little, and marveled as well at the sharpness and simplicity of Sancho as at the length to which Don Quixote's madness went. The duke begged of him if he found him (whether he overcame him or not) to return that way and let him know the result. This the bachelor did; he set out in quest of Don Quixote, and not finding him at Saragossa, he went on, and how he fared has been already told.

He returned to the duke's castle and told him all, what the conditions of the combat were, and how Don Quixote was now, like a loyal knight-errant, returning to keep his promise of retiring to his village for a year, by which time, said the bachelor, he might perhaps be cured of his madness; for that was the object that had led him to adopt these disguises, as it was a sad thing for a gentleman of such good parts as Don Quixote to be a madman. And so he took his leave of the duke, and went home to his village to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thereupon the duke seized the opportunity of practicing this mystification upon him; so much did he enjoy everything connected with Sancho and Don Quixote. He had the roads about the castle far and near, everywhere he thought Don Quixote was likely to pass on his return, occupied by large numbers of his servants on foot and on horseback, who were to bring him to the castle by fair means or foul, if they met him. They did meet him, and sent word to the duke, who, having already settled what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, ordered the torches and lamps in the court to be lit and Altisidora to be placed on the catafalque with all the pomp and ceremony that has been described, the whole affair being so well arranged and acted that it differed but little from reality. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, for his part he considers the concocters of the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth removed from being something like fools themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.

As for the latter, one was sleeping soundly and the other lying awake, occupied with his desultory thoughts, when daylight came to them bringing with it the desire to rise; for the lazy down was never a delight to Don Quixote, victor or vanquished. Altisidora, come back from death to life, as Don Quixote fancied, following up the freak of her lord and lady, entered the chamber, crowned with the garland she had worn on the catafalque and in a robe of white taffeta embroidered with gold flowers, her hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and leaning upon a staff of fine black ebony. Don Quixote, disconcerted and in confusion at her appearance, huddled himself up and well-nigh covered himself altogether with the sheets and counterpane of the bed, tongue-tied, and unable to offer her any civility. Altisidora seated herself on a chair at the

head of the bed, and, after a deep sigh, said to him in a feeble, soft voice, "When women of rank and modest maidens trample honor under foot, and give a loose to the tongue that breaks through every impediment, publishing abroad the inmost secrets of their hearts, they are reduced to sore extremities. Such a one am I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, crushed, conquered, love-smitten, but yet patient under suffering and virtuous, and so much so that my heart broke with grief and I lost my life. For the last two days I have been dead, slain by the thought of the cruelty with which thou hast treated me, obdurate knight,

O harder thou than marble to my plaint;

or at least believed to be dead by all who saw me; and had it not been that Love, taking pity on me, let my recovery rest upon the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world."

"Love might very well have let it rest upon the sufferings of my ass, and I should have been obliged to him," said Sancho. "But tell me, señora — and may Heaven send you a tenderer lover than my master — what did you see in the other world? What goes on in hell? For of course that's where one who dies in despair is bound for."

"To tell you the truth," said Altisidora, "I cannot have died outright, for I did not go into hell; had I gone in, it is very certain I should never have come out again, do what I might. The truth is, I came to the gate, where some dozen or so of devils were playing tennis, all in breeches and doublets, with falling collars trimmed with Flemish bone-lace, and ruffles of the same that served them for wristbands, with four fingers' breadth of the arm exposed to make their hands look longer; in their hands they held rackets of fire; but what amazed me still more was that books, apparently full of wind and rubbish, served them for tennis balls, a strange and marvelous thing; this, however, did not astonish me so much as to observe that, although with players it is usual for the winners to be glad and the losers sorry, there in that game all were growling, all were snarling, and all were cursing one another."

"That's no wonder," said Sancho; "for devils, whether playing or not, can never be content, win or lose."

"Very likely," said Altisidora; "but there is another thing that surprises me too, I mean surprised me then, and that

was that no ball outlasted the first throw or was of any use a second time; and it was wonderful the constant succession there was of books, new and old. To one of them, a brand-new, well-bound one, they gave such a stroke that they knocked the guts out of it and scattered the leaves about. 'Look what book that is,' said one devil to another, and the other replied, 'It is the "Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha," not by Cid Hamet, the original author, but by an Aragonese who by his own account is of Tordesillas.' 'Out of this with it,' said the first, 'and into the depths of hell with it out of my sight.' 'Is it so bad?' asked the other. 'So bad is it,' said the first, 'that if I had set myself deliberately to make a worse, I could not have done it.' They then went on with their game, knocking other books about; and I, having heard them mention the name of Don Quixote whom I love and adore so, took care to retain this vision in my memory."

"A vision it must have been, no doubt," said Don Quixote, "for there is no other I in the world; this history has been going about here for some time from hand to hand, but it does not stay long in any, for everybody gives it a taste of his foot. I am not disturbed by hearing that I am wandering in a fantastic shape in the darkness of the pit or in the daylight above, for I am not the one that history treats of. If it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have ages of life; but if it should be bad, from its birth to its burial will not be a very long journey."

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint against Don Quixote, when he said to her, "I have several times told you, señora, that it grieves me you should have set your affections on me, as from mine they can only receive gratitude, but no return. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if there are any, dedicated me to her; and to suppose that any other beauty can take the place she occupies in my heart is to suppose an impossibility. This frank declaration should suffice to make you retire within the bounds of your modesty, for no one can bind himself to do impossibilities."

Hearing this, Altisidora, with a show of anger and agitation, exclaimed, "God's life! Don Stockfish, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, more obstinate and obdurate than a clown asked a favor when he has his mind made up, if I fall upon you I'll tear your eyes out! Do you fancy, then, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for your sake? All that you have seen

to-night has been make-believe; I'm not the woman to let the black of my nail suffer for such a camel, much less die!"

"That I can well believe," said Sancho; "for all that about lovers pining to death is absurd; they may talk of it, but as for doing it — Judas may believe that."

While they were talking, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two stanzas given above came in, and making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote said, "Will your worship, sir knight, reckon and retain me in the number of your most faithful servants, for I have long been a great admirer of yours, as well because of your fame as because of your achievements?"

"Will your worship tell me who you are," replied Don Quixote, "so that my courtesy may be answerable to your deserts?"

The young man replied that he was the musician and songster of the night before.

"Of a truth," said Don Quixote, "your worship has a most excellent voice; but what you sang did not seem to me very much to the purpose; for what have Garcilaso's stanzas to do with the death of this lady?"

"Don't be surprised at that," returned the musician; "for with the callow poets of our day the way is for every one to write as he pleases and pilfer where he chooses, whether it be germane to the matter or not, and now-a-days there is no piece of silliness they can sing or write that is not set down to poetic license."

Don Quixote was about to reply, but was prevented by the duke and duchess, who came in to see him, and with them there followed a long and delightful conversation, in the course of which Sancho said so many droll and saucy things that he left the duke and duchess wondering not only at his simplicity but at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged their permission to take his departure that same day, inasmuch as for a vanquished knight like himself it was fitter he should live in a pigsty than in a royal palace. They gave it very readily, and the duchess asked him if Altisidora was in his good graces.

He replied, "Señora, let me tell your ladyship that this damsel's ailment comes entirely of idleness, and the cure for it is honest and constant employment. She herself has told me that lace is worn in hell; and as she must know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands; for when she is occupied

in shifting the bobbins to and fro, the image or images of what she loves will not shift to and fro in her thoughts; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my advice."

"And mine," added Sancho; "for I never in all my life saw a lace-maker that died for love; when damsels are at work their minds are more set on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak from my own experience; for when I'm digging I never think of my old woman; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my own eyelids."

"You say well, Sancho," said the duchess, "and I will take care that my Altisidora employs herself henceforward in needlework of some sort; for she is extremely expert at it."

"There is no occasion to have recourse to that remedy, señora," said Altisidora; "for the mere thought of the cruelty with which this vagabond villain has treated me will suffice to blot him out of my memory without any other device; with your highness's leave I will retire, not to have before my eyes, I won't say his rueful countenance, but his abominable, ugly looks."

"That reminds me of the common saying, that 'he that rails is ready to forgive,'" said the duke.

Altisidora then, pretending to wipe away her tears with a handkerchief, made an obeisance to master and mistress and quitted the room.

"Ill luck betide thee, poor damsel," said Sancho, "ill luck betide thee! Thou hast fallen in with a soul as dry as a rush and a heart as hard as oak; had it been me, i' faith 'another cock would have crowed to thee.'"

So the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the duke and duchess, and set out the same evening.

Of What Passed Between Don Quixote and His Squire Sancho on the Way to Their Village.

The vanquished and afflicted Don Quixote went along very downcast in one respect and very happy in another. His sadness arose from his defeat, and his satisfaction from the thought of the virtue that lay in Sancho, as had been proved by the resurrection of Altisidora; though it was with difficulty he could persuade himself that the love-smitten damsel had been really dead. Sancho went along anything but cheerful, for it

grieved him that Altisidora had not kept her promise of giving him the smocks; and turning this over in his mind he said to his master, "Surely, señor, I'm the most unlucky doctor in the world; there's many a physician that, after killing the sick man he had to cure, requires to be paid for his work, though it is only signing a bit of a list of medicines, that the apothecary and not he makes up, and, there, his labor is over; but with me, though to cure somebody else costs me drops of blood, smacks, pinches, pin-proddings, and whippings, nobody gives me a farthing. Well, I swear by all that's good if they put another patient into my hands, they'll have to grease them for me before I cure him; for 'it's by his singing the abbot gets his dinner,' and I'm not going to believe that Heaven has bestowed upon me the virtue I have, that I should deal it out to others all for nothing."

"Thou art right, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has behaved very badly in not giving thee the smocks she promised; and although that virtue of thine is *gratis data* — as it has cost thee no study whatever, any more than such study as thy personal sufferings may be — I can say for myself that if thou wouldst have payment for the lashes on account of the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I would have given it to thee freely ere this. I am not sure, however, whether payment will comport with the cure, and I would not have the reward interfere with the medicine. Still, I think there will be nothing lost by trying it; consider how much thou wouldst have, Sancho, and whip thyself at once, and pay thyself down with thine own hand, as thou hast money of mine."

At this proposal Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a palm's breadth wide, and in his heart very readily acquiesced in whipping himself, and said he to his master, "Very well then, señor, I'll hold myself in readiness to gratify your worship's wishes if I'm to profit by it; for the love of my wife and children forces me to seem grasping. Let your worship say how much you will pay me for each lash I give myself."

"If, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I were to requite thee as the importance and nature of the cure deserves, the treasures of Venice, the mines of Potosi, would be insufficient to pay thee. See what thou hast of mine, and put a price on each lash."

"Of them," said Sancho, "there are three thousand three hundred and odd; of these I have given myself five, the rest

remain; let the five go for the odd ones, and let us take the three thousand three hundred, which at a quarter real apiece (for I will not take less though the whole world should bid me) make three thousand three hundred quarter reals; the three thousand are one thousand five hundred half reals, which make seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred make a hundred and fifty half reals, which come to seventy-five reals, which added to the seven hundred and fifty make eight hundred and twenty-five reals in all. These I will stop out of what I have belonging to your worship, and I'll return home rich and content, though well whipped, for 'there's no taking trout' — but I say no more."

"O blessed Sancho! O dear Sancho!" said Don Quixote; "how we shall be bound to serve thee, Dulcinea and I, all the days of our lives that Heaven may grant us! If she returns to her lost shape (and it cannot be but that she will) her misfortune will have been good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph. But look here, Sancho; when wilt thou begin the scourging? For if thou wilt make short work of it, I will give thee a hundred reals over and above."

"When?" said Sancho; "this night without fail. Let your worship order it so that we pass it out of doors and in the open air, and I'll scarify myself."

Night, longed for by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, came at last, though it seemed to him that the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was drawing itself out longer than usual, just as is the case with lovers, who never make the reckoning of their desires agree with time. They made their way at length in among some pleasant trees that stood a little distance from the road, and there vacating Rocinante's saddle and Dapple's pack-saddle, they stretched themselves on the green grass and made their supper off Sancho's stores, and he making a powerful and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall retreated about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote seeing him march off with such resolution and spirit, said to him, "Take care, my friend, not to cut thyself to pieces; allow the lashes to wait for one another, and do not be in so great a hurry as to run thyself out of breath midway; I mean, do not lay on so strenuously as to make thy life fail thee before thou hast reached the desired number; and that thou mayest not lose by a card too much or too little, I will station

myself apart and count on my rosary here the lashes thou givest thyself. May Heaven help thee as thy good intention deserves."

"'Pledges don't distress a good paymaster,'" said Sancho; "I mean to lay on in such a way as without killing myself to hurt myself, for in that, no doubt, lies the essence of this miracle."

He then stripped himself from the waist upwards, and snatching up the rope he began to lay on and Don Quixote to count the lashes. He might have given himself six or eight when he began to think the joke no trifle, and its price very low; and holding his hand for a moment, he told his master that he cried off on the score of a blind bargain, for each of those lashes ought to be paid for at the rate of half a real instead of a quarter.

"Go on, Sancho my friend, and be not disheartened," said Don Quixote; "for I double the stakes as to price."

"In that case," said Sancho, "in God's hand be it, and let it rain lashes." But the rogue no longer laid them on his shoulders, but laid on to the trees, with such groans every now and then, that one would have thought at each of them his soul was being plucked up by the roots. Don Quixote, touched to the heart, and fearing he might make an end of himself, and that through Sancho's imprudence he might miss his own object, said to him, "As thou livest, my friend, let the matter rest where it is, for the remedy seems to me a very rough one, and it will be well to have patience; 'Zamora was not won in an hour.' If I have not reckoned wrong thou hast given thyself over a thousand lashes; that is enough for the present; for the ass, to put it in homely phrase, bears the load, but not the overload."

"No, no, señor," replied Sancho; "it shall never be said of me, 'The money paid, the arms broken;' go back a little further, your worship, and let me give myself at any rate a thousand lashes more; for in a couple of bouts like this we shall have finished off the lot, and there will be even cloth to spare."

"As thou art in such a willing mood," said Don Quixote, "may Heaven aid thee; lay on and I'll retire."

Sancho returned to his task with so much resolution that he soon had the bark stripped off several trees, such was the severity with which he whipped himself; and one time, raising

his voice, and giving a beech a tremendous lash, he cried out, "Here dies Samson, and all with him!"

At the sound of his piteous cry and of the stroke of the cruel lash, Don Quixote ran to him at once, and seizing the twisted halter that served him for a courbash, said to him, "Heaven forbid, Sancho my friend, that to please me thou shouldst lose thy life, which is needed for the support of thy wife and children; let Dulcinea wait for a better opportunity, and I will content myself with a hope soon to be realized, and have patience until thou hast gained fresh strength so as to finish off this business to the satisfaction of everybody."

"As your worship will have it so, señor," said Sancho, "so be it; but throw your cloak over my shoulders, for I'm sweating and I don't want to take cold; it's a risk that novice disciplinants run."

Don Quixote obeyed, and stripping himself covered Sancho, who slept until the sun woke him; they then resumed their journey, which for the time being they brought to an end at a village that lay three leagues farther on. They dismounted at a hostelry which Don Quixote recognized as such and did not take to be a castle with moat, turrets, portcullis, and drawbridge; for ever since he had been vanquished he talked more rationally about everything, as will be shown presently. They quartered him in a room on the ground floor, where in place of leather hangings there were pieces of painted serge such as they commonly use in villages. On one of them was painted by some very poor hand the Rape of Helen, when the bold guest carried her off from Menelaus, and on the other was the story of Dido and Æneas, she on a high tower, as though she were making signals with a half sheet to her fugitive guest who was out at sea flying in a frigate or brigantine. He noticed in the two stories that Helen did not go very reluctantly, for she was laughing slyly and roguishly; but the fair Dido was shown dropping tears the size of walnuts from her eyes. Don Quixote as he looked at them observed, "Those two ladies were very unfortunate not to have been born in this age, and I unfortunate above all men not to have been born in theirs. Had I fallen in with those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned or Carthage destroyed, for it would have been only for me to slay Paris, and all these misfortunes would have been avoided."

"I'll lay a bet," said Sancho, "that before long there won't

be a tavern, roadside inn, hostelry, or barber's shop where the story of our doings won't be painted up; but I'd like it painted by the hand of a better painter than painted these."

"Thou art right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for this painter is like Orbaneja, a painter there was at Úbeda, who when they asked him what he was painting, used to say, 'Whatever it may turn out;' and if he chanced to paint a cock he would write under it, 'This is a cock,' for fear they might think it was a fox. The painter or writer, for it's all the same, who published the history of this new Don Quixote that has come out, must have been one of this sort I think, Sancho, for he painted or wrote 'whatever it might turn out;' or perhaps he is like a poet called Mauleon that was about the Court some years ago, who used to answer at haphazard whatever he was asked, and on one asking him what *Deum de Deo* meant, he replied *Dé donde diere.* But, putting this aside, tell me, Sancho, hast thou a mind to have another turn at thyself to-night, and wouldst thou rather have it indoors or in the open air?"

"Egad, señor," said Sancho, "for what I'm going to give myself, it comes all the same to me whether it is in a house or in the fields; still I'd like it to be among trees; for I think they are company for me and help me to bear my pain wonderfully."

"And yet it must not be, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote; "but, to enable thee to recover strength, we must keep it for our own village; for at the latest we shall get there the day after to-morrow."

Sancho said he might do as he pleased; but that for his own part he would like to finish off the business quickly before his blood cooled and while he had an appetite, because "in delay there is apt to be danger" very often, and "praying to God and plying the hammer," and "one take was better than two I'll give thee's," and "a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing."

"For God's sake, Sancho, no more proverbs!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "it seems to me thou art becoming *sicut erat* again; speak in a plain, simple, straightforward way, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt find the good of it."

"I don't know what bad luck it is of mine," said Sancho, "but I can't utter a word without a proverb, or a proverb that is not as good as an argument to my mind; however, I mean to mend if I can;" and so for the present the conversation ended.

Of How Don Quixote and Sancho Reached Their Village.

All that day Don Quixote and Sancho remained in the village and inn waiting for night, the one to finish off his task of scourging in the open country, the other to see it accomplished, for therein lay the accomplishment of his wishes. Meanwhile there arrived at the hostelry a traveler on horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, "Here, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, your worship may take your siesta to-day; the quarters seem clean and cool."

When he heard this Don Quixote said to Sancho, "Look here, Sancho; on turning over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history I think I came casually upon this name of Don Álvaro Tarfe."

"Very likely," said Sancho; "we had better let him dismount and by-and-by we can ask about it."

The gentleman dismounted, and the landlady gave him a room on the ground floor opposite Don Quixote's and adorned with painted serge hangings of the same sort. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer coat, and coming out to the gateway of the hostelry, which was wide and cool, addressing Don Quixote, who was pacing up and down there, he asked, "In what direction is your worship bound, gentle sir?"

"To a village near this which is my own village," replied Don Quixote; "and your worship, where are you bound for?"

"I am going to Granada, señor," said the gentleman, "to my own country."

"And a goodly country," said Don Quixote; "but will your worship do me the favor of telling me your name, for it strikes me it is of more importance to me to know it than I can well tell you."

"My name is Don Álvaro Tarfe," replied the traveler.

To which Don Quixote returned, "I have no doubt whatever that your worship is that Don Álvaro Tarfe who appears in print in the Second Part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, lately printed and published by a new author."

"I am the same," replied the gentleman; "and that said Don Quixote, the principal personage in the said history, was a very great friend of mine, and it was I who took him away from home, or at least induced him to come to some jousts that were to be

held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself; indeed, I showed him many kindnesses, and saved him from having his shoulders touched up by the executioner because of his extreme rashness."

"Tell me, Señor Don Álvaro," said Don Quixote, "am I at all like that Don Quixote you talk of?"

"No indeed," replied the traveler, "not a bit."

"And that Don Quixote" — said our one, "had he with him a squire called Sancho Panza?"

"He had," said Don Álvaro; "but though he had the name of being very droll, I never heard him say anything that had any drollery in it."

"That I can well believe," said Sancho at this, "for to come out with drolleries is not in everybody's line; and that Sancho your worship speaks of, gentle sir, must be some great scoundrel, dunderhead, and thief, all in one; for I am the real Sancho Panza, and I have more drolleries than if it rained them; let your worship only try; come along with me for a year or so, and you will find they fall from me at every turn, and so rich and so plentiful that though mostly I don't know what I am saying I make everybody that hears me laugh. And the real Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the lover, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the protector of widows, the killer of damsels, he who has for his sole mistress the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this gentleman before you, my master; all other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are dreams and mockeries."

"By God I believe it," said Don Álvaro; "for you have uttered more drolleries, my friend, in the few words you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard from him, and they were not a few. He was more greedy than well-spoken, and more dull than droll; and I am convinced that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have been trying to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I don't know what to say, for I am ready to swear I left him shut up in the Casa del Nuncio at Toledo,[1] and here another Don Quixote turns up, though a very different one from mine."

"I don't know whether I am good," said Don Quixote, "but I can safely say I am not 'the Bad;' and to prove it, let me tell you, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, I have never in my life been in Saragossa; so far from that, when it was told me that this

[1] A madhouse founded in 1483 by Francisco Ortiz, Canon of Toledo, and apostolic nuncio. Avellaneda concludes by depositing Don Quixote in it.

imaginary Don Quixote had been present at the jousts in that city, I declined to enter it, in order to drag his falsehood before the face of the world; and so I went on straight to Barcelona, the treasure-house of courtesy, haven of strangers, asylum of the poor, home of the valiant, champion of the wronged, pleasant exchange of firm friendships, and city unrivaled in site and beauty. And though the adventures that befell me there are not by any means matters of enjoyment, but rather of regret, I do not regret them, simply because I have seen it. In a word, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the one that fame speaks of, and not the unlucky one that has attempted to usurp my name and deck himself out in my ideas. I entreat your worship by your devoir as a gentleman to be so good as to make a declaration before the alcalde of this village that you never in all your life saw me until now, and that neither am I the Don Quixote in print in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, the one your worship knew."

"That I will do most willingly," replied Don Álvaro; "though it amazes me to find two Don Quixotes and two Sancho Panzas at once, as much alike in name as they differ in demeanor; and again I say and declare that what I saw I cannot have seen, and that what happened to me cannot have happened."

"No doubt your worship is enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso," said Sancho; "and would to Heaven your disenchantment rested on my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes like what I'm giving myself for her, for I'd lay them on without looking for anything."

"I don't understand that about the lashes," said Don Álvaro.

Sancho replied that it was a long story to tell, but he would tell him if they happened to be going the same road.

By this dinner-time arrived, and Don Quixote and Don Álvaro dined together. The alcalde of the village came by chance into the inn together with a notary, and Don Quixote laid a petition before him, showing that it was requisite for his rights that Don Álvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should make a declaration before him that he did not know Don Quixote of La Mancha, also there present, and that he was not the one that was in print in a history entitled "Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha, by one Avellaneda of Tordesillas." The alcalde finally put it in legal form, and

the declaration was made with all the formalities required in such cases, at which Don Quixote and Sancho were in high delight, as if a declaration of the sort was of any great importance to them, and as if their words and deeds did not plainly show the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos. Many civilities and offers of service were exchanged by Don Álvaro and Don Quixote, in the course of which the great Manchegan displayed such good taste that he disabused Don Álvaro of the error he was under; and he, on his part, felt convinced he must have been enchanted, now that he had been brought in contact with two such opposite Don Quixotes.

Evening came, they set out for the village, and after about half a league two roads branched off, one leading to Don Quixote's village, the other the road Don Álvaro was to follow. In this short interval Don Quixote told him of his unfortunate defeat, and of Dulcinea's enchantment and the remedy, all which threw Don Álvaro into fresh amazement, and embracing Don Quixote and Sancho he went his way, and Don Quixote went his. That night he passed among trees again in order to give Sancho an opportunity of working out his penance, which he did in the same fashion as the night before, at the expense of the bark of the beech trees much more than of his back, of which he took such good care that the lashes would not have knocked off a fly had there been one there. The duped Don Quixote did not miss a single stroke of the count, and he found that together with those of the night before they made up three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun apparently had got up early to witness the sacrifice, and with his light they resumed their journey, discussing the deception practiced on Don Álvaro, and saying how well done it was to have taken his declaration before a magistrate in such an unimpeachable form. That day and night they traveled on, nor did anything worth mention happen to them, unless it was that in the course of the night Sancho finished off his task, whereat Don Quixote was beyond measure joyful. He watched for daylight, to see if along the road he should fall in with his already disenchanted lady Dulcinea; and as he pursued his journey there was no woman he met that he did not go up to, to see if she was Dulcinea del Toboso, as he held it absolutely certain that Merlin's promises could not lie. Full of these thoughts and anxieties, they ascended a rising ground wherefrom they

descried their own village, at the sight of which Sancho fell on his knees exclaiming, "Open thine eyes, longed-for home, and see how thy son Sancho Panza comes back to thee, if not very rich, very well whipped! Open thine arms and receive, too, thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes vanquished by the arm of another, comes victor over himself, which, as he himself has told me, is the greatest victory anyone can desire. I'm bringing back money, for if I was well whipped, I went mounted like a gentleman."

"Have done with these fooleries," said Don Quixote; "let us push on straight and get to our own place, where we will give free range to our fancies, and settle our plans for our future pastoral life."

With this they descended the slope and directed their steps to their village.

Of the Omens Don Quixote had as he Entered his own Village, and Other Incidents that Embellish and Give a Color to this Great History.

At the entrance of the village, so says Cid Hamet, Don Quixote saw two boys quarreling on the village threshing-floor, one of whom said to the other, "Take it easy, Periquillo; thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest."

Don Quixote heard this, and said he to Sancho, "Dost thou not mark, friend, what that boy said, 'Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest'?"

"Well," said Sancho, "what does it matter if the boy said so?"

"What!" said Don Quixote, "dost thou not see that, applied to the object of my desires, the words mean that I am never to see Dulcinea more?"

Sancho was about to answer, when his attention was diverted by seeing a hare come flying across the plain pursued by several greyhounds and sportsmen. In its terror it ran to take shelter and hide itself under Dapple. Sancho caught it alive and presented it to Don Quixote, who was saying, "*Malum signum, malum signum!* a hare flies, greyhounds chase it, Dulcinea appears not."

"Your worship's a strange man," said Sancho; "let's take it for granted that this hare is Dulcinea, and these greyhounds

chasing it the malignant enchanters who turned her into a country wench; she flies, and I catch her and put her into your worship's hands, and you hold her in your arms and cherish her; what bad sign is that, or what ill omen is there to be found here?"

The two boys who had been quarreling came over to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them what their quarrel was about. He was answered by the one who had said, "Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, and did not mean to give it back to him as long as he lived. Sancho took out four cuartos from his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he placed in Don Quixote's hands, saying, "There, señor! there are the omens broken and destroyed, and they have no more to do with our affairs, to my thinking, fool as I am, than with last year's clouds; and if I remember rightly I have heard the curate of our village say that it does not become Christians or sensible people to give any heed to these silly things; and even you yourself said the same to me some time ago, telling me that all Christians who minded omens were fools; but there's no need of making words about it; let us push on and go into our village."

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare, which Don Quixote gave them. They then went on, and upon the green at the entrance of the town they came upon the curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco busy with their breviaries. It should be mentioned that Sancho had thrown, by way of a sumpter-cloth, over Dapple and over the bundle of armor, the buckram robe painted with flames which they had put upon him at the duke's castle the night Altisidora came back to life. He had also fixed the miter on Dapple's head, the oddest transformation and decoration that ever ass in the world underwent. They were at once recognized by both the curate and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms. Don Quixote dismounted and received them with a close embrace; and the boys, who are lynxes that nothing escapes, spied out the ass's miter and came running to see it, calling out to one another, "Come here, boys, and see Sancho Panza's ass rigged out finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever."

So at length, with the boys capering round them, and accompanied by the curate and the bachelor, they made their entrance into the town, and proceeded to Don Quixote's house,

at the door of which they found his housekeeper and niece, whom the news of his arrival had already reached. It had been brought to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, as well, and she with her hair all loose and half naked, dragging Sanchica her daughter by the hand, ran out to meet her husband; but seeing him coming in by no means as good case as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, "How is it you come this way, husband? It seems to me you come tramping and footsore, and looking more like a disorderly vagabond than a governor."

"Hold your tongue, Teresa," said Sancho; "often where there are pegs there are no flitches; let's go into the house and there you'll hear strange things. I bring money, and that's the main thing, got by my own industry without wronging anybody."

"You bring the money, my good husband," said Teresa, "and no matter whether it was got this way or that; for, however you may have got it, you'll not have brought any new practice into the world."

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he brought her anything, for she had been looking out for him as for the showers of May; and she taking hold of him by the girdle on one side, and his wife by the hand, while the daughter led Dapple, they made for their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the hands of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote at once, without any regard to time or season, withdrew in private with the bachelor and the curate, and in a few words told them of his defeat, and of the engagement he was under not to quit his village for a year, which he meant to keep to the letter without departing a hair's breadth from it, as became a knight-errant bound by scrupulous good faith and the laws of knight-errantry; and of how he thought of turning shepherd for that year, and taking his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he could with perfect freedom give range to his thoughts of love while he followed the virtuous pastoral calling; and he besought them, if they had not a great deal to do and were not prevented by more important business, to consent to be his companions, for he would buy sheep enough to qualify them for shepherds; and the most important point of the whole affair, he could tell them, was settled, for he had given them names that would fit them to a T. The curate asked what they were. Don Quixote replied that he himself was to

be called the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the curate the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Both were astounded at Don Quixote's new craze; however, lest he should once more make off out of the village from them in pursuit of chivalry, they, trusting that in the course of the year he might be cured, fell in with his new project, applauded his crazy idea as a bright one, and offered to share the life with him. "And what's more," said Samson Carrasco, "I am, as all the world knows, a very famous poet, and I'll be always making verses, pastoral, or courtly, or as it may come into my head, to pass away our time in those secluded regions where we shall be roaming. But what is most needful, sirs, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he means to glorify in his verses, and that we should not leave a tree, be it ever so hard, without writing up and carving her name on it, as is the habit and custom of love-smitten shepherds."

"That's the very thing," said Don Quixote; "though I am relieved from looking for the name of an imaginary shepherdess, for there's the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these brook-sides, the ornament of these meadows, the mainstay of beauty, the cream of all the graces, and, in a word, the being to whom all praise is appropriate, be it ever so hyperbolical."

"Very true," said the curate; "but we the others must look about for accommodating shepherdesses that will answer our purpose one way or another."

"And," added Samson Carrasco, "if they fail us, we can call them by the names of the ones in print that the world is filled with, Filidas, Amarilises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, Belisardas; for as they sell them in the market-places, we may fairly buy them and make them our own. If my lady, or I should say my shepherdess, happens to be called Ana, I'll sing her praises under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I'll call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same thing; and Sancho Panza, if he joins this fraternity, may glorify his wife Teresa Panza as Teresaina."

Don Quixote laughed at the adaptation of the name, and the curate bestowed vast praise upon the worthy and honorable resolution he had made, and again offered to bear him company all that he could spare from his imperative duties. And so they took their leave of him, recommending and beseeching him to take care of his health and treat himself to a generous diet.

It so happened his niece and the housekeeper overheard all the three of them said; and as soon as they were gone they both of them came in to Don Quixote, and said the niece, "What's this, uncle? Now that we were thinking you had come back to stay at home and lead a quiet respectable life there, are you going to get into fresh entanglements, and turn 'young shepherd, thou that comest here, young shepherd going there'? Nay! indeed 'the straw is too hard now to make pipes of.'"

"And," added the housekeeper, "will your worship be able to bear, out in the fields, the heats of summer, and the chills of winter, and the howling of the wolves? Not you; for that's a life and a business for hardy men, bred and seasoned to such work almost from the time they were in swaddling-clothes. Why, to make choice of evils, it's better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd! Look here, señor; take my advice — and I'm not giving it to you full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years upon my head — stay at home, look after your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my soul be it if any evil comes to you."

"Hold your peace, my daughters," said Don Quixote; "I know very well what my duty is; help me to bed, for I don't feel very well; and rest assured that, knight-errant now or wandering shepherd to be, I shall never fail to have a care for your interests, as you will see in the end." And the good wenches (for that they undoubtedly were), the housekeeper and niece, helped him to bed, where they gave him something to eat and made him as comfortable as possible.

Of How Don Quixote Fell Sick, and of the Will He Made, and How He Died.

As nothing that is man's can last forever, but all tends ever downwards from its beginning to its end, and above all man's life, and as Don Quixote's enjoyed no special dispensation from Heaven to stay its course, its end and close came when he least looked for it. For — whether it was of the dejection the thought of his defeat produced, or of Heaven's will that so ordered it — a fever settled upon him and kept him in his bed for six days, during which he was often visited by his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, while his good squire

Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside. They, persuaded that it was grief at finding himself vanquished, and the object of his heart, the liberation and disenchantment of Dulcinea, unattained, that kept him in this state, strove by all the means in their power to cheer him up; the bachelor bidding him take heart and get up to begin his pastoral life, for which he himself, he said, had already composed an eclogue that would take the shine out of all Sannazaro had ever written, and had bought with his own money two famous dogs to guard the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him.

But for all this Don Quixote could not shake off his sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who felt his pulse and was not very well satisfied with it, and said that in any case it would be well for him to attend to the health of his soul, as that of his body was in a bad way. Don Quixote heard this calmly; but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell weeping bitterly, as if they had him lying dead before them. The doctor's opinion was that melancholy and depression were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote begged them to leave him to himself, as he had a wish to sleep a little. They obeyed, and he slept at one stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so that the housekeeper and niece thought he was going to sleep forever. But at the end of that time he woke up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth his mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor keep them back!"

The niece listened with attention to her uncle's words, and they struck her as more coherent than what usually fell from him, at least during his illness, so she asked, "What are you saying, señor? Has anything strange occurred? What mercies or what sins of men are you talking of?"

"The mercies, niece," said Don Quixote, "are those that God has this moment shown me, and with him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of ignorance that my unhappy constant study of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and deceptions, and it only grieves me that this destruction of my illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some amends by reading other books that might be a light to my soul.

Niece, I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not that the fact should be made plainer at my death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the Curate, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will." But his niece was saved the trouble by the entrance of the three. The instant Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, "Good news for you, good sirs, that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, whose way of life won for him the name of Good. Now am I the enemy of Amadis of Gaul and of the whole countless troop of his descendants; odious to me now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry; now I perceive my folly, and the peril into which reading them brought me; now, by God's mercy schooled into my right senses, I loathe them."

When the three heard him speak in this way, they had no doubt whatever that some new craze had taken possession of him; and said Samson, "What? Señor Don Quixote! Now that we have intelligence of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, are you taking this line; now, just as we are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush for Heaven's sake, be rational, and let's have no more nonsense."

"All that nonsense," said Don Quixote, "that until now has been a reality to my hurt, my death will, with Heaven's help, turn to my good. I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly drawing near death; a truce to jesting; let me have a confessor to confess me, and a notary to make my will; for in extremities like this, man must not trifle with his soul; and while the curate is confessing me let some one, I beg, go for the notary."

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words; but, though uncertain, they were inclined to believe him, and one of the signs by which they came to the conclusion he was dying was this so sudden and complete return to his senses after having been mad; for to the words already quoted he added much more, so well expressed, so devout, and so rational, as to banish all doubt and convince them that he was sound of mind. The curate turned them all out, and left alone with him confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary and returned shortly afterwards with him and with Sancho,

who, having already learned from the bachelor the condition his master was in, and finding the housekeeper and niece weeping, began to blubber and shed tears.

The confession over, the curate came out saying, "Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind; we may now go in to him while he makes his will."

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts; for of a truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests, he said, "Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him in respect of them; but that if anything remain over and above, after he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but little, shall be his, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, could I give him that of a kingdom, it should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it." And then, turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee fall into the same error I myself fell into, that there were and still are knights-errant in the world."

"Ah!" said Sancho weeping, "don't die, master, but take my advice and live many years; for the foolishest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rhyme or reason, without anybody killing him, or any hands but melancholy's making an end of him. Come, don't be lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in shepherd's trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on

me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly; besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow."

"Very true," said Samson, "and good Sancho Panza's view of these cases is quite right."

"Sirs, not so fast," said Don Quixote, "'in last year's nests there are no birds this year.' I was mad, now I am in my senses: I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed.

"Item, I leave all my property absolutely to Antonia Quixana my niece, here present, after all has been deducted from the most available portion of it that may be required to satisfy the bequests I have made. And the first disbursement I desire to be made is the payment of the wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me, with twenty ducats, over and above for a gown. The curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, now present, I appoint my executors.

"Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, desires to marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall be first of all ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if, in spite of this, my niece insists upon marrying him, and does marry him, then that she shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.

"Item, I entreat the aforesaid gentlemen my executors, that if any happy chance should lead them to discover the author who is said to have written a history now going about under the title of 'Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote of La Mancha,' they beg of him on my behalf as earnestly as they can to forgive me for having been, without intending it, the cause of his writing so many and such monstrous absurdities as he has written in it; for I am leaving the world with a feeling of compunction at having provoked him to write them."

With this he closed his will, and a faintness coming over him he stretched himself out at full length on the bed. All were in a flutter and made haste to relieve him, and during the three days he lived after that on which he made his will he

fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion; but still the niece ate and the housekeeper drank and Sancho Panza enjoyed himself; for inheriting property wipes out or softens down in the heir the feeling of grief the dead man might be expected to leave behind him.

At last Don Quixote's end came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit, that is to say died. On perceiving it the curate begged the notary to bear witness that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove the possibility of any other author save Cid Hamet Benengeli bringing him to life again falsely and making interminable stories out of his achievements.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cid Hamet would not indicate precisely, in order to leave all the towns and villages of La Mancha to contend among themselves for the right to adopt him and claim him as a son, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

Adelbert von Chamisso, poet and miscellaneous writer, French by birth, German by adoption and in literary life, born at the Castle of Boncourt, in Champagne, Jan. 30, 1781; died at Berlin, Aug. 21, 1838. He came of a good family of Champagne, who, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, fled to Prussia, where, in 1796, Adelbert became one of the Queen's pages. He afterward obtained a commission in the army, which he resigned in 1806. He had applied himself to the study of German, and on his release from the army joined in the publication of an "Almanac of the Muses." During a visit to Madame de Staël he began the study of botany, which he pursued with such success that in 1815 he was appointed botanist of the expedition under Kotzebue for the circumnavigation of the globe. On his return he became custodian of the Botanical Gardens of Berlin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Chamisso wrote numerous poems, among which are "The Lion's Bride," "Retribution," "Woman's Love and Life," and "Cousin Anselmo." He is best known by a prose narrative, "Peter Schlemihl," the man who lost his shadow, which was first published in 1814.

Peter Loses His Shadow.[1]

(From "Peter Schlemihl.")

I had hastily glided through the rose-grove, descended the hill, and found myself on a wide grassplot, when, alarmed with the apprehension of being discovered wandering from the beaten path, I looked around me with inquiring apprehension. How was I startled when I saw the old man in the gray coat behind, and advancing towards me! He immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I in my turn uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still with a bare head in the sunshine as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach; I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattlesnake.

[1] By permission of L. C. Page & Co.

He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me: —

"Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopt him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon" — "In the name of Heaven, Sir!" I cried out in my anguish, "what can I do for one who" — We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply.

After a momentary silence he again began: "During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir, — will you allow me to say so, — I observed, with unutterable admiration, the beautiful, beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet; forgive me this, I confess, too daring intrusion, but should you be inclined to transfer it to me?"

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? He is crazy, thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied, —

"How is this, good friend? Is not your own shadow enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain indeed." He began again, "I have in my pocket many matters which might not be quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little."

A chill came over me: I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy to set matters in order.

"Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant, I do not quite understand your meaning; how can my shadow" — He interrupted me: "I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket; how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining rods, mandrake roots, change pennies, money extractors, the napkins of Rolando's Squire, and divers other miracle-workers, — a choice assortment. But all this is not fit for you; better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap restored spick and span new, and also a fortune-bag which belonged to him." "Fortunatus's fortune-bag!" I

exclaimed; and great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double ducats seemed sparkling before my eyes.

"Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more; — I stretched out my hand. "Done! the bargain is made; I give you my shadow for your purse." He grasped my hand, and knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot; he lifted it up; he rolled it together and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. He then stood erect, bowed to me again, and returned back to the rose-grove. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I held, however, the purse tight by the strings — the earth was sun-bright all around me, and my senses were still wholly confused.

At last I came to myself, and hastened from a place where apparently I had nothing more to do. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the high road, and bent my way to the town. I was walking thoughtfully towards the gate, when I heard a voice behind me: "Holla! young Squire! holla! don't you hear?" I looked round — an old woman was calling after me: "Take care, sir, take care — you have lost your shadow!" "Thanks, good woman." I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" and immediately afterwards a couple of women exclaimed, "Good heavens! the poor fellow has no shadow." I began to be vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do: for instance, in the Broad-street, which I was next compelled to cross; and as ill-luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunch-backed vagabond — I see him at this moment — had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl

out to the young tyros of the suburbs, who first criticised me, and then bespattered me with mud: "Respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun." I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention; and, with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprang into a hackney coach.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle, I began to weep bitterly. My inward emotion suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable than gold itself; and that as I had sacrificed my riches to my integrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth; and what ought, what could become of me?

I continued still sadly discomposed, when the coach stopped before the old tavern. I was shocked at the thought of again entering that vile garret. I sent for my baggage, took up the miserable bundle with contempt, threw the servants some pieces of gold, and ordered to be driven to the principal hotel. The house faced the north, so I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the driver with gold, selected the best front room, and locked myself in as soon as possible.

And how do you imagine I employed myself? Oh, my beloved Chamisso, I blush to confess it even to you. I drew forth the luckless purse from my bosom, and impelled by a sort of madness which burned and spread within me like a furious conflagration, I shook out gold, and gold, and gold, and still more gold; strewed it over the floor, trampled on it, and made it tinkle, and feasting my weak senses on the glitter and the sound, I added pile to pile, till I sunk exhausted on the golden bed. I rolled about, and wallowed in delicious delirium. And so the day passed by, and so the evening. My door remained unopened, and night found me still reposing on the gold, when sleep at length overcame me.

Then I dreamed of you. I fancied I was standing close to the glass door of your little apartment, and saw you sitting at your work-table, between a skeleton and a parcel of dried plants. Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus lay open before you; on your sofa were a volume of Goethe and *The Magic Ring*. I looked at you for a long time, then at everything around you, and then at you again; but you moved not, you breathed not — you were dead.

I awoke: it seemed to be yet early — my watch had stopped;

I felt as if I had been bastinadoed — yet both hungry and thirsty, for since the previous morning I had eaten nothing. With weariness and disgust I pushed away from me the gold, which but a little time before had satiated my foolish heart: I now in my perplexity knew not how to dispose of it. But it could not remain there. I tried to put it again into the purse — no; none of my windows opened upon the sea. I was obliged to content myself by dragging it with immense labor and difficulty to a large cupboard, which stood in a recess, where I packed it up. I left only a few handfuls lying about. When I had finished my labor, I sat down exhausted in an arm-chair, and waited till the people of the house began to stir. I ordered breakfast, and begged the landlord to be with me as soon as practicable.

With this man I arranged the future management of my household. He recommended to me for my personal servant a certain *Bendel*, whose honest and intelligent countenance instantly interested me. It was he who from that moment accompanied me through life with a sympathizing attachment, and shared with me my gloomy destiny. I passed the whole day in my apartments with servants out of place, shoemakers, tailors, and shopkeepers; I provided myself with all necessaries, and bought large quantities of jewels and precious stones, merely to get rid of some of my piles of gold; but it seemed scarcely possible to diminish the heap.

Meanwhile I contemplated my situation with most anxious doubts. I dared not venture one step from my door, and at evening ordered forty wax-lights to be kindled in my saloon, before I left the dark chamber. I thought with horror of the dreadful scene with the school-boys, and determined, whatever it might cost, once more to sound public opinion. The moon at this season illumined the night. Late in the evening I threw a wide cloak around me, pulled down my hat over my eyes, and glided out of the house trembling like a criminal. I walked first along the shadows of the houses to a remote open place; I then abandoned their protection, stepped out into the moonshine, resolving to learn my destiny from the lips of the passers-by.

But spare me, my friend, the painful repetition of what I was condemned to undergo! The deepest pity seemed to inspire the fairer sex; but my soul was not less wounded by this than by the contumely of the young, and the proud disdain of

the old, especially of those stout and well-fed men, whose dignified shadows seemed to do them honor. A lovely, graceful maiden, apparently accompanying her parents, who seemed not to look beyond their own footsteps, accidentally fixed her sparkling eyes upon me. She obviously started as she remarked my shadowless figure; she hid her beautiful face beneath her veil, hung down her head, and passed silently on.

I could bear it no longer. Salt streams burst forth from my eyes, and with a broken heart I hurried tremblingly back into darkness. I was obliged to grope along by the houses, in order to feel my steps secure, and slowly and late I reached my dwelling.

That night was a sleepless one. My first care at daybreak was to order the man in the gray coat to be everywhere sought for. Perchance I might be lucky enough to discover him — and oh, what bliss if he as well as I repented of our foolish bargain! I sent for Bendel; he seemed both apt and active. I described to him minutely the man who held in his possession that treasure, without which life was but a torment to me. I told him the time, the place where I had seen him; particularized to him all the persons who could assist his inquiries; and added, that he should especially ask after a Dollond's telescope, a gold embroidered Turkish carpet, a superb tent, and also the black riding horses, whose history — I did not state how — was closely connected with that of the unintelligible man, whom nobody seemed to notice, and whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

When I had done, I brought out as much gold as I was able to carry. I laid jewels and precious stones to still greater amount upon the pile. "Bendel," I said, "this levels many a path, and makes many a difficult thing easy; be not sparing, you know I am not; but go and rejoice your master with the information on which his only hopes are built."

He went — he returned — and returned late and sorrowful. None of the merchant's servants, none of his guests — he had spoken to all — knew anything about the man in the gray coat. The new telescope was there, but they were all ignorant whence it came. The tent and the carpet were extended on the same hill; the lackeys boasted of their master's magnificence: but none knew from what place these new valuables had come. They had administered to his pleasures; and he did not disturb his rest to inquire into their origin. Their horses were in the

stalls of the young men who had rode them; and they lauded the generosity of the merchant, who had that day requested they would keep them as presents. Such was the light that Bendel threw upon this extraordinary history, and for this fruitless result received my grateful thanks. I beckoned gloomily to him that he should leave me alone.

But he resumed, "I have informed you, Sir, of everything connected with the affair which most interests you. I have also a message to deliver, which was given to me this morning early, by a person whom I met at the door, while I was going out on the business in which I have been so unfortunate. His own words were, 'Say to Mr. Peter Schlemihl, he will see me here no more, as I am going to cross the sea; and a favorable wind beckons me to the haven. But after a year and a day I shall have the honor to seek him out, and perhaps to propose to him another arrangement which may then be to his liking. Remember me most obediently to him, and assure him of my thanks.' I asked him who he was; and he replied that you knew."

"What was the man's appearance?" I cried, full of forebodings. And Bendel described the man in the gray coat, feature by feature, word for word, precisely as he had depicted him when inquiring about him.

"Miserable mortal!" exclaimed I, wringing my hands, "it was he! it was he himself!" He looked as if scales had fallen from his eyes. "Yes, it was he, it was indeed he!" he cried out in agony; "and I, silly, deluded one, I did not know him —I did not know him— I have betrayed my master!"

He broke out into the loudest reproaches against himself. He wept bitterly; his despair could not but excite my pity. I ministered consolation to him, assured him again and again that I did not doubt his fidelity, and sent him instantly to the haven, to follow the strange man's steps if possible. But, on that very morning, many vessels which had been kept by contrary winds back in port, had put to sea, all destined to distant lands and other climes; the gray man had disappeared trackless as a shade.

. . . . . .

Though I thus lived in apparent kingly pomp and prodigality, my habits at home were simple and unpretending. With thoughtful foresight, I had made it a rule that no one except Bendel should on any pretense enter the chamber which I occupied. As long as the sun shone I remained there locked in.

People said, "The count is engaged in his cabinet." The crowds of couriers were kept in communication by these occupations, for I dispatched and received them on the most trifling business. At evening, alone, I received company under the trees or in my saloon, which was skillfully and magnificently lighted, according to Bendel's arrangement. Whenever I went out Bendel watched round me with Argus' eyes; my steps were always tending to the forester's garden, and that only for the sake of *her;* the inmost spirit of my existence was my love.

My good Chamisso, I will hope you have not forgotten what love is; I leave much to your filling up. Mina was indeed a love-worthy, good, and gentle girl; I had obtained full possession of her thoughts; and in her modesty she could not imagine how she had become worthy of my regard, and that I dwelt only upon her; but she returned love for love, in the full youthful energy of an innocent heart. She loved like a woman; all self-sacrificing, self-forgetting, and living only in him who was her life, careless even though she should perish: in a word, she truly loved.

But I — oh, what frightful moments! — frightful! yet worthy to be recalled. How often did I weep in Bendel's bosom, after I recovered from the first inebriety of rapture! how severely did I condemn myself, that I, a shadowless being, should seal, with wily selfishness, the perdition of an angel, whose pure soul I had attached to me by lies and theft! Now I determined to unveil myself to her; now, with solemn oaths, I resolved to tear myself from her, and to fly; then again I broke out into tears, and arranged with Bendel for visiting her in the forest-garden again in the evening.

Sometimes I allowed myself to be flattered with the hopes of the now nearly approaching visit of the unknown, mysterious old man; and wept anew when I recollected that I had sought him in vain. I had reckoned the day when I was again to expect to see that awful being. He had said a year and a day, and I relied on his word.

Mina's parents were good, worthy old people, loving their only child most tenderly; the whole affair had taken them by surprise, and, as matters stood, they knew not how to act. They could never have dreamed that Count Peter should think of their child; but it was clear he loved her passionately, and was loved in return. The mother, indeed, was vain enough to think of the possibility of such an alliance, and to prepare for

its accomplishment; but the calm good sense of the old man never gave such an ambitious hope a moment's consideration. But they were both convinced of the purity of my love, and could do nothing but pray for their child.

A letter is now in my hand which I received about this time from Mina. This is her very character. I will copy it for you.

"I know I am a weak, silly girl; for I have taught myself to believe my beloved would not give me pain, and this because I deeply, dearly love him. Alas! thou art so kind, so unutterably kind! but do not delude me. For me make no sacrifice — wish to make no sacrifice. Heaven! I could hate myself if I caused thee to do so. No, thou hast made me infinitely happy; thou hast taught me to love thee. But go in peace! my destiny tells me Count Peter is not mine, but the whole world's; and then I shall feel proudly as I hear that it was he — and he again — that he had done this — that he has been adored here, and deified there. When I think of this, I could reproach thee for forgetting thy high destinies in a simple maiden. Go in peace, or the thought will make me miserable, — me, alas! who am so happy, so blessed through thee. And have not I entwined in thy existence an olive-branch and a rose-bud, as in the garland which I dared to present thee? Think of thyself, my beloved one; fear not to leave me, I should die so blessed — so unutterably blessed, through thee."

You may well imagine how these words thrilled through my bosom. I told her I was not that which I was supposed to be; I was only a wealthy, but an infinitely-wretched man. There was, I said, a curse upon me, which should be the only secret between her and me; for I had not yet lost the hope of being delivered from it. This was the poison of my existence, that I could have swept her away with me into the abyss, — her, the sole light, the sole bliss, the sole spirit of my life. Then she wept again that I was so unhappy. She was so amiable, so full of love! How blessed had she felt to have offered herself up in order to spare me a single tear!

But she was far from rightly understanding my words: she sometimes fancied I was a prince pursued by a cruel proscription; a high and devoted chief, whom her imagination loved to depicture, and to give to her beloved one all the bright hues of heroism.

Once I said to her, "Mina, on the last day of the coming month, my doom may change and be decided. If that should not happen I must die, for I cannot make thee miserable." She wept, and her head sunk upon my bosom. "If thy doom should change, let me but know thou art happy; I have no claim upon thee. But shouldst thou become miserable, bind me to thy misery; I will help thee to bear it."

"Beloved maiden! withdraw, withdraw the rash, the foolish word which has escaped thy lips. Dost thou know what is my misery? dost thou know what is my curse? That thy beloved —what he —Dost thou see me shuddering convulsively before thee and concealing from thee" — She sunk sobbing at my feet, and renewed her declaration with a solemn vow.

I declared to the now approaching forest-master my determination to ask the hand of his daughter for the first day of the coming month. I fixed that period, because in the meanwhile many an event might occur which would have great influence on my fortunes. My love for his daughter could not but be unchangeable.

The good old man started back, as it were, while the words escaped from Count Peter's lips. He fell upon my neck, and then blushed that he had so far forgotten himself. Then he began to doubt, to ponder, to inquire; he spoke of dowry, of security for the future for his beloved child. I thanked him for reminding me of it. I told him I wished to settle and live a life free from anxiety, in a neighborhood where I appeared to be beloved. I ordered him to buy, in the name of his daughter, the finest estates that were offered, and refer to me for the payment. A father would surely best serve the lover of his child. This gave him trouble enough, for some stranger or other always forestalled him; but he bought for only the amount of about a million florins.

The truth is, this was a sort of innocent trick to get rid of him, which I had already once done before; for I must own he was rather tedious. The good mother, on the contrary, was somewhat deaf, and not, like him, always jealous of the honor of entertaining the noble Count.

The mother pressed forward. The happy people crowded around me, entreating me to lengthen the evening among them. I dared not linger a moment; the moon was rising above the twilight of evening; my time was come.

Next evening I returned again to the forest-garden. I had

thrown my broad mantle over my shoulders, my hat was slouched over my eyes. I advanced towards Mina; as she lifted up her eyes and looked at me an involuntary shudder came over her. The frightful night in which I had shown myself shadowless in the moonlight returned in all its brightness to my mind. It was indeed she! Had she, too, recognized me? She was silent and full of thought. I felt the oppression of a nightmare on my breast. I rose from my seat; she threw herself speechless on my bosom. I left her.

But now I often found her in tears; my soul grew darker and darker, while her parents seemed to revel in undisturbed joy. The day so big with fate rolled onwards, heavy and dark like a thunder-cloud. Its eve had arrived, I could scarcely breathe. I had been foresighted enough to fill some chests with gold. I waited for midnight; it tolled.

And there I sat, my eyes directed to the hand of the clock; the seconds, the minutes, as they tinkled, entered me like a dagger. I rose up at every sound I heard. The day began to dawn; the leaden hours crowded one on another; it was morning — evening — night. The hands of the time-piece moved slowly on, and hope was departing. It struck eleven, and nothing appeared. The last minutes of the last hour vanished; still nothing appeared: the first stroke — the last stroke of *twelve* sounded. I sank hopeless on my couch in ceaseless tears. To-morrow — shadowless forever! to-morrow I should solicit the hand of my beloved. Towards morning a heavy sleep closed my eyes.

. . . . . .

It was yet early when I was awakened by the sound of voices violently disputing in my ante-chamber. I listened; Bendel was forbidding access to my door. Rascal swore loudly and deeply that he would take no orders from his fellow-servant, and insisted on rushing into my apartment. The good Bendel warned him that if such language reached my ears he might perchance lose a profitable place; but Rascal threatened to lay violent hands upon him if he impeded his entrance any longer.

I had half dressed myself. I angrily flung the door open, and called out to Rascal, "What dost want, thou scoundrel?" He retreated two paces, and answered with perfect coldness, "Humbly to request, may it please your lordship, for once to

show me your shadow; the sun is shining so beautifully in the court."

I felt as if scathed by a thunderbolt, and it was long before I could utter a word: "How can a servant presume against his master that — " He interrupted me with provoking calmness: "A servant may be a very honest man, and yet refuse to serve a shadowless master; I must have my discharge." I tried another weapon.

"But Rascal, my dear Rascal, who has put this wild notion into your head? How can you imagine — " But he continued in the same tone, "There are people who assert you have no shadow; so, in a word, either show me your shadow, or give me my discharge."

Bendel, pale and trembling, but more discreet than I, made me a sign to seek a resource in the silence-imposing gold. But it had lost its power; Rascal flung it at my feet: "I will take nothing from a shadowless being." He turned his back upon me, put his hat on his head, and went slowly out of the apartment whistling a tune. I stood there like a petrifaction, looking after him, vacant and motionless.

Heavy and melancholy, with a deathlike feeling within me, I prepared to redeem my promise, and, like a criminal before his judges, to show myself in the forester's garden. I ascended to the dark arbor which had been called by my name, where an appointment had been made to meet me. Mina's mother came forward towards me, gay, and free from care. Mina was seated there, pale and lovely, as the earliest snow when it kisses the last autumnal flower and soon dissolves into bitter drops. The forest-master, with a written sheet in his hand, wandered in violent agitation from side to side, seemingly overcome with internal feelings, which painted his usually unvarying countenance with constantly changing paleness and scarlet. He came towards me as I entered, and with broken accents requested to speak to me alone. The path through which he invited me to follow him led to an open, sunny part of the garden. I seated myself down without uttering a word; a long silence followed, which even our good mother dared not interrupt.

With irregular steps the forest-master paced the arbor backwards and forwards; he stood for a moment before me, looked into the paper which he held, and said with a most penetrating glance, "Count, and do you indeed know one Peter

Schlemihl?" I was silent. "A man of reputable character, and of great accomplishments." He waited for my answer. "And what if I were he?" "He," added he vehemently, "who has in some way got rid of his shadow!" "Oh, my forebodings! my forebodings!" exclaimed Mina, "alas! I knew long ago that he had no shadow!" and she flung herself into her mother's arms, who, alarmed, pressed her convulsively to her bosom, reproaching me with having concealed such a fatal secret from her; but she, like Arethusa, was bathed in a fountain of tears, which flowed abundantly at the sound of my voice, and at my approach tempestuously burst forth.

"And so," cried the forest-master, furiously, "your matchless impudence has sought to betray that poor girl and me; and you pretended to love her, — her whom you have dragged to the abyss. See how she weeps, how she is agonized! Oh shame! Oh sin!"

I was so completely confused that I answered incoherently, "After all, 'twas but a shadow, nothing but a shadow — one can manage without it; and surely it is not worth making such a noise about." But I felt so deeply the deception of my language that I was silent before he deigned to give me an answer. I added, "What a man has lost to-day he may find again to-morrow."

He spoke angrily: "Explain to me, sir, explain how you got rid of your shadow." I was compelled again to lie: "A vulgar fellow trod so clumsily upon my shadow that he tore a great hole in it; I sent it to be mended — gold can do everything; I ought to have received it back yesterday."

"Very well, sir, very well," he replied. "You sue for my daughter, others do the same; as her father I must take care of her. I give you three days' respite, which you may employ in procuring a shadow. Come to me after this; and if you have one that suits you, you will be welcome. But if not, on the fourth day I must tell you my daughter shall be the wife of another." I attempted to address a word to Mina; but she clung, violently agitated, closer to her mother, who silently beckoned to me that I should retire. I slunk away as if the world's gates had closed behind me.

Escaped to Bendel's affectionate guidance, I wandered with erring footsteps through fields and woods; sweat-drops of anguish fell from my brow, deep groans broke from my bosom, within me raged a wild frenzy.

I know not how long it had lasted, when on a sunny heath I found myself held by the sleeve. I stood still, and looked around me. It was the gray-coated stranger; he seemed to have followed me till he was out of breath. He instantly began, —

"I had announced myself for to-day; you have hardly been able to wait so long, but all is well; you will take good counsel; exchange your shadow again, it only waits your commands; and then turn back. You will be welcome in the forester's garden: it was but a jest. Rascal, who has betrayed you, and who is a suitor to your betrothed, I will dispose of: the fellow is ripe."

I stood there still, as if I were asleep. "Announced for to-day?" I reckoned the time over again; it was so. I had erred in my calculations. I put my right hand on the bag in my bosom; he discovered my meaning, and drew back two paces.

"No, Sir Count, that is in good hands, that you may retain." I looked on him with staring and inquiring eyes. He spoke: "May I ask for a trifling memento? Be so good as to sign this note." The following words were on the parchment he held: —

"I hereby promise to deliver over my soul to the bearer after its natural separation from my body."

I looked with dumb astonishment, now on the gray unknown, and now on the writing. In the meantime he had dipped a new pen in a drop of my blood, which was flowing from a scratch made by a thorn in my hand. He handed the pen to me.

"Who are you, then?" I at last inquired. "What does that matter?" he answered. "Don't you see what I am? a poor devil; a sort of philosopher or alchemist, who receives spare thanks for great favors he confers on his friends; one who has no enjoyment in this world except a little *experimentalizin'*: but sign, I pray — ay, just there on the right, *Peter Schlem'l*."

I shook my head. "Forgive me, sir, for I will not sign." "Not!" replied he, with seeming surprise, "why not?"

"'Tis an affair that requires some consideration, — to add my soul to my shadow in the bargain." "Oh, oh," he exclaimed, "consideration!" and burst into a loud laugh. "May I then be allowed to ask, what sort of a thing is your soul? Have you ever seen it? Do you know what will become of it when you are once departed? Rejoice that you have found

somebody to take notice of it; to buy, even during your lifetime, the reversion of this X, this galvanic power, this polarizing influence, or whatever the silly trifle may turn out to be; to pay for it with your bodily shadow, with something really substantial, — the hand of your mistress, the fulfillment of your prayers. Or will you rather deliver over the sweet maiden to that contemptible scoundrel, Mr. Rascal? No, no! look to that with your own eyes. Come hither; I will lend you the wishing-cap too (he drew something from his pocket), and we will have a ramble unseen through the forest-garden."

I must confess I was sadly ashamed to be thus laughed at by this fellow. I hated him from the bottom of my soul; and I believe this personal antipathy prevented me, more than my principles, from giving the required signature for my shadow, necessary as it was to me. The thought was unbearable, that I should undertake such a walk in his company. This sneaking scoundrel, this scornful, irritating imp, placing himself betwixt me and my beloved, sporting with two bleeding hearts, roused my deepest feelings. I looked on what had passed as ordained, and considered my misery as irretrievable. I turned upon the man and said, —

"Sir, I sold you my shadow for this most estimable bag of yours: I have repented it enough; if the bargain can be annulled, in the name of" — He shook his head, looked at me with a dark frown. I began again, "I will sell you nothing more of my possessions, though you may offer as high a price as for my shadow; and I will sign nothing. Hence you may conclude that the metamorphosis to which you invite me would perhaps be more agreeable to you than to me. Forgive me, but it cannot be otherwise; let us part."

"I am sorry, Mr. Schlemihl, that you so capriciously push away the favors which are presented to you; but I may be more fortunate another time. Farewell, till our speedy meeting. By the way, you will allow me to mention that I do not by any means permit my purchases to get moldy; I hold them in special regard, and take the best possible care of them."

With this he took my shadow out of his pocket, and with a dexterous fling it was unrolled and spread out on the heath on the sunny side of his feet, so that he stood between the two attendant shadows, mine and his, and walked away: mine seemed to belong to him as much as his own; it accommodated itself to all his movements and all his necessities.

When I saw my poor shadow again, after so long a separation, and found it applied to such base uses, at a moment when, for its sake I was suffering nameless anguish, my heart broke within me, and I began to weep most bitterly. The hated one walked proudly on with his spoil, and unblushingly renewed his proposals.

"You may have it — 'tis but a stroke of the pen; you will save, too, your poor unhappy Mina from the claws of the vagabond; save her for the arms of the most honorable Count. 'Tis but a stroke of the pen, I say." Tears broke forth with new violence; but I turned away, and beckoned him to be gone.

Bendel, who had followed my steps to the present spot, approached me full of sadness at this instant. The kind-hearted fellow perceived me weeping, and observed my shadow, which he could not mistake, attached to the figure of the extraordinary, gray, unknown one, and he endeavored by force to put me in possession of my property; but not being able to lay firm hold on this subtle thing, he ordered the old man, in a peremptory tone, to abandon what did not belong to him. He, for a reply, turned his back upon my well-meaning servant, and marched away. Bendel followed him closely, and lifting up the stout black-thorn cudgel which he carried, required the man to give up the shadow, enforcing the command with the strength of his nervous arm; but the man, accustomed perhaps to such encounters, bowed his head, raised his shoulders, and walked silently and calmly over the heath, accompanied by my shadow and my faithful man. For a long time I heard the dull sound echoed over the waste. It was lost at last in the distance. I stood alone with my misery as before.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing, an American divine and essayist, born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., Oct. 2, 1842. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in 1798. In 1803 he was ordained minister of the Federal Street Congregational Church in Boston. In an ordination sermon preached in 1819 he advanced Unitarian views. His tractate on "The Evidences of Christianity" and his "Address on War" led the authorities of Harvard University in 1821 to bestow on him the title of D.D. The best known of Channing's works are "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton," "Essay on the Character and Writings of Fénelon," "Essay on Self-Culture," "Essay on the Importance and Means of a National Literature," "Address on War," and "The Evidences of Christianity."

Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In a former number of our work we reviewed the life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte. We resume the subject, not for the purpose of speaking more largely of the individual, but that we may consider more distinctly the *principle of action* which governed him, and of which he was a remarkable manifestation.

Power was the idol to which Bonaparte sacrificed himself. To gain supremacy and unlimited sway, to subject men to his will, was his chief, settled, unrelenting purpose. This passion drew and converted into itself the whole energy of his nature. The love of power, that common principle, explains, in a great degree, his character and life. His crimes did not spring from any impulse peculiar to himself. With all his contempt of the human race, he still belonged to it. It is true both of the brightest virtues and the blackest vices, though they seem to set apart their possessors from the rest of mankind, that the seeds of them are sown in every human breast. The man who

NAPOLEON LE GRAND

attracts and awes us by his intellectual and moral grandeur, is only an example and anticipation of the improvements for which every mind was endowed with reason and conscience; and the worst man has become such by the perversion and excess of desires and appetites which he shares with his whole race. Napoleon had no element of character which others do not possess. It was his misery and guilt that he was usurped and absorbed by one passion; that his whole mind shot up into one growth; that his singular strength of thought and will, which, if consecrated to virtue, would have enrolled him among the benefactors of mankind, was enslaved by one lust. He is not to be gazed on as a miracle. He was a manifestation of our own nature. He teaches on a large scale what thousands teach on a narrow one. He shows us the greatness of the ruin which is wrought when the order of the mind is subverted, conscience dethroned, and a strong passion left without restraint to turn every inward and outward resource to the accomplishment of a selfish purpose.

The influence of the *love of power* on human affairs is so constant, unbounded, and tremendous, that we think this principle of our nature worthy of distinct consideration, and shall devote to it a few pages, as a fit sequel to our notice of Bonaparte.

The passion for power is one of the most universal; nor is it to be regarded as a crime in all its forms. Sweeping censures on a natural sentiment cast blame on the Creator. This principle shows itself in the very dawn of our existence. The child never exults and rejoices more than when it becomes conscious of power by overcoming difficulties or compassing new ends. All our desires and appetites lend aid and energy to this passion, for all find increase of gratification in proportion to the growth of our strength and influence. We ought to add, that this principle is fed from nobler sources. Power is a chief element of all the commanding qualities of our nature. It enters into all the higher virtues; such as magnanimity, fortitude, constancy. It enters into intellectual eminence. It is power of thought and utterance which immortalizes the products of genius. Is it strange that an attribute, through which all our passions reach their objects, and which characterizes whatever is great or admirable in man, should awaken intense desire, and be sought as one of the chief goods of life?

This principle, we have said, is not in all its forms a crime.

There are, indeed, various kinds of power, which it is our duty to covet, accumulate, and hold fast. First, there is *inward* power, the most precious of all possessions; power over ourselves; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace or scorn; the power of calm reliance in seasons of darkness and storms. Again, there is a power over *outward* things; the power by which the mind triumphs over matter, presses into its service the subtilest and strongest elements, makes the winds, fire, and steam its ministers, rears the city, opens a path through the ocean, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. These forms of power, especially the first, are glorious distinctions of our race, nor can we prize them too highly.

There is another power, which is our principal concern in the present discussion. We mean power over our fellow creatures. It is this which ambition chiefly covets, and which has instigated to more crime, and spread more misery, than any other cause. We are not, however, to condemn even this universally. There is a truly noble sway of man over man; one which it is our honor to seek and exert; which is earned by well-doing; which is a chief recompense of virtue. We refer to the quickening influence of a good and great mind over other minds, by which it brings them into sympathy with itself. Far from condemning this, we are anxious to hold it forth as the purest glory which virtuous ambition can propose. The power of awakening, enlightening, elevating our fellow-creatures may, with peculiar fitness, be called divine; for there is no agency of God so beneficent and sublime as that which he exerts on rational natures, and by which he assimilates them to himself. This sway over other souls is the surest test of greatness. We admire, indeed, the energy which subdues the material creation, or develops the physical resources of a state. But it is a nobler might which calls forth the intellectual and moral resources of a people, which communicates new impulses to society, throws into circulation new and stirring thoughts, gives the mind a new consciousness of its faculties, and rouses and fortifies the will to an unconquerable purpose of well-doing. This spiritual power is worth all other. To improve man's outward condition is a secondary agency, and is chiefly important as it gives the means of inward growth. The most glorious minister of God on earth is he who speaks with a life-giving energy to other

minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses and the world.

We know not a more exhilarating thought than that this power is given to men; that we cannot only change the face of the outward world, and by virtuous discipline improve ourselves, but that we may become springs of life and light to our fellow-beings. We are thus admitted to fellowship with Jesus Christ, whose highest end was that he might act with a new and celestial energy on the human mind. We rejoice to think that he did not come to monopolize this divine sway, to enjoy a solitary grandeur, but to receive others, even all who should obey his religion, into the partnership of this honor and happiness. Every Christian, in proportion to his progress, acquires a measure of this divine agency. In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth silently moral and religious sentiment, perhaps in a child, or some other friend, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions; and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They share in the royalty of Jesus Christ. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming, its signs are visible, when this long-mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world will be ranked the philosopher, who penetrates the secrets of the universe and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect; who gives it a new consciousness of its own powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought: and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the "Father of their spirits." Among them will be ranked the

statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks without fear or favor the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspirits a people's enterprise, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions by which society may be carried forward; who confides with a sublime constancy in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy and a public prosperity; and, above all, who has so drunk into the spirit of Christ and of God as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps, on the highest throne, the moral and religious reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion at once enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature.

There is one characteristic of this power which belongs to truly great minds, particularly deserving notice. Far from enslaving, it makes more and more free those on whom it is exercised; and in this respect it differs wholly from the vulgar sway which ambition thirsts for. It awakens a kindred power in others, calls their faculties into new life, and particularly strengthens them to follow their own deliberate convictions of truth and duty. It breathes conscious energy, self-respect, moral independence, and a scorn of every foreign yoke.

There is another power over men very different from this, — a power, not to quicken and elevate, but to crush and subdue; a power which robs men of the free use of their nature, takes them out of their own hands, and compels them to bend to another's will. This is the sway which men grasp at most eagerly, and which it is our great purpose to expose. To reign, to give laws, to clothe their own wills with omnipotence, to

annihilate all other wills, to spoil the individual of that self-direction which is his most precious right, — this has ever been deemed by multitudes the highest prize for competition and conflict. The most envied men are those who have succeeded in prostrating multitudes, in subjecting whole communities, to their single will. It is the love of this power, in all its forms, which we are anxious to hold up to reprobation. If any crime should be placed by society beyond pardon, it is this.

This power has been exerted most conspicuously and perniciously by two classes of men, — the priest or minister of religion, and the civil ruler. Both rely on the same instrument, — that is, pain or terror; the first calling to his aid the fires and torments of the future world, and practicing on the natural dread of invisible powers; and the latter availing himself of chains, dungeons, and gibbets in the present life. Through these terrible applications man has, in all ages and in almost every country, been made, in a greater or less degree, a slave and machine; been shackled in all his faculties, and degraded into a tool of others' wills and passions. The influence of almost every political and religious institution has been to make man abject in mind; fearful, servile, a mechanical repeater of opinions which he dares not try, and a contributor of his toil, sweat, and blood, to governments which never dreamed of the general weal as their only legitimate end. On the immense majority of men, thus wronged and enslaved, the consciousness of their own nature has not yet dawned; and the doctrine, that each has a mind, worth more than the material world, and framed to grow forever by a self-forming, self-directing energy, is still a secret, a mystery, notwithstanding the clear annunciation of it, ages ago, by Jesus Christ. We know not a stronger proof of the intenseness and nefariousness of the love of power than the fact of its having virtually abrogated Christianity, and even turned into an engine of dominion a revelation which breathes throughout the spirit of freedom, proclaims the essential equality of the human race, and directs its most solemn denunciations against the passion for rule and empire.

That this power, which consists in force and compulsion, in the imposition on the many of the will and judgment of one or a few, is of a low order, when compared with the quickening influence over others of which we have before spoken, we need not stop to prove. But the remark is less obvious, though not less true, that it is not only inferior in kind, but in amount or

degree. This may not be so easily acknowledged. He whose will is passively obeyed by a nation, or whose creed implicitly adopted by a spreading sect, may not easily believe that his power is exceeded, not only in kind or quality, but in extent, by him who wields only the silent, subtile influence of moral and intellectual gifts. But the superiority of moral to arbitrary sway in this particular is proved by its effects. Moral power is creative; arbitrary power wastes away the spirit and force of those on whom it is exerted. And is it not a mightier work to create than to destroy? A higher energy is required to quicken than to crush; to elevate than to depress; to warm and expand than to chill and contract. Any hand, even the weakest, may take away life; another agency is required to kindle or restore it. A vulgar incendiary may destroy in an hour a magnificent structure, the labor of ages. Has he energy to be compared with the creative intellect in which this work had its origin? A fanatic of ordinary talent may send terror through a crowd; and by the craft, which is so often joined with fanaticism, may fasten on multitudes a debasing creed. Has he power to be compared with him who rescues from darkness one only of these enslaved minds, and quickens it to think justly and nobly in relation to God, duty, and immortality? The energies of a single soul, awakened, by such an influence, to the free and full use of its powers, may surpass, in their progress, the intellectual activity of a whole community, enchained and debased by fanaticism or outward force. Arbitrary power, whether civil or religious, if tried by the only fair test, that is, by its effects, seems to have more affinity with weakness than strength. It enfeebles and narrows what it acts upon. Its efficiency resembles that of darkness and cold in the natural world. True power is vivifying, productive, builds up, and gives strength. We have a noble type and manifestation of it in the sun, which calls forth and diffuses motion, life, energy, and beauty. He who succeeds in chaining men's understandings, and breaking their wills, may indeed number millions as his subjects. But a weak, puny race are the products of his sway, and they can only reach the stature and force of men by throwing off his yoke. He who, by an intellectual and moral energy, awakens kindred energy in others, touches springs of infinite might, gives impulse to faculties to which no bounds can be prescribed, begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones

are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

We have spoken of the inferiority and worthlessness of that dominion over others which has been coveted so greedily in all ages. We should rejoice could we convey some just idea of its moral turpitude. Of all injuries and crimes, the most flagrant is chargeable on him who aims to establish dominion over his brethren. He wars with what is more precious than life. He would rob men of their chief prerogative and glory, — we mean, of self-dominion, of that empire which is given to a rational and moral being over his own soul and his own life. Such a being is framed to find honor and happiness in forming and swaying himself, in adopting as his supreme standard his convictions of truth and duty, in unfolding his powers by free exertion, in acting from a principle within, from his growing conscience. His proper and noblest attributes are self-reverence, energy of thought, energy in choosing the right and the good, energy in casting off all other dominion. He was created for empire in his own breast, and woe, woe to them who would pluck from him this scepter! A mind, inspired by God with reason and conscience, and capable, through these endowments, of progress in truth and duty, is a sacred thing; more sacred than temples made with hands, or even than this outward universe. It is of nobler lineage than that of which human aristocracy makes its boast. It bears the lineaments of a divine Parent. It has not only a physical, but moral connection with the Supreme Being. Through its self-determining power, it is accountable for its deeds, and for whatever it becomes. Responsibility — that which above all things makes existence solemn — is laid upon it. Its great end is to conform itself, by its own energy, and by spiritual succors which its own prayers and faithfulness secure, to that perfection of wisdom and goodness of which God is the original and source, which shines upon us from the whole outward world, but of which the intelligent soul is a truer recipient and a brighter image, even than the sun with all his splendors. From these views we learn that no outrage, no injury, can equal that which is perpetrated by him who would break down and subjugate the human mind; who would rob men of self-reverence; who would bring them to stand more in awe of outward authority than of reason and conscience in their own souls; who would make himself a standard and law for

his race, and shape, by force or terror, the free spirits of others after his own judgment and will.

All excellence, whether intellectual or moral, involves, as its essential elements, freedom, energy, and moral independence, so that the invader of these, whether from the throne or the pulpit, invades the most sacred interest of the human race. Intellectual excellence implies and requires these. This does not consist in passive assent even to the highest truths; or in the most extensive stores of knowledge acquired by an implicit faith, and lodged in the inert memory. It lies in force, freshness, and independence of thought; and is most conspicuously manifested by him who, loving truth supremely, seeks it resolutely, follows the light without fear, and modifies the views of others by the patient, strenuous exercise of his own faculties. To a man thus intellectually free, truth is not, what it is to passive multitudes, a foreign substance, dormant, lifeless, fruitless; but penetrating, prolific, full of vitality, and ministering to the health and expansion of the soul. And what we have said of intellectual excellence is still more true of moral. This has its foundation and root in freedom, and cannot exist a moment without it. The very idea of virtue is, that it is a free act, the product or result of the mind's self-determining power. It is not good feeling, infused by nature or caught by sympathy; nor is it good conduct into which we have slidden through imitation, or which has been forced upon us by another's will. We ourselves are its authors in a high and peculiar sense. We indeed depend on God for virtue; for our capacity of moral action is wholly his gift and inspiration, and without his perpetual aid this capacity would avail nothing. But his aid is not compulsion. He respects, he cannot violate that moral freedom which is his richest gift. To the individual, the decision of his own character is left. He has more than kingly power in his own soul. Let him never resign it. Let none dare to interfere with it. Virtue is self-dominion, or, what is the same thing, it is self-subjection to the principle of duty, that highest law in the soul. If these views of intellectual and moral excellence be just, then to invade men's freedom is to aim the deadliest blow at their honor and happiness; and their worst foe is he who fetters their reason, who makes his will their law, who makes them tools, echoes, copies of himself.

Perhaps it may be objected to the representation of virtue as consisting in self-dominion, that the Scriptures speak of it as

consisting in obedience to God. But these are perfectly compatible and harmonious views; for genuine obedience to God is the free choice and adoption of a law, the great principles of which our own minds approve, and our own consciences bind on us; which is not an arbitrary injunction, but an emanation and expression of the divine Mind; and which is intended throughout to give energy, dignity, and enlargement to our best powers. He, and he only, obeys God virtuously and acceptably, who reverences right, not power; who has chosen rectitude as his supreme rule; who sees and reveres in God the fullness and brightness of moral excellence, and who sees in obedience the progress and perfection of his own nature. That subjection to the Deity, which, we fear, is too common, in which the mind surrenders itself to mere power and will, is any thing but virtue. We fear that it is disloyalty to that moral principle which is ever to be reverenced as God's vicegerent in the rational soul.

Perhaps some may fear that, in our zeal for the freedom and independence of the individual mind, we unsettle government, and almost imply that it is a wrong. Far from it. We hold government to be an essential means of our intellectual and moral education, and would strengthen it by pointing out its legitimate functions. Government, as far as it is rightful, is the guardian and friend of freedom, so that in exalting the one we enforce the other. The highest aim of all authority is to confer liberty. This is true of domestic rule. The great, we may say the single, object of parental government, of a wise and virtuous education, is to give the child the fullest use of his own powers; to give him inward force; to train him up to govern himself. The same is true of the authority of Jesus Christ. He came, indeed, to rule mankind; but to rule them, not by arbitrary statutes, not by force and menace, not by mere will, but by setting before them, in precept and life, those everlasting rules of rectitude which heaven obeys, and of which every soul contains the living germs. He came to exert a moral power; to reign by the manifestation of celestial virtues; to awaken the energy of holy purpose in the free mind. He came to publish liberty to the captives; to open the prison door; to break the power of the passions; to break the yoke of a ceremonial religion which had been imposed in the childhood of the race; to exalt us to a manly homage and obedience of our Creator. Of civil government, too, the great end is to secure freedom.

Its proper and highest function is, to watch over the liberties of each and all, and to open to a community the widest field for all its powers. Its very chains and prisons have the general freedom for their aim. They are just, only when used to curb oppression and wrong; to disarm him who has a tyrant's heart, if not a tyrant's power, who wars against others' rights, who, by invading property or life, would substitute force for the reign of equal laws. Freedom, we repeat it, is the end of government. To exalt men to self-rule is the end of all other rule; and he who would fasten on them his arbitrary will is their worst foe.

We have aimed to show the guilt of the love of power and dominion, by showing the ruin which it brings on the mind, by enlarging on the preciousness of that inward freedom which it invades and destroys. To us, this view is the most impressive; but the guilt of this passion may also be discerned, and by some more clearly, in its outward influences, — in the desolation, bloodshed, and woe of which it is the perpetual cause. We owe to it almost all the miseries of war. To spread the sway of one or a few, thousands and millions have been turned into machines under the name of soldiers, armed with instruments of destruction, and then sent to reduce others to their own lot by fear and pain, by fire and sword, by butchery and pillage. And is it light guilt to array man against his brother; to make murder the trade of thousands; to drench the earth with human blood; to turn it into a desert; to scatter families like chaff; to make mothers widows, and children orphans; and to do all this for the purpose of spreading a still gloomier desolation, for the purpose of subjugating men's souls, turning them into base parasites, extorting from them a degrading homage, humbling them in their own eyes, and breaking them to servility as the chief duty of life? When the passion for power succeeds, as it generally has done, in establishing despotism, it seems to make even civilization a doubtful good. Whilst the monarch and his court are abandoned to a wasteful luxury, the peasantry, rooted to the soil and doomed to a perpetual round of labors, are raised but little above the brute. There are parts of Europe, Christian Europe, in which the peasant, through whose sweat kings and nobles riot in plenty, seems to enjoy less, on the whole, than the untamed Indian of our forests. Chained to one spot, living on the cheapest vegetables, sometimes unable to buy salt to season his coarse fare, seldom or never tasting animal food, having for

his shelter a mud-walled hut floored with earth or stone, and subjected equally with the brute to the rule of a superior, he seems to us to partake less of animal, intellectual, and moral pleasures than the free wanderer of the woods, whose steps no man fetters; whose wigwam no tyrant violates; whose chief toil is hunting, that noblest of sports; who feasts on the deer, that most luxurious of viands; to whom streams, as well as woods, pay tribute; whose adventurous life gives sagacity; and in whom peril nourishes courage and self-command. We are no advocates for savage life. We know that its boasted freedom is a delusion. The single fact that human nature in this wild state makes no progress, is proof enough that it wants true liberty. We mean only to say that man, in the hands of despotism, is sometimes degraded below the savage; that it were better for him to be lawless, than to live under lawless sway.

It is the part of Christians to look on the passion for power and dominion with strong abhorrence; for it is singularly hostile to the genius of their religion. Jesus Christ always condemned it. One of the striking marks of his moral greatness, and of the originality of his character, was, that he held no fellowship and made no compromise with this universal spirit of his age, but withstood it in every form. He found the Jews intoxicating themselves with dreams of empire. Of the prophecies relating to the Messiah, the most familiar and dear to them were those which announced him as a conqueror, and which were construed by their worldliness into a promise of triumphs to the people from whom he was to spring. Even the chosen disciples of Jesus looked to him for this good. "To sit on his right hand and on his left," or, in other words, to hold the most commanding station in his kingdom, was not only their lurking wish, but their open and importunate request. But there was no passion on which Jesus frowned more severely than on this. He taught that, to be great in his kingdom, men must serve, instead of ruling, their brethren. He placed among them a child as an emblem of the humility of his religion. His most terrible rebukes fell on the lordly, aspiring Pharisee. In his own person, he was mild and condescending, exacting no personal service, living with his disciples as a friend, sharing their wants, sleeping in their fishing-boat, and even washing their feet; and in all this he expressly proposed himself to them as a pattern, knowing well that the last triumph of disinterestedness is to forget our own superiority in our sympathy, solicitude, tenderness, respect,

and self-denying zeal for those who are below us. We cannot, indeed, wonder that the lust of power should be encountered by the sternest rebukes and menace of Christianity, because it wages open war with the great end of this religion, which is the elevation of the human mind. No corruption of this religion is more palpable and more enormous than that which turns it into an instrument of dominion, and which makes it teach that man's primary duty is to give himself a passive material into the hands of his minister, priest, or king.

The subject which we now discuss is one in which all nations have an interest, and especially our own; and we should fail of our main purpose were we not to lead our readers to apply it to ourselves. The passion for ruling, though most completely developed in despotisms, is confined to no forms of government. It is the chief peril of free states, the natural enemy of free institutions. It agitates our own country, and still throws an uncertainty over the great experiment we are making here in behalf of liberty. We will try, then, in a few words, to expose its influences and dangers, and to abate that zeal with which a participation in office and power is sought among ourselves.

It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being open to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps, in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this, that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the mon-

archist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and, as individuals can accomplish no political purposes single-handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do no wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man who sees its workings must dread it as our chief foe.

This passion derives strength and vehemence in our country from the common idea that political power is the highest prize which society has to offer. We know not a more general delusion, nor is it the least dangerous. Instilled as it is in our youth, it gives infinite excitement to political ambition. It turns the active talent of the country to public station as the supreme good, and makes it restless, intriguing, and unprincipled. It calls out hosts of selfish competitors for comparatively few places, and encourages a bold, unblushing pursuit of personal elevation, which a just moral sense and self-respect in the community would frown upon and cover with shame. This prejudice has come down from past ages, and is one of their worst bequests. To govern others has always been thought the highest function on earth. We have a remarkable proof of the strength and pernicious influence of this persuasion in the manner in which history has been written. Who fill the page of history? Political and military leaders, who have lived for one end, — to subdue and govern their fellow-beings. These occupy the foreground, and the people, the human race, dwindle into insignificance, and are almost lost behind their masters. The proper and noblest object of history is to record the vicissitudes of society, its spirit in different ages, the causes which have determined its progress and decline, and especially the manifestations and growth of its highest attributes and interests of intelligence, of the religious principle, of moral sentiment, of the elegant and useful arts, of the triumphs of man over nature and himself. Instead of this, we have records of men in power,

often weak, oftener wicked, who did little or nothing for the advancement of their age, who were in no sense its representatives, whom the accident of birth perhaps raised to influence. We have the quarrels of courtiers, the intrigues of cabinets, sieges and battles, royal births and deaths, and the secrets of a palace, that sink of lewdness and corruption. These are the staples of history. The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bowing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakspeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James the First.

We have spoken of the supreme importance which is attached to rulers and government, as a prejudice; and we think that something may be done towards abating the passion for power by placing this thought in a clearer light. It seems to us not very difficult to show, that to govern men is not as high a sphere of action as has been commonly supposed, and that those who have obtained this dignity have usurped a place beyond their due in history and men's minds. We apprehend, indeed, that we are not alone in this opinion; that a change of sentiment on this subject has commenced and must go on; that men are learning that there are higher sources of happiness and more important agents in human affairs than political rule. It is one mark of the progress of society that it brings down the public man and raises the private one. It throws power into the hands of untitled individuals, and spreads it through all orders of the community. It multiplies and distributes freely means of extensive influence, and opens new channels by which the gifted mind, in whatever rank or condition, may communicate itself far and wide. Through the diffusion of education and printing, a private man may now speak to multitudes, incomparably more numerous than ancient or modern eloquence ever electrified in the popular assembly or the hall of legislation. By these instruments, truth is asserting her sovereignty over nations, without the help of rank, office, or sword; and her faithful ministers will become more and more the lawgivers of the world.

We mean not to deny, we steadily affirm, that government is a great good, and essential to human happiness; but it does

its good chiefly by a negative influence, by repressing injustice and crime, by securing property from invasion, and thus removing obstructions to the free exercise of human powers. It confers little possible benefit. Its office is not to confer happiness, but to give men opportunity to work out happiness for themselves. Government resembles the wall which surrounds our lands, — a needful protection, but rearing no harvests, ripening no fruits. It is the individual who must choose whether the inclosure shall be a paradise or a waste. How little positive good can government confer! It does not till our fields, build our houses, weave the ties which bind us to our families, give disinterestedness to the heart, or energy to the intellect and will. All our great interests are left to ourselves; and governments, when they have interfered with them, have obstructed much more than advanced them. For example, they have taken religion into their keeping only to disfigure it. So education, in their hands, has generally become a propagator of servile maxims, and an upholder of antiquated errors. In like manner they have paralyzed trade by their nursing care, and multiplied poverty by expedients for its relief. Government has almost always been a barrier against which intellect has had to struggle; and society has made its chief progress by the minds of private individuals who have outstripped their rulers, and gradually shamed them into truth and wisdom.

Virtue and intelligence are the great interests of a community, including all others, and worth all others; and the noblest agency is that by which they are advanced. Now, we apprehend that political power is not the most effectual instrument for their promotion, and accordingly we doubt whether government is the only or highest sphere for superior minds. Virtue, from its very nature, cannot be a product of what may be called the direct operation of government; that is, of legislation. Laws may repress crime. Their office is to erect prisons for violence and fraud. But moral and religious worth, dignity of character, loftiness of sentiment, all that makes man a blessing to himself and society, lies beyond their province. Virtue is of the soul, where laws cannot penetrate. Excellence is something too refined, spiritual, celestial, to be produced by the coarse machinery of government. Human legislation addresses itself to self-love, and works by outward force. Its chief instrument is punishment. It cannot touch the springs of virtuous feelings, of great and good deeds. Accordingly, rulers, with

all their imagined omnipotence, do not dream of enjoining by statute, philanthropy, gratitude, devout sentiment, magnanimity, and purity of thought. Virtue is too high a concern for government. It is an inspiration of God, not a creature of law; and the agents whom God chiefly honors in its promotion are those who, through experience as well as meditation, have risen to generous conceptions of it, and who show it forth, not in empty eulogies, but in the language of deep conviction and in lives of purity.

Government, then, does little to advance the chief interest of human nature by its direct agency; and what shall we say of its indirect? Here we wish not to offend; but we must be allowed to use that plainness of speech which becomes Christians and freemen. We do fear, then, that the indirect influence of government is on the whole adverse to virtue; and, in saying this, we do not speak of other countries, or of different political institutions from our own. We do not mean to say, what all around us would echo, that monarchy corrupts a state, that the air of a court reeks with infection, and taints the higher classes with a licentiousness which descends to their inferiors. We speak of government at home; and we ask wise men to say whether it ministers most to vice or virtue. We fear that here, as elsewhere, political power is of corrupting tendency; and that, generally speaking, public men are not the most effectual teachers of truth, disinterestedness, and incorruptible integrity to the people. An error prevails in relation to political concerns, which necessarily makes civil institutions demoralizing. It is deeply rooted, — the growth of ages. We refer to the belief that public men are absolved in a measure from the everlasting and immutable obligations of morality; that political power is a prize which justifies arts and compliances that would be scorned in private life; that management, intrigue, hollow pretensions, and appeals to base passions deserve slight rebuke when employed to compass political ends. Accordingly, the laws of truth, justice, and philanthropy have seldom been applied to public as to private concerns. Even those individuals who have come to frown indignantly on the machinations, the office-seeking, and the sacrifices to popularity, which disgrace our internal condition, are disposed to acquiesce in a crooked or ungenerous policy towards foreign nations, by which great advantages may accrue to their own country. Now the great truth, on which the cause of virtue rests, is, that rectitude

is an eternal, unalterable, and universal law, binding at once heaven and earth, the perfection of God's character, and the harmony and happiness of the rational creation; and in proportion as political institutions unsettle this great conviction, — in proportion as they teach that truth, justice, and philanthropy are local, partial obligations, claiming homage from the weak, but shrinking before the powerful, — in proportion as they thus insult the awful and inviolable majesty of the eternal law, — in the same proportion they undermine the very foundation of a people's virtue.

In regard to the other great interest of the community, its intelligence, government may do much good by a direct influence; that is, by instituting schools or appropriating revenue for the instruction of the poorer classes. Whether it would do wisely in assuming to itself, or in taking from individuals the provision and care of higher literary institutions, is a question not easily determined. But no one will doubt that it is a noble function to assist and develop the intellect in those classes of the community whose hard condition exposes them to a merely animal existence. Still, the agency of government in regard to knowledge is necessarily superficial and narrow. The great sources of intellectual power and progress to a people are its strong and original thinkers, be they found where they may. Government cannot, and does not, extend the bounds of knowledge; cannot make experiments in the laboratory, explore the laws of animal or vegetable nature, or establish the principles of criticism, morals, and religion. The energy which is to carry forward the intellect of a people belongs chiefly to private individuals, who devote themselves to lonely thought, who worship truth, who originate the views demanded by their age, who help us to throw off the yoke of established prejudices, who improve old modes of education or invent better. It is true that great men at the head of affairs may, and often do, contribute much to the growth of a nation's mind. But it too often happens that their station obstructs rather than aids their usefulness. Their connection with a party, and the habit of viewing subjects in reference to personal aggrandizement, too often obscure the noblest intellects, and convert into patrons of narrow views and temporary interests those who, in other conditions, would have been the lights of their age, and the propagators of everlasting truth. From these views of the limited influence of government on the most precious interests

of society, we learn that political power is not the noblest power, and that, in the progress of intelligence, it will cease to be coveted as the chief and most honorable distinction on earth.

If we pass now to the consideration of that interest over which government is expected chiefly to watch, and on which it is most competent to act with power, we shall not arrive at a result very different from what we have just expressed. We refer to property, or wealth. That the influence of political institutions on this great concern is important, inestimable, we mean not to deny. But, as we have already suggested, it is chiefly negative. Government enriches a people by removing obstructions to their powers, by defending them from wrong, and thus giving them opportunity to enrich themselves. Government is not the spring of the wealth of nations, but their own sagacity, industry, enterprise, and force of character. To leave a people to themselves is generally the best service their rulers can render. Time was when sovereigns fixed prices and wages, regulated industry and expense, and imagined that a nation would starve and perish if it were not guided and guarded like an infant. But we have learned that men are their own best guardians, that property is safest under its owner's care, and that, generally speaking, even great enterprises can better be accomplished by the voluntary association of individuals than by the state. Indeed, we are met at every stage of this discussion by the truth, that political power is a weak engine compared with *individual* intelligence, virtue, and effort; and we are the more anxious to enforce this truth, because, through an extravagant estimate of government, men are apt to expect from it what they must do for themselves, and to throw upon it the blame which belongs to their own feebleness and improvidence. The great hope of society is individual character. Civilization and political institutions are themselves sources of not a few evils, which nothing but the intellectual and moral energy of the private citizen can avert or relieve. Such, for example, are the monstrous inequalities of property, the sad contrasts of condition, which disfigure a large city; which laws create and cannot remove; which can only be mitigated and diminished by a principle of moral restraint in the poorer classes, and by a wise beneficence in the rich. The great lesson for men to learn is, that their happiness is in their own hands; that it is to be wrought out by their own faithfulness to God and conscience; that no outward institutions can supply

the place of inward principle, of moral energy, whilst this can go far to supply the place of almost every outward aid.

Our remarks will show that our estimate of political institutions is more moderate than the prevalent one, and that we regard the power, for which ambition has woven so many plots and shed so much blood, as destined to occupy a more and more narrow space among the means of usefulness and distinction. There is, however, one branch of government which we hold in high veneration, which we account an unspeakable blessing, and which, for the world, we would not say a word to disparage; and we are the more disposed to speak of it because its relative importance seems to us little understood. We refer to the judiciary, — a department worth all others in the state. Whilst politicians expend their zeal on transient interests, which perhaps derive their chief importance from their connection with a party, it is the province of the judge to apply those solemn and universal laws of rectitude on which the security, industry, and prosperity of the individual and the state essentially depend. From his tribunal, as from a sacred oracle, go forth the responses of justice. To us there is nothing in the whole fabric of civil institutions so interesting and imposing as this impartial and authoritative exposition of the principles of moral legislation. The administration of justice in this country, where the judge, without a guard, without a soldier, without pomp, decides upon the dearest interests of the citizen, trusting chiefly to the moral sentiment of the community for the execution of his decrees, is the most beautiful and encouraging aspect under which our government can be viewed. We repeat it, there is nothing in public affairs so venerable as the voice of Justice, speaking through her delegated ministers, reaching and subduing the high as well as the low, setting a defense around the splendid mansion of wealth and the lowly hut of poverty, repressing wrong, vindicating innocence, humbling the oppressor, and publishing the rights of human nature to every human being. We confess that we often turn with pain and humiliation from the hall of Congress, where we see the legislator forgetting the majesty of his function, forgetting his relation to a vast and growing community, and sacrificing to his party or to himself the public weal; and it comforts us to turn to the court of justice, where the dispenser of the laws, shutting his ear against all solicitations of friendship or interest, dissolving for a time every private tie, forgetting public opinion, and with-

standing public feeling, asks only what is RIGHT. To our courts, the resorts and refuge of weakness and innocence, we look with hope and joy. We boast, with a virtuous pride, that no breath of corruption has as yet tainted their pure air. To this department of government we cannot ascribe too much importance. Over this we cannot watch too jealously. Every encroachment on its independence we should resent, and repel, as the chief wrong our country can sustain. Woe, woe to the impious hand which would shake this most sacred and precious column of the social edifice!

In the remarks which we have now submitted to our readers, we have treated of great topics, if not worthily, yet, we trust, with a pure purpose. We have aimed to expose the passion for dominion, the desire of ruling mankind. We have labored to show the superiority of moral power and influence to that sway which has for ages been seized with eager and bloody hands. We have labored to hold up to unmeasured reprobation him who would establish an empire of brute force over rational beings. We have labored to hold forth, as the enemy of his race, the man who, in any way, would fetter the human mind, and subject other wills to his own. In a word, we have desired to awaken others and ourselves to a just self-reverence, to the free use and expansion of our highest powers, and especially to that moral force, that energy of holy, virtuous purpose, without which we are slaves amidst the freest institutions. Better gifts than these we cannot supplicate from God; nor can we consecrate our lives to nobler acquisitions.

CULTURE — THE GREAT END OF SOCIETY.

(From "Self-Culture.")

ARE labor and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place we have seen that a man, in the midst of labor, may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these high principles; and we have here a strong presumption that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next, we have seen that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another impor-

tant consideration, that almost all labor demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and, with less labor, gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive. They find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and, as the history of this country shows, there will be no bounds to useful inventions. You think that a man without culture will do all the better what you call the drudgery of life. Go, then, to the Southern plantation. There the slave is brought up to be a mere drudge. He is robbed of the rights of a man, his whole spiritual nature is starved, that he may work, and do nothing but work; and in that slovenly agriculture, in that worn-out soil, in the rude state of the mechanic arts, you may find a comment on your doctrine, that, by degrading men, you make them more productive laborers.

But it is said, that any considerable education lifts men above their work, makes them look with disgust on their trades as mean and low, makes drudgery intolerable. I reply, that a man becomes interested in labor just in proportion as the mind works with the hands. An enlightened farmer, who understands agricultural chemistry, the laws of vegetation, the structure of plants, the properties of manures, the influences of climate, who looks intelligently on his work, and brings his knowledge to bear on exigencies, is a much more cheerful, as well as more dignified laborer, than the peasant whose mind is akin to the clod on which he treads, and whose whole life is the same dull, unthinking, unimproving toil. But this is not all. Why is it, I ask, that we call manual labor low, that we associate with it the idea of meanness, and think that an intelligent people must scorn it? The great reason is, that, in most countries, so few intelligent people have been engaged in it. Once let cultivated men plow, and dig, and follow the commonest labors, and plowing, digging, and trades will cease to be

mean. It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lot of most mechanics. I have seen a distinguished chemist covered with dust like a laborer. Still these men were not degraded. Their intelligence gave dignity to their work, and so our laborers, once educated, will give dignity to their toils.— Let me add, that I see little difference in point of dignity between the various vocations of men. When I see a clerk spending his days in adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller of a bank counting money, or a merchant selling shoes and hides, I cannot see in these occupations greater respectableness than in making leather, shoes, or furniture. I do not see in them greater intellectual activity than in several trades. A man in the field seems to have more chances of improvement in his work than a man behind the counter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a narrow mind to imagine, as many seem to do, that there is a repugnance between the plain, coarse exterior of a laborer, and mental culture, especially the more refining culture. The laborer, under his dust and sweat, carries the grand elements of humanity, and he may put forth his highest powers. I doubt not there is as genuine enthusiasm in the contemplation of nature, and in the perusal of works of genius, under a homespun garb as under finery. We have heard of a distinguished author who never wrote so well as when he was full dressed for company. But profound thought and poetical inspiration have most generally visited men when, from narrow circumstances or negligent habits, the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth, and may be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling as well as another; and he should respect himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force has been developed.

But it will be asked, how can the laboring classes find time for self-culture? I answer, as I have already intimated, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns large fragments of leisure to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly

seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that they who have most time at their disposal profit by it least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of an interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. The improvements made by well-disposed pupils in many of our country schools, which are open but three months in the year, and in our Sunday schools, which are kept but one or two hours in the week, show what can be brought to pass by slender means. The affections, it is said, sometimes crowd years into moments, and the intellect has something of the same power. Volumes have not only been read, but written, in flying journeys. I have known a man of vigorous intellect, who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, but who composed a book of much original thought, in steamboats and on horseback, while visiting distant customers. The succession of the seasons gives to many of the working class opportunities for intellectual improvement. The winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many laborers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries, the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year, no small portion of existence, may be given by almost every one to intellectual and moral culture. Why is it that Sunday is not made a more effectual means of improvement? Undoubtedly the seventh day is to have a religious character; but religion connects itself with all the great subjects of human thought, and leads to and aids the study of all. God is in nature. God is in history. Instruction in the works of the Creator, so as to reveal his perfection in their harmony, beneficence, and grandeur; instruction in the histories of the church and the world, so as to show in all events his moral government, and to bring out the great moral lessons in which human life abounds; instruction in the lives of philanthropists, of saints, of men eminent for piety and virtue, — all these branches of teaching enter into religion, and are appropriate to Sunday; and, through these, a vast amount of knowledge may be given to the people. Sunday ought not to remain the dull and fruitless season that it now is to multitudes. It may be clothed with a new interest and a new sanctity. It may give a new impulse to the nation's soul. — I have thus shown that time may be found for improvement; and the fact is, that among our most improved people a considerable part consists of persons who pass the greatest por-

tion of every day at the desk, in the counting-room, or in some other sphere, chained to tasks which have very little tendence to expand the mind. In the progress of society, with the increase of machinery, and with other aids which intelligence and philanthropy will multiply, we may expect that more and more time will be redeemed from manual labor for intellectual and social occupations.

But some will say, "Be it granted that the working classes may find some leisure; should they not be allowed to spend it in relaxation? Is it not cruel to summon them from toils of the hand to toils of the mind? They have earned pleasure by the day's toil, and ought to partake it." Yes, let them have pleasure. Far be it from me to dry up the fountains, to blight the spots of verdure, where they refresh themselves after life's labors. But I maintain that self-culture multiplies and increases their pleasures, that it creates new capacities of enjoyment, that it saves their leisure from being, what it too often is, dull and wearisome, that it saves them from rushing for excitement to indulgences destructive to body and soul. It is one of the great benefits of self-improvement, that it raises a people above the gratifications of the brute, and gives them pleasures worthy of men. In consequence of the present intellectual culture of our country, imperfect as it is, a vast amount of enjoyment is communicated to men, women, and children, of all conditions, by books,—an enjoyment unknown to ruder times. At this moment, a number of gifted writers are employed in multiplying entertaining works. Walter Scott, a name conspicuous among the brightest of his day, poured out his inexhaustible mind in fictions, at once so sportive and thrilling, that they have taken their place among the delights of all civilized nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he steeped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by their day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and balmier sleep to his magical creations! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history and biography, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the laborer then defrauded of pleasure by improvement? There is another class of gratifications to which self-culture introduces the mass of the people. I refer to lectures, discussions, meetings of associations for benevolent and literary pur-

poses, and to other like methods of passing the evening, which every year is multiplying among us. A popular address from an enlightened man, who has the tact to reach the minds of the people, is a high gratification, as well as a source of knowledge. The profound silence in our public halls, where these lectures are delivered to crowds, shows that cultivation is no foe to enjoyment. — I have a strong hope, that by the progress of intelligence, taste, and morals among all portions of society, a class of public amusements will grow up among us, bearing some resemblance to the theater, but purified from the gross evils which degrade our present stage, and which, I trust, will seal its ruin. Dramatic performances and recitations are means of bringing the mass of the people into a quicker sympathy with a writer of genius, to a profounder comprehension of his grand, beautiful, touching conceptions, than can be effected by the reading of the closet. No commentary throws such a light on a great poem or any impassioned work of literature, as the voice of a reader or speaker who brings to the task a deep feeling of his author and rich and various powers of expression. A crowd, electrified by a sublime thought, or softened into a humanizing sorrow, under such a voice, partake a pleasure at once exquisite and refined; and I cannot but believe that this and other amusements, at which the delicacy of woman and the purity of the Christian can take no offense, are to grow up under a higher social culture. — Let me only add, that, in proportion as culture spreads among a people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures, conversation, increases in delight. This, after all, is the great amusement of life, cheering us round our hearths, often cheering our work, stirring our hearts gently, acting on us like the balmy air or the bright light of heaven, so silently and continually, that we hardly think of its influence. This source of happiness is too often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, mental activity, and refinement of feeling; and do we defraud the laborer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly blessings of conversation within his reach?

I have thus considered some of the common objections which start up when the culture of the mass of men is insisted on as the great end of society. For myself, these objections seem worthy little notice. The doctrine is too shocking to need refutation, that the great majority of human beings, endowed as they are with rational and immortal powers, are placed on

earth simply to toil for their own animal subsistence, and to minister to the luxury and elevation of the few. It is monstrous, it approaches impiety, to suppose that God has placed insuperable barriers to the expansion of the free, illimitable soul. True, there are obstructions in the way of improvement. But in this country, the chief obstructions lie, not in our lot, but in ourselves; not in outward hardships, but in our worldly and sensual propensities; and one proof of this is, that a true self-culture is as little thought of on exchange as in the workshop, as little among the prosperous as among those of narrower conditions. The path to perfection is difficult to men in every lot; there is no royal road for rich or poor. But difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage. The human spirit is to grow strong by conflict. And how much has it already overcome! Under what burdens of oppression has it made its way for ages! What mountains of difficulty has it cleared! And with all this experience, shall we say that the progress of the mass of men is to be despaired of; that the chains of bodily necessity are too strong and ponderous to be broken by the mind; that servile, unimproving drudgery is the unalterable condition of the multitude of the human race?

I conclude with recalling to you the happiest feature of our age, and that is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Not many ages ago, the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from one another by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded at pleasure by their lords. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights, of whose prowess we hear, cased themselves and their horses in armor, so as to be almost invulnerable, whilst the common people on foot were left, without protection, to be hewn to pieces or trampled down by their betters. Who that compares the condition of Europe a few years ago with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change? The grand distinction of modern times is, the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion

among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state, — the power of the people. And it is worthy remark, that this revolution is due in a great degree to religion, which, in the hands of the crafty and aspiring, had bowed the multitude to the dust, but which, in the fullness of time, began to fulfill its mission of freedom. It was religion which, by teaching men their near relation to God, awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights which opened men's eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power, which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think everything gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost! When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand, that to raise the depressed, by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt.

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them, You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the

flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake! Resolve earnestly on Self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

"Thought."

(From "The Elevation of the Working Classes.")

It is common to distinguish between the intellect and the conscience, between the power of thought and virtue, and to say that virtuous action is worth more than strong thinking. But we mutilate our nature by thus drawing lines between actions or energies of the soul which are intimately, indissolubly, bound together. The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought and virtue. Does not conscience include, as a part of itself, the noblest action of the intellect or reason? Do we not degrade it by making it a mere feeling? Is it not something more? Is it not a wise discernment of the right, the holy, the good? Take away thought from virtue, and what remains worthy of a man? Is not high virtue more than blind instinct? Is it not founded on, and does it not include clear, bright perceptions of what is lovely and grand in character and action? Without power of thought, what we call conscientiousness, or a desire to do right, shoots out into illusion, exaggeration, pernicious excess. The most cruel deeds on earth have been perpetrated in the name of conscience. Men have hated and murdered one another from a sense of duty. . . . The worst frauds have taken the name of pious. Thought, intelligence, is the dignity of a man, and no man is rising but in proportion as he is learning to think clearly and forcibly, or directing the energy of his mind to the acquisition of truth. Every man, in whatever condition, is to be a student. No matter what other vocation he may have, his chief action is to Think.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, an English poet, dramatist, and translator, born near Hitchin, Hertfordshire, in 1559; died at London, May 12, 1634. He was educated at Oxford, and it is supposed that he traveled in Germany. At the age of thirty-five he published a poem, "The Shadow of Night." At thirty-nine he was known as a writer for the stage. He had also published the first part of his translation of Homer. Among his eighteen plays are "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria," "All Fools," "Monsieur D'Olive," "Bussy D'Ambois," "The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron," "The Widow's Tears," "Cæsar and Pompey," "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," and "Revenge for Honor." His style is sometimes clear, vigorous, and simple, sometimes obscure and pedantic. Solid thought, noble sentiment, and graceful fancy, are intermingled with turgid obscurity, indecency, and bombast. Yet so competent a critic as Charles Lamb regarded Chapman as the greatest after Shakspeare of the English dramatists. Chapman's best work is his translation of Homer and Hesiod.

The Grief of Andromache.

Thus fury like she went,
Two women as she willed at hand; and made her quick ascent
Up to the tower and press of men, her spirit in uproar. Round
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain and bound
T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to the Grecian fleet.
Black night strook through her, under her trance took away her feet,
And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her headtire flew,
Her coronet, caul, ribbands, veil that golden Venus threw
On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hector won
Her hand in nuptials in the court of King Eëtion,
And that great dower then given with her. About her, on their knees,
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and by degrees
Recovered her. Then when again her respirations found
Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her words did sound:

"O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both born beneath one fate,
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where Placus doth elate
His shady forehead, in the court where King Eëtion
(Hapless) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,
To live past thee: thou now art dived to Pluto's gloomy throne,
Sunk through the coverts of the earth; I in a hell of moan,
Left here thy widow; one poor babe born to unhappy both,
Whom thou leav'st helpless as he thee, he born to all the wroth
Of woe and labor. Lands left him will others seize upon;
The orphan day of all friends' helps robs every mother's son.
An orphan all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with tears:
Need tries his father's friends, and fails; of all his favorers,
If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine he finds in it
Scarce moists his palate; if he chance to gain the grace to sit,
Surviving fathers' sons repine; use contumelies, strike,
Bid 'Leave us, where's thy father's place?' He weeping with dislike,
Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax is he
Born to these miseries; he that late fed on his father's knee,
To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare apposed him; and when sleep
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart even laid in steep
Of all things precious), a soft bed, a careful nurse's arms
Took him to guardiance. But now as huge a world of harms
Lies on his sufferance; now thou want'st thy father's hand to friend,
O my Astyanax; O my Lord, thy hand that did defend
These gates of Ilion, these long walls by thy arm measured still
Amply and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corse must fill
Vile worms, when dogs are satiate; far from thy parents' care.
Far from those funeral ornaments that thy mind would prepare
(So sudden being the chance of arms) ever expecting death.
Which task, though my heart would not serve t' employ my hands beneath,
I made my women yet perform. Many and much in price,
Were those integuments they wrought t' adorn thy exequies;
Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse not laid in their attire,
Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these hands in mischievous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being consecrate to thee,
They shall be kept for citizens, and their fair wives, to see."
Thus spake she weeping; all the dames endeavoring to cheer
Her desert state, fearing their own, wept with her tear for tear.

— *Translation of the Iliad.*

Reunion of Soul and Body.

(From "Cæsar and Pompey.")

Cato. — As nature works in all things to an end,
So, in th' appropriate honor of that end,
All things precedent have their natural frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the end of these things and their primes;
For else there could not be in their creation,
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion, then,
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subject rather is a sleep
Than bestial death; since sleep and death are called
The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which otherwise
Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end;
So death (twin-born of sleep) resolving all
Man's bodies' heavy parts; in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the sprightly soul;
When in a second life their beings given,
Holds this proportion firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus. — Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?

Cato. — Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings.
Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas;
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls.
A golden beam of him, let down by him,
That, governed with his grace, and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthly body up to him,
The sea, the air, and all the elements

Comprest in it: not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.

A Good Wife.

(From "The Gentleman Usher.")

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
And (like her beauty), ravishing and pure,
The weaker body still the stronger soul.
When good endeavors do her powers apply,
Her love draws nearest man's felicity.
O! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving. Not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy; by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short;
If he lament, she melts herself in tears;
If he be glad she triumphs; if he stir,
She moves his way; in all things his sweet ape;
And is in alterations passing strange,
Himself divinely varied without change.
Gold is right precious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice; Authority lifts
Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Music delights but one sense; nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin;
But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill,
Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command;
All store without her leaves a man but poor.
And with her poverty is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her, her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms infold
(With her alone) a complete world of gold.

Dedication of The Iliad.

O 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prisde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written soule to vertue moves.
Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd;
How much then were this kingdome's maine soul maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human soules! All realms but yours
Are honored with him; and hold best that state
To have his works to contemplate
In which humanity to her height is raisde,
Which all the world (yet none enough) hath praisde.
Seas, earth, and heaven he did in verse comprize;
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king Apollo; being so farre from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest lawes
May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdomes still he shines,
And graceth all his graces. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,
To drums and trumpets set his Angel's tongue:
And with the princely sports of hawkes you use
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse;
And see, how like the Phœnix, she renues
Her age and starrie feathers in your sunne —
Thousands of yeares attending; everie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offered to change and greedie funerall;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raigning.

Ulysses and Nausicaa.

(From the Translation of Homer's "Odyssey.")

Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her loved parents, whom she found within.

Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shined;
Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate; and to him exhaled
Her smother'd bosom was: — "Loved sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complete? fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before re-purified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you have,
Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
In every day's shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last with these things must advance
Their states in marriage; and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"
This general cause she shew'd, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied: —
"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."
The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All up in coach; in which her mother placed
A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's use,
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
Th' observed Maid; takes both the scourge and reins;
And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy placed,
Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-mules run,
That neigh'd, and paced their usual speed, and soon
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side.
Where baths for all the year their use supplied.

Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
But still ran fair forth; and did more remain
Apt to purge stains, for that purged stain within,
Which by the water's pure store was not seen.
These, here arrived, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
Up the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took
Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
When having thoroughly cleansed, they spread them on
The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner, by the river's side.
Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,
As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
Made such a shew, and so past all was seen,
As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
Or swift-hooved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority
(Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might easily judge whom her pains brought to light;
Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed,
Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
Ordering their weeds; disorder'd as they play'd,
Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
Whom she intended should become his aid,

Bring him to town, and his return advance.
Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance:
The queen now, for the upstroke, strook the ball
Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpools. At which outshriek'd all,
And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;
Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
That sudden outcry, and in mind thus strived:—
"On what a people am I now arrived?
At civil hospitable men, that fear
The gods? or dwell injurious mortals here,
Unjust and churlish? Like the female cry
Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high
On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
In herby marshes, or in leavy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
I'll prove and see." With this the wary peer
Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In covert of his nakedness, and then
Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
With drops of trees, and weatherbeaten-hued,
Bold of his strength goes on, and in his eye
A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
His belly charging him, and he must part
Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt:
So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
Even to the home-fields of the country's breed
Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked; and his sight did press
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scattered, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them.

The Duke of Byron is Condemned to Death.

(From the " Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron.")

By horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leave my soul to me, whom it concerns;
You have no charge of it; I feel her free:
How she doth rouse, and like a falcon stretch
Her silver wings; a threatening death with death;
At whom I joyfully will cast her off.
I know this body but a sink of folly,
The ground work and raised frame of woe and frailty;
The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, only sensible of grief,
A walking sepulcher, or household thief:
A glass of air, broken with less than breath,
A slave bound face to face to death, till death.
And what said all you more? I know, besides,
That life is but a dark and stormy night
Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps;
A tyranny, devising pains to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his death;
And death is nothing: what can you say more?
I bring a long globe and a little earth,
And seated like earth, betwixt both the heavens,
That if I rise, to heaven I rise; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven; what stronger faith
Hath any of your souls? what say you more?
Why lose I time in these things? Talk of knowledge,
It serves for inward use. I will not die
Like to a clergyman; but like the captain
That prayed on horseback, and with sword in hand,
Threatened the sun, commanding it to stand;
These are but ropes of sand.

VISCOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

François René Chateaubriand, Viscomte de, a distinguished French statesman and general writer, born at St. Malo, France, Sept. 14, 1768; died at Paris, July 4, 1848. After quitting the College of Rennes he went to America; but on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. returned to France and joined the army. He was compelled to flee to England, where he remained for several years. In 1801, soon after his return to France, he published "Atala," a prose epic intended to delineate Indian life and love in America. This work brought its author immediate fame, which was heightened by the appearance, in 1802, of his "Genius of Christianity." Napoleon appointed him Secretary of the Embassy at Rome, and afterward Ambassador to the Republic of Valais, a post which Chateaubriand resigned on the murder of Duc d'Enghien. He then traveled to the Holy Land, and on his return, in 1807, published "René," another episode of "The Natchez," "Atala" being the first. "The Martyrs" appeared in 1809, "The Pilgrimage from Paris to Jerusalem" in 1811, and "The Last of the Abencerrages" in 1826. His timely pamphlet "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," procured him a peerage, and made him a Minister of State. He was successively ambassador to Great Britain, to Verona, and to Rome. "The Natchez," the remainder of his prose epic, was published in 1826. The last years of his life were employed in completing his "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," published after his death.

Chactas' Story.

(From "Atala.")

The destiny which has brought us together, my dear son, is a singular one. I see in you the civilized man become savage; you see in me the wild man whom the Great Spirit (I know not from what motive) desired to civilize. Having each entered upon the career of life from the opposite directions, you came to repose yourself at my place, and I have seated myself in yours; so that we must have acquired a totally different view of things. Which of the twain has gained or lost the more by

CHACTAS AND ATALA

this change of position? That is known to the genii, the least learned of whom possesses more wisdom than all mankind together.

At the next flower-moon there will be seven times ten snows, and three snows more, since my mother brought me into the world on the banks of the Mississippi. The Spaniards had recently established themselves in the Bay of Pensacola, but no European yet inhabited Louisiana. I had scarcely witnessed seventeen falls of the leaves when I marched with my father, the warrior Outalissi, against the Muscogulges, a powerful nation in the Floridas. We united our forces with those of the Spaniards, our allies, and the combat took place upon one of the branches of the Mobile. Areskoui and the manitous were not favorable to us. Our enemies triumphed: my father lost his life; I was twice wounded whilst defending him. Oh, why did I not then go down into the land of souls! I should have avoided the misfortunes which were awaiting me on earth. The spirits ordained otherwise. I was dragged along by the defeated crowd to St. Augustine.

In that city, but then recently built by the Spaniards, I ran the risk of being carried away to the mines of Mexico, when an old Castilian, named Lopez, touched by my youth and simplicity, offered me an asylum, and presented me to his sister, with whom he was living spouseless.

Both of them took to me in the tenderest manner. I was brought up with much care, and had all sorts of masters given to me. But after having passed thirty moons at St. Augustine, I was afflicted with a disgust for the life of cities. I fell away visibly; sometimes I remained motionless for hours whilst contemplating the summits of distant forests; at other times I might be seen seated on the banks of a river, gazing sadly upon the flowing waters. I figured to myself the woods through which those waters had passed, and my soul was thus entirely given up to solitude.

No longer able to resist the desire of returning to the desert, I one morning presented myself to Lopez dressed in my savage attire, holding in one hand my bow and arrows, and in the other my European costume, which I returned to my generous protector, at whose feet I fell, shedding a torrent of tears, giving myself odious names, and accusing myself of ingratitude. "After all, O my father," said I to him, "you see it yourself; I must die if I do not resume the life of the Indian."

Lopez, struck with astonishment, endeavored to change my determination. He spoke of the dangers I was about to encounter, by exposing myself to the possibility of falling into the hands of the Muscogulges. But perceiving at last that I was resolved to risk everything, he melted into tears, and, pressing me in his arms with affection, "Go," said he, "child of Nature; take back this independence of man, of which Lopez does not wish to deprive you. If I were myself younger, I would accompany you to the desert (where I also have sweet remembrances), and restore you to your mother's arms. When you shall be once again in your forests, think sometimes of the old Spaniard who gave you hospitality, and remember, in order that you may be disposed to love your fellow-creatures, that your first experience of the human heart was altogether in its favor." Lopez finished by a prayer to the God of the Christians, whose religion I had refused to embrace, and we separated with much sadness.

It was not long before I was punished for my ingratitude. My inexperience caused me to lose myself in the wood, and I was taken by a party of Muscogulges and Seminoles, as Lopez had predicted. My dress, and the feathers ornamenting my head, caused me to be recognized as a Natchez. I was enchained, but slightly, on account of my youth. Simaghan, the leader of the troop, desired to learn my name. I replied: "I am called Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, who have taken more than a hundred scalps from the heroes of the Muscogulges." Simaghan then said, "Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, rejoice; thou shalt be burnt at the big village." I answered, "That is well," and began to chant the song of death.

Although a prisoner, I could not refrain, during the first few days, from admiring my enemies. The Muscogulge, and especially his ally, the Seminole, is full of gayety, love, and contentment. His walk is light, his mien calm and open. He speaks much, and with volubility. His language is harmonious and flowing. Even age does not deprive the sachems of this joyous simplicity; like the old birds of our forests, they mingle their ancient songs with the fresh notes of their young posterity.

The women who accompanied the troop displayed for my youth a tender pity and an amiable curiosity. They questioned me about my mother, concerning the earliest days of my life; and they wanted to know whether my cradle of moss had been

hung upon the flowering branches of the maple-trees, and whether the breezes had rocked me near the nests of the little birds. Then came a thousand other questions as to the state of my heart. They asked me if I had seen a white fawn in my dreams, and whether the trees of the secret valley had advised me to love. I replied with simplicity to the mothers, to the daughters, and to the spouses of the men, saying, "You are the graces of the day, and the night loves you like dew. Man issues from your loins to hang upon your breast and upon your lips; you know the magic words that lull every pain. So was I told by her who brought me into the world, and who will never see me again! She told me also that maidens are mysterious flowers met with in solitary places."

These praises gave much pleasure to the women, who overwhelmed me with all sorts of presents, and brought me cocoanut cream, maple-tree sugar, sagamite, bear-hams, beaver-skins, shells with which to ornament myself, and moss for my couch. They sang and laughed with me, and then took to shedding tears at the thought that I was to be burnt.

One night, when the Muscogulges had pitched their camp on the outskirt of a forest, I was seated near the war-fire with the guard who had charge of me. All of a sudden, I heard the sound of a dress upon the grass, and a female, half-veiled, came and sat down by my side. Tears were rolling from beneath her eyelids, and I saw by the light of the fire that a small golden crucifix shone upon her bosom. She was altogether beautiful, and I remarked upon her countenance an expression of virtue and passion of irresistible attraction. To that she added the most tender graces; an extreme sensitiveness, united to a profound melancholy, breathed in her looks, and her smile was heavenly.

I took her to be the Virgin of the last Loves, the virgin sent to the prisoner of war to enchant his tomb. Under this impression, I said to her stammeringly, and with an emotion that did not, however, proceed from any feeling of fear of the funeral pile, "O virgin, you are worthy of a first love, and you are not made for the last. The palpitations of a heart that will soon cease to beat would ill respond to the movements of your own. How can death and life be mingled together? You would cause me to regret too much the approach of day. Let another be happier than myself, and may long embraces unite the tender plant to the oak!"

The youthful maiden then said to me, "I am not the Virgin of the last Loves. Are you a Christian?" I replied that I had not betrayed the genii of my cottage. At these words the Indian made an involuntary movement, and said, "I pity you for being merely a wicked idolater. My mother made me a Christian; my name is Atala, and I am the daughter of Simaghan of the Golden Bracelets, the chief of the warriors of this troop. We are going to Apalachucla, where you will be burnt." Having uttered these words, Atala rose and took her departure.

[Here Chactas was compelled to interrupt his story. A crowd of souvenirs rushed into his soul; his closed eyes inundated his furrowed cheeks with tears, just as two springs hidden in the profound depths of the earth reveal themselves by the waters they send filtering between the rocks. After a long pause, he continued.]

Oh, my son, you perceive that Chactas is not very wise, notwithstanding his reputation for wisdom. Alas! my dear child, although men can no longer see, they can still weep! Several days passed. Every evening the old man's daughter came to converse with me. Sleep had fled from my eyes, and Atala was in my heart like the remembrance of the resting-place of my fathers.

On the seventeenth day of our march, about the time when the ephemeran rises from the waters, we entered upon the grand savanna of Alachua. The plain is surrounded with hills, which, receding behind one another, are covered, as they appear to touch the clouds, with ranges of forests of palm trees, citron trees, magnolias, and oaks. The chief uttered the cry of arrival, and the troop encamped at the foot of a hillside. I was left at some distance, on the border of one of those natural wells so famous in the Floridas, attached to the trunk of a tree, and guarded by a warrior who watched me with impatience. I had passed but some moments in this place when Atala appeared beneath the liquid ambers of the fountain. "Hunter," said she to the Muscogulgan hero, "if you would like to chase the stag, I will guard the prisoner." The warrior jumped for joy at this offer of the chief's daughter, and at once hurried from the top of the hill, and directed his steps toward the plain.

What a strange contradiction is the heart of man! I, who had so much desired to speak of things mysterious to her

whom I already loved like the sun, suddenly became troubled and confused, and felt as though I should have preferred to be thrown amongst the crocodiles in the fountain to finding myself alone with Atala. The daughter of the desert was as much affected as her prisoner. We observed a profound silence; for the genii of love had deprived us of speech. After an interval, Atala, making an effort, spoke thus: "Warrior, you are held but slightly; you can easily escape." At these words courage returned to my tongue, and I replied, "But slightly held, O woman!" — I could not complete my phrase. Atala hesitated some moments, and then said, "Fly!" at the same time liberating me from the trunk of the tree. I seized the cord, and returned it to the hand of the foreign maiden, forcing her beautiful fingers to close themselves upon my chain. "Take it back! Take it back!" I cried. "You are mad!" said Atala, in a voice full of emotion. "Wretched man, do you not know that you will be burnt? What do you mean, — do you reflect that I am the daughter of a redoubtable sachem?" "There was a time," I replied, with tears, "when I also was carried about in a beaver-skin on the shoulders of a mother; my father also had a fine cottage, and his fawns drank of the waters of a thousand torrents; but I now wander without a country. When I shall have ceased to exist, no friend will place a little grass over my body, to keep the insects away from it. The corpse of an unhappy stranger interests no one."

These words touched Atala. Her tears fell into the fountain. "Ah," I continued with vivacity, "if your heart spoke like mine! Is not the desert free? Do not the forests contain folds in which we could conceal ourselves? And in order to be happy, are there so many things necessary for the children of the huts? O maiden, more beautiful than the first dream of a spouse! Oh, my well-beloved, dare to follow me!" Such was my language. Atala replied to me in a tender tone of voice, "My young friend, you have learnt the expressions of the white men; it is easy to deceive an Indian girl!" "What!" I exclaimed, "you call me your young friend. Ah, if a poor slave" — "Well," said she, leaning upon me, "a poor slave" — I continued with ardor, "Let a kiss assure him of your faith!" Atala listened to my prayers. As a fawn appears to cling to the flowers of the rosy creepers which it seizes with its delicate tongue on the mountain steeps, so I remained attached to the lips of my well-beloved.

Alas, my dear son, pain is in close attendance upon pleasure. Who could have thought that the moment in which Atala gave me the first token of her love should be precisely that in which she would destroy all my hopes? White hairs of old Chactas, what was your astonishment when the daughter of the sachem pronounced these words: "Beautiful prisoner, I have foolishly given way to your desire; but whither will this passion lead us? My religion separates me from you forever — Oh, my mother, what hast thou done?" Atala became suddenly silent, and kept back I know not what fatal secret about to escape from her lips. Her words plunged me into despair, "Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be as cruel as you; I will not escape. You shall see me in the flame of fire; you shall hear the groans of my flesh, and you will be full of joy." Atala took my hands between both of hers. "Poor young idolater," she cried, "I really grieve for you! You wish me, then, to weep my whole heart out? What a pity I cannot fly with you! Unhappy was the bosom of thy mother, O Atala! Why dost thou not throw thyself to the crocodiles in the fountain?"

That very moment the crocodiles, at the approach of the setting of the sun, began to make their cries heard. Atala said to me, "Let us leave this place." I led away the daughter of Simaghan to the foot of the hills, which form gulfs of verdure by advancing their promontories into the savannas. Everything in the desert was splendidly imposing. The stork was screaming upon its nest; the woods resounded with the monotonous song of the quails, the whistling of the paroquets, the lowing of the bisons, and the neighing of the Seminolian cavalry.

Our promenade was almost a dumb one. I walked by the side of Atala, who was holding the end of the cord, which I had forced her to take back again. Sometimes we shed tears, and sometimes we endeavored to smile. A look, now directed toward the sky and then toward the earth; an ear listening to the song of the birds; a gesture toward the setting sun; a hand tenderly pressed; a bosom by turns palpitating and tranquil; the names of Chactas and Atala softly repeated at intervals! Oh, first promenade of love, thy souvenir must be extremely powerful, since after so many years of misfortune it can still stir the heart of old Chactas!

How incomprehensible are mortals when agitated by the passions! I had just abandoned the generous-hearted Lopez; had just exposed myself to every danger for the sake of liberty;

and in one instant the look of a woman had changed my tastes, my resolutions, my thoughts! Forgetful of my country, my mother, my cabin, and the frightful death awaiting me, I had become indifferent to everything that was not Atala. Lacking strength to raise myself to the reason of a man, I had suddenly fallen into a sort of childishness; and, far from being able to do anything to extricate myself from threatening misfortunes, I almost required some one to provide me with the means of sleep and nourishment.

It was therefore in vain that Atala, after our ramble in the savanna, threw herself at my knees, and again begged me to leave her. I declared that I would return alone to the camp, if she refused to re-attach me to the trunk of my tree. She was compelled to comply with my request, hoping to convince me another time.

The next day, which decided the fate of my life, we halted in a valley not far from Cuscowilla, the capital of the Seminoles. These Indians, together with the Muscogulges, form the confederation of the Creeks. The daughter of the land of palm-trees came to find me in the middle of the night. She conducted me to a great pine-forest, and renewed her entreaties to induce me to escape. Without replying to her, I took her hand in mine, and forced the thirsting fawn to wander with me into the forest. The night was delicious. The genius of the air appeared to be shaking the blue canopy, embalmed with the odor of the pines; and we breathed a slight perfume of amber emitted by the crocodiles asleep beneath the tamarind-trees by the river-side. The moon was shining in the midst of a spotless azure, and the pearl-gray light fell upon the undefined summit of the forests. Not a sound was to be heard, except I know not what distant harmony that reigned in the depth of the woods. It seemed as though the soul of solitude was sighing throughout the entire extent of the desert.

Through the trees we perceived a young man, who, holding a torch in his hand, looked like the genius of spring visiting the forests to re-animate Nature. He was a lover on his way to learn his fate at the cabin of his mistress.

Should the maiden blow out the torch, she accepts the offered vows; but if she veil herself without extinguishing it, she refuses the spouse.

The warrior, gliding through the shades, chanted these words in a low tone of voice: —

"I will outrun the steps of the daylight upon the mountain-tops to seek my lonely dove in the midst of the oaks of the forest.

"I have fastened around her throat a necklace of porcelain, with three red beads for my love, three violet ones for my fears, three blue ones for my hopes.

"Mila has the eyes of an ermine, and hair as light as a field of rice; her mouth is a pink shell lined with pearls; her two breasts are like two little spotless kids, born the same day of one mother.

"May Mila extinguish this torch! May her mouth cast a voluptuous shade over it! I will fertilize her bosom. The hope of the country shall hang from her fruitful breast, and I will smoke my calumet of peace by the cradle of my son.

"Ah! let me outrun the steps of the daylight upon the mountain-tops to seek my lonely dove amidst the oaks of the forest!"

Thus sang this young man, whose accents agitated me to the bottom of my soul, and caused Atala to change countenance. Our united hands trembled in each other. But we were diverted from this scene by another scene not less dangerous for us.

We passed near a child's tomb, which served as a boundary between two nations. It had been placed on the border of the road, according to custom, in order that the young wives, when going to the fountain, might draw into their bosom the soul of the innocent creature, and restore it to the country. At this moment several newly-married spouses were there, and, desirous of the sweets of maternity, were endeavoring, by opening their lips, to receive the soul of the little child, which they fancied they saw wandering amongst the flowers. The veritable mother came afterwards, and deposited a bunch of corn and white lilies upon the tomb; she sprinkled the earth with her milk, sat down upon the damp turf, and spoke thus to her child in an impassioned voice:—

"Why do I weep for thee in thy earthly cradle, O my newborn? When the little bird has grown it must seek its own nutriment, and find many bitter seeds in the desert. At least thou hast been unconscious of tears; at least thy heart has not been exposed to the devouring breath of men. The bud that dries up in its envelope passes away with all its perfumes, like thou, O my son, with all thine innocence. Happy are those who

die in the cradle! they have only known the kisses and smiles of a mother!"

Already subdued by our own hearts, we were overwhelmed by the images of love and maternity which seemed to pursue us in these enchanted solitudes. I carried Atala away in my arms to the extremity of the forest, where I told her things that I should in vain endeavor to repeat to-day with my lips. The southern wind, my dear son, loses its heat on passing over mountains of ice. The souvenirs of love in the heart of an old man are like the fires of day reflected by the peaceful orb of the moon when the sun has set, and silence spreads itself over the huts of the savages.

What could save Atala? What could prevent her from succumbing to Nature? Nothing, doubtless, but a miracle; and that miracle was accomplished. The daughter of Simaghan had recourse to the God of the Christians; she threw herself upon the ground, and uttered a fervent prayer, addressed to her mother and to the Queen of Virgins. It was from this moment, O René, that I entertained a wonderful idea of that religion which, in the forests, in the midst of all the privations of life, imparts a thousand boons to the unfortunate; of that religion which, opposing its power to the torrent of the passions, suffices alone to conquer them, when everything else is in their favor, — the secrecy of the woods, the absence of men, and the fidelity of the shades. Ah, how divine to me appeared that simple savage, the ignorant Atala, who, on her knees before an old fallen pine-tree, as at the foot of an altar, was offering up a prayer to her God in favor of an idolatrous lover! Her eyes raised toward the star of the night, her cheeks, brilliant with tears of religion and of love, were of immortal beauty. Several times it appeared to me as though she were about to take her flight to heaven; several times I fancied I saw come down upon the rays of the moon, and heard amidst the trees, those genii whom the God of the Christians sends to the hermits of the rocks when He is about to call them back to Himself. I was afflicted by all this, for I feared that Atala had but little time to remain on earth.

Nevertheless, she shed such abundant tears, she appeared so unhappy, that I was perhaps upon the point of consenting to take my departure, when the cry of death resounded through the forest. Four armed men rushed upon me. We had been discovered; the war-chief had given orders for our pursuit.

Atala, who resembled a queen in the pride of her demeanor, disdained to speak to these warriors. She glanced nobly at them, and went forth to Simaghan.

She could obtain no concession. My guards were doubled, my chains increased, and my lover was kept away from me. Five nights passed, and then we perceived Apalachucla, situated on the banks of the river Chata-Uche. I was immediately crowned with flowers; my face was painted blue and red; beads were fastened to my nose and to my ears, and a chichikoué [1] was placed in my hand.

Thus prepared for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla amidst the reiterated shouts of the crowd. My fate was sealed; when all of a sudden the sound of a conch was heard, and the mico, or chief of the nation, ordered an assembly.

You know, my son, the torments to which savages subject their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the risk of their lives, and with an indefatigable charity, had succeeded in inducing several nations to substitute a comparatively mild slavery to the horrors of the funeral pile. The Muscogulges had not yet adopted this custom; but a numerous party amongst them had declared themselves in favor of it. It was to decide upon this important matter that the mico had convoked the sachems, or wise men. I was conducted to the place of deliberation.

The pavilion of the council was situated upon an isolated mound not far from Apalachucla. Three circles of columns constituted the elegant architecture of this rotunda. The columns were of polished and carved cypress-wood, increasing in height and in thickness, and diminishing in number as they approached the center, which was indicated by a single pillar. From the summit of this pillar depended strips of bark, which, passing over the tops of the other columns, covered the pavilion in the guise of an open fan.

The council assembled. Fifty old men, in beaver cloaks, were ranged upon the steps facing the door of the pavilion. The grand chief was seated in their midst, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half-colored for war. On the right of the old men were placed fifty women, dressed in robes of swan-feathers. The war-chiefs, with a tomahawk in the hand, a bunch of feathers on the head, and their arms and chests dyed with blood, occupied the left.

[1] A musical instrument played by the savages.

At the foot of the central column the fire of the council was burning. The first jungler, surrounded by eight guardians of the temple, dressed in long vestments, and wearing a stuffed owl upon their heads, poured some balm of copal upon the flames, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple row of old men, matrons, and warriors, the priests, the clouds of incense, and the sacrifice, — imparted to this council an aspect altogether imposing.

I was standing chained in the midst of the assembly. When the sacrifice was finished, the mico spoke, and explained with simplicity the affair that had brought the council together. He threw a blue necklace upon the ground, as evidence of what he had just said.

Then a sachem of the tribe of the Eagle rose, and spoke thus: —

"My father the mico, sachems, matrons, warriors of the four tribes of the Eagle, the Beaver, the Serpent, and the Tortoise, let us change nothing in the manners of our forefathers; let us burn the prisoner, and let us not allow our courage to be weakened. It is a custom of the white men that is now proposed to you; it cannot be other than pernicious. Give a red collar which contains my words. I have spoken."

And he threw a red collar into the midst of the assembly.

A matron then rose, and said: —

"My father Eagle, you have the cleverness of a fox and the prudent slowness of a tortoise. I will polish the chain of friendship with you, and we will plant together the tree of peace. But let us change the customs of our forefathers when they are of a terrible character. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and let us no longer hear the cries of the prisoners, which trouble the bosoms of the mothers. I have spoken."

As the waves of the ocean are broken up by a storm; as in autumn the dried leaves are carried away in a whirlwind; as the reeds of the Mississippi bend and rise again during a sudden inundation; as a great herd of deer bellow in the depths of a forest, — so was the council agitated and murmuring. Sachems, warriors, and matrons spoke by turns, or all together. Interests clashed, opinions were divided, and the council was about to be dissolved; but at length the ancient custom prevailed, and I was condemned to the pile.

A circumstance caused my punishment to be delayed: the Feast of the Dead, or the Festival of Souls, was approaching,

and it is the custom not to put any captive to death during the days consecrated to that ceremony. I was handed over to a strict guard, and doubtless the sachems had sent away the daughter of Simaghan, as I saw her no longer.

Meanwhile, the tribes for more than three hundred leagues around came in crowds to celebrate the Festival of Souls. A long hut had been constructed upon an isolated situation. On the day indicated, each cabin exhumed the remains of its fathers from their private tombs, and the skeletons were hung upon the walls of the Common-room of the Ancestors in order and by families. The winds (a tempest had burst forth), the forests, and the cataracts roared from without, while the old men of the different nations were engaged in concluding treaties of peace between the tribes over the bones of their fathers.

Funeral amusements were indulged in, — running, ball, and a game with small bones. Two maidens tried to snatch from each other a willow-twig. Their hands fluttered about the twig, which each in her turn held above her head. Their beautiful naked feet interwined, their mouths met, their sweet breaths became confounded; they stooped, and their hairs were mixed together; then they looked at their mothers, and blushed in the midst of applause. The jungler invoked Michabou, the genius of the waters, and related the wars of the great Hare against Machimanitou, the god of evil. He spoke of the first man, and of Athaënsic, the first woman, being hurled from heaven for having lost their innocence; of the earth having been reddened with a brother's blood; of the immolation of Tahouist-sarou by the impious Jouskeka; of the deluge commanded by the voice of the Great Spirit; of Massou, the only one saved in his bark vessel; and of the crow sent out to discover the land. He spoke, moreover, of the beautiful Endaë, recalled from the land of souls by the sweet songs of her spouse.

After these games and hymns, preparations were made for giving the ancestors an eternal sepulture.

Upon the borders of the river Chata-Uche there was a wild fig-tree, which the worship of the people had consecrated. The Indian maidens were in the habit of washing their bark-dresses at this place, and exposing them to the breath of the desert upon the branches of the ancient tree. It was there that an immense tomb had been dug.

While leaving the funeral chamber, the hymn of death was sung. Each family carried some sacred remains. On arriving

at the tomb the relics were lowered down into it, and spread out in layers, separated by the skins of bears and beavers; the mound of the tomb was then raised, and the tree of tears and of sleep planted upon it.

Let us pity men, my dear son! Those very Indians whose customs are so touching, those very women who had displayed such a tender interest in my behalf, now called out loudly for my execution; and entire tribes delayed their departure in order to have the pleasure of seeing a young man undergo the most horrible sufferings.

In a valley to the north, at some distance from the grand village, was a wood of cypresses and deals, called the Wood of Blood. It was reached by the ruins of one of those monuments of which the origin is ignored, and which were the work of a people now unknown. I was led thither in triumph. Preparations were being made for my death. The pole of Areskoui was planted; pine, elm, and cypress trees fell beneath the ax; the funeral pile was rising; and spectators were constructing amphitheaters with the branches and trunks of trees. Each one was occupied in inventing a torture. Some proposed to tear the skin off my head, others to burn my eyes out with red-hot axes. I began to sing the song of death: —

"I do not fear torture. I am brave, O Muscogulges! I defy you, I despise you more than women. My father, Outalissi, son of Miscou, drank out of the skulls of your most famous warriors. You will not draw a sigh from my breast."

Provoked by my song, a warrior pierced my arm with an arrow. I merely said, "Brother, I thank thee."

In spite of the activity of the executioners, the preparations for my execution could not be completed before the setting of the sun. A jungler was consulted, and he forbade the genii of the shades to be troubled; so that my death was postponed till the following day. But in their impatience to enjoy the spectacle, and in order to be ready sooner on the break of day, the Indians did not quit the Wood of Blood. They lighted large fires, and began a series of festivities and dances.

Meanwhile, I had been laid down upon my back. Cords from my neck, from my feet, and from my arms were attached to stakes fixed in the ground. Warriors were seated upon these cords; and I could not make the slightest movement without their knowledge. The night advanced; the songs and dances gradually ceased; the fires emitted but a ruddy light, in front

of which I could see the shadows of some of the savages pass. At last they all fell asleep; but as the noise of men became pacified, that of the desert seemed to increase, and to the tumult of voices succeeded the howlings of the winds in the forest.

It was the hour when a young Indian recently become a mother awakes with a start in the middle of the night, fancying she has heard the cry of her first-born babe desirous of her sweet nutriment. With my eyes gazing up to heaven, where the crescent moon was wandering in the clouds, I was reflecting upon my destiny. Atala appeared to me to be a monster of ingratitude thus to abandon me at the moment of punishment, —I, who had given myself up to the flames rather than leave her! And yet I felt that I still loved her, and that I should die with joy for Atala.

In extreme pleasures there is a sting that excites one, as though to counsel us to profit by the rapidly passing moment. In great grief, on the contrary, there is something heavy that induces drowsiness; the eyes, fatigued with tears, naturally seek to close, and the goodness of Providence may be thus remarked in our misfortunes. I gave way, in spite of myself, to that heavy sleep which sometimes overcomes the wretched. I dreamt that my chains were being taken off; I thought I felt the satisfaction experienced when, after having been tightly pressed, a helping hand relieves us of our irons.

This sensation was so vivid that it caused me to raise my eyelids. By the light of the moon, a ray of which was escaping between two clouds, I saw a tall white figure leaning over me, and silently occupied in loosening my bonds. I was about to utter a cry, when a hand, which I instantly recognized, closed my mouth. A single cord remained; but it appeared impossible to cut it without touching a warrior who covered it entirely with his body. Atala placed her hand upon it. The warrior, half-awakened, bestirred himself, and sat up. Atala remained motionless, and looked at him. The Indian thought he was looking at the spirit of the ruins; and he lay down again, closing his eyes and invoking his manitou. The bond was broken. I arose, and followed my deliverer, who tendered to me the end of a bow, of which she held the other extremity. But with what dangers were we surrounded! At times we were on the point of stumbling over the sleeping savages; then a guard questioned us, and Atala replied in an assumed voice. Chil-

dren were crying, and dogs barking. Scarcely had we got clear of the fatal inclosure, when terrible howlings resounded through the forest. The camp was aroused. A thousand fires were lighted, and savages were running about in all directions with torches. We hurried away with precipitation.

When day broke upon the Apalaches, we were already far away. Great was my felicity on finding myself again in solitude with Atala, — with Atala my deliverer, with Atala who was giving herself to me forever! Words failed my tongue. I fell on my knees, and said to the daughter of Simaghan: "Men are but little; but when the genii visit them they are nothing at all. You are a genius; you have visited me, and I cannot speak before you." Atala offered me her hand with a smile. "I am obliged to follow you," she said, "since you will not fly without me. During the night I seduced the juggler with presents, I intoxicated your executioners with essence of fire, and I risked my life for you, because you had given yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" she added, with an accent that alarmed me, "the sacrifice will be reciprocal."

Atala gave me the weapons she had had the precaution to bring, and then she dressed my wound. Whilst wiping it with a papaya-leaf, she wetted it with her tears. "It is a balm," I said to her, "that you are dropping on my arm." "I am rather afraid that it may be a poison," she replied. She tore one of the coverings from her bosom, with which she made a first bandage that she fastened with a tress of her hair.

Intoxication, which lasts a long time upon savages, and is for them a species of malady, prevented them from pursuing us during the first few days. If they sought for us afterwards, it was probably in a westerly direction, as they must have thought we should make for the Mississippi; but we had taken our flight toward the fixed star, guiding ourselves by the moss on the trunks of the trees.

We were not long in perceiving that we had gained but little by my deliverance. The desert now unrolled before us its immeasurable solitudes. Without experience in forest life, having lost our way, and walking on at hazard, what was to become of us? Often while gazing upon Atala, I remembered the ancient story of Agar, that Lopez had given me to read, and which happened in the desert of Beersheba, a long time ago, when men lived to three times the age of the oak.

Atala made me a cloak out of some ash-bark, and she also

embroidered me a pair of muskrat skin moccasins with porcupine's hair. In my turn, I did all in my power to ornament her attire. First of all, I placed upon her head a crown of those blue mallows that crowded beneath our feet in the abandoned Indian cemeteries: then I made her necklaces of real azalea berries; and after all I smiled in the contemplation of her wonderful beauty.

When we encountered a river, we crossed it either on a raft or by swimming. Atala placed one of her hands upon my shoulder, and thus, like a pair of migratory swans, we traversed the solitary waves.

During the great heat of the day we often sought shelter beneath the moss of the cedars. Nearly all the Floridian trees, especially the cedar and the oak, are covered with a white moss, which descends from their branches down to the very ground. At night-time, by moonlight, should you happen to see, in the open savanna, an isolated holm dressed in such drapery, you would imagine it to be a phantom dragging after it a number of long veils. The scene is not less picturesque by day, when a crowd of butterflies, brilliant insects, colibris, green paroquets, and blue jackdaws entangle themselves amongst the moss, and thus produce the effect of a piece of white woolen tapestry embroidered by some clever European workman with beautiful birds and sparkling insects.

It was in the shade of such smiling quarters, prepared by the Great Spirit, that we stopped to repose ourselves. When the winds come down from heaven to rock the great cedar, when the aërial castles built upon its branches undulate with the birds and the travelers sleeping beneath its shelter, when thousands of sighs pass through the corridors of the waving edifice, there is nothing amongst the wonders of the ancient world to be compared with this monument of the desert.

Every evening we lighted a large fire and built a traveling hut of bark raised upon four stakes. When I had killed a wild turkey, a pigeon, or a wood-pheasant, we attached it to the end of a pole before a pile of burning oak, and left the care of turning the hunter's prey to the caprices of the wind. We used to eat a kind of moss called rock-tripe, sweetened bark, and May-apples that tasted of the peach and the raspberry. The black walnut-tree, the maple-tree and the sumach furnished our table with wine. Sometimes I went and fetched from amongst the reeds a plant whose flower, in the form of an elongated cup,

contained a cup of the purest dew. We blessed Heaven for having placed this limpid spring upon the stalk of a flower, in the midst of the corrupted marshes, just as it has placed hope at the bottom of hearts ulcerated by grief; just also as it has caused virtue to well up from the bosom of the miseries of life!

I soon discovered, alas! that I had deceived myself as to the apparent calm of my beloved Atala. The farther we advanced the sadder she became. She frequently shuddered without a cause, and turned her head aside hurriedly. I sometimes caught her regarding me with a passionate look, which she at once cast toward the sky with a profound melancholy. What alarmed me above all was a secret thought concealed in the bottom of her soul, but which I read in her eyes. Constantly drawing me toward her and then pushing me away, re-animating my hopes, and then destroying them when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, I found myself still at the same point. How many times she said to me, "Oh, my young sweetheart, I love you like the shade of the woods at mid-day! You are as beautiful as the desert with all its flowers and all its breezes. If I incline toward you I tremble; when my hand falls upon yours, it seems to me as though I were about to die. The other day the wind blew your hair upon my face as you were reposing yourself upon my bosom, and I fancied I felt the light touch of the invisible spirits. Yes, I have seen the young kids of the mountain of Occona; I have listened to the language of men ripe with years; but the mildness of goats and the wisdom of old men are less agreeable and less powerful than your words. Ah, my poor Chactas! I shall never be your spouse!"

The constant struggle between Atala's love and religion, her tender freedom and the chastity of her conduct, the pride of her character and her profound sensitiveness, the elevation of her soul in great things, her susceptibility about trifles, rendered her, in my opinion, an incomprehensible being. Atala could not hold a weak empire over a man. Full of passion, she was full of power; she must either be adored or hated.

After fifteen nights of hurried march, we entered upon the chain of the Alleghany Mountains, and reached one of the branches of the Tennessee, a river that falls into the Ohio. Aided by the advice of Atala, I built a boat, which I coated with plum-tree gum, after having re-sewn the bark with roots of the fir. I subsequently embarked therein with Atala, and we abandoned ourselves to the current of the river.

The Indian village of Sticoë, with its pyramidal tombs and ruined huts, appeared on our left at the turn of a promontory; on the right we left the valley of Keow, terminated by the perspective of the cabins of Jore, which seemed to be suspended from the forehead of the mountain of the same name. The river which carried us along flowed between high cliffs, at the extremity of which we perceived the setting sun. The profound solitudes were not disturbed by the presence of men. We only saw one Indian hunter, who, leaning motionless upon his bow, on the peak of a rock, looked like a statue raised upon the mountain to the genius of those deserts.

Atala and myself added our silence to the silence of this scene. All of a sudden, the daughter of exile filled the air by thus singing, in a voice replete with melancholy emotion, of her absent country: —

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"If the blue jackdaw of the Mississippi were to say to the nonpareil of the Floridas, 'Why dost thou complain so sadly? Hast thou not here beautiful waters and lovely shades, and all sorts of pastures, as in thine own forests?' 'Yes,' would reply the fugitive nonpareil; 'but my nest is in the jessamine; who will bring it to me? And the sun of my savannah, where is it?'

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"After hours of painful wayfare, the traveler sits down in sadness. He sees around him the roofs of men's habitations, but has no place wherein to repose his head. The traveler knocks at a cabin, places his bow behind the door, and asks for hospitality. The master makes a gesture of the hand; the traveler takes back his bow, and returns to the desert.

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"Wondrous stories told around the hearth, tender effusions of the heart, long habits of loving so necessary to life, you have filled the days of those who have not quitted their natal place! Their tombs are in the land of their birth, with the setting sun, the tears of their friends, and the charms of religion.

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign

festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!"

Thus sang Atala. Nothing interrupted the course of her lamentations, except the almost imperceptible sound of our boat upon the waves. In two or three places only were they taken up by a weak echo, which repeated them to a second, and the second to a third, faintly and more faintly still. It seemed as though the souls of two lovers, formerly unfortunate like ourselves, and attracted by the touching melody, were enjoying the pleasure of sighing forth the dying sounds of its music in the mountain.

Nevertheless, the solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, even our misfortunes, increased our affection from one instant to another. Atala prayed continuously to her mother, whose irritated shade she seemed as though wishing to appease. She sometimes asked me if I did not hear a plaintive voice, and see flames issuing out of the earth. As for myself, exhausted with fatigue, but still burning with desire, and thinking that I was perhaps irretrievably lost in the midst of those forests, I was a hundred times upon the point of drawing my spouse to my arms, and a hundred times did I urge Atala to allow me to build a hut upon the riverside, so that we might bury ourselves therein together. But she always resisted my propositions. "Remember, my young friend," she would say, "that a warrior owes himself to his country. What is a woman compared to the duties you have to fulfill? Take courage, son of Outalissi; do not murmur against your destiny. The heart of man is like a river-sponge, that imbibes pure water during calm weather, and is swollen with muddy liquid when the sky has troubled the waves. Has the sponge the right to say, 'I thought there would never be any storms, and that the sun would never be scorching'?"

Oh, René, if you fear the trials of the heart, be upon your guard against solitude. The great passions are solitary, and to transport them to the desert is to restore them to their triumph. Overcome with cares and fears; exposed to the danger of falling into the hands of Indian enemies, to be swallowed up by the waters, stung by serpents, devoured by beasts; finding the poorest nourishment with difficulty, and not knowing whither to direct our steps, — it seemed impossible for our misfortunes to be greater, when an accident brought them to a climax.

It was the twenty-seventh sun since our departure from the cabins. The moon of fire had commenced her course, and everything announced a storm. Toward the hour when the Indian matrons hang up the plow-handle to the branches of the sabin-tree, and when the paroquets retire into the hollows of the cypress, the sky began to be overcast. The voices of the solitude died away, the desert became silent, and the forests were reposing in the midst of a universal calm. Shortly after, the rollings of a distant thunder, prolonged through the woods as old as the world, re-issued from them with sublime sounds. Fearful of being submerged, we hastened to reach the bank of the river, and withdrew into a forest.

The ground in this place was marshy. We advanced with difficulty under a vault of smilax, amidst vines, indigo-plants, bean-trees, and creeping ivy that entangled our feet like nets. The spongy soil trembled around us, and at each instant we were on the point of sinking into the quagmires. Insects without number, and enormous bats, blinded us; bell-serpents were hissing in every direction, and wolves, bears, carcajous, and young tigers, come to hide themselves in these retreats, made them resound with their roarings.

Meanwhile, the darkness increased. The lowering clouds were entering beneath the leafy covering of the woods. Suddenly the sky was rent, and the lightning traced a rapid zigzag of fire. A violent wind from the west rolled clouds upon clouds; the forests bent; the sky opened time after time, and from between the interstices other skies and ardent scenes might be perceived. What a frightful, what a magnificent spectacle! The lightning set fire to the forest; the conflagration extended like a head-dress of flame; columns of sparks and of smoke besieged the clouds, which were vomiting their flashes into the vast burning mass. Then the Great Spirit covered the mountain with heavy darkness; and from the midst of this chaos there arose a confused moaning, formed by the rushing of the winds, the cracking of trees, the howling of wild beasts, the buzzing of the inflamed vegetation, and the repeated fall of thunderbolts hissing as they died out in the waters.

The Great Spirit knows that at this moment I saw and thought of nothing but Atala. I managed to guard her against the torrents of rain by placing her beneath the inclining trunk of a birch-tree, under which I sat down, holding my well-beloved upon my knees, and warming her naked feet between my

hands; and thus I found myself happier than the young spouse who feels her future offspring quiver in her bosom for the first time.

We were listening to the sound of the tempest, when all of a sudden I felt one of Atala's tears fall upon my breast. "Storm of the heart," I cried to myself, "is it a drop of your rain?" Then embracing her I loved, I said, "Atala, you are concealing something from me. Open your heart to me, O beauty! It does one so much good when a friend looks into one's soul. Tell me this secret of grief which you persist in hiding from me. Ah! I see you are weeping for your country." She immediately retorted, "Child of men, why should I weep for my country, since my father came not from the land of palms?" "What!" I replied, with profound astonishment, "your father was not from the land of palms! What was he then who brought you upon this earth? Reply!" Atala answered in these words: —

"Before my mother brought to the warrior Simaghan, as a marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty buffaloes, a hundred measures of nut-oil, fifty beaver-skins, and a quantity of other riches, she had known a man of white flesh. Now the mother of my mother threw water in her face, and forced her to marry the magnanimous Simaghan, who was like unto a king, and honored by the people as a genius. But my mother said to her new spouse, 'My bosom has conceived; kill me.' Simaghan replied to her, 'May the Great Spirit preserve me from such an action! I will not mutilate you. I will neither cut off your nose nor your ears, because you have been sincere, and have not betrayed my couch. The fruit of your bosom shall be my fruit, and I will not visit you till after the departure of the bird of the rice-fields, when the thirteenth moon shall have shone.' About that time I issued from my mother's bosom, and I began to grow, proud as a Spaniard and as a savage. My mother made me a Christian, so that her God and the God of my father might also be my God. Afterwards love-sickness fell upon her, and she went down into the little pit furnished with skins, from which no one ever comes out."

Such was Atala's story. "And who was your father, then, poor orphan?" I said to her; "how was he called by men upon earth, and what name did he bear among the genii?" "I never washed my father's feet," said Atala; "I only know that he lived with his sister at St. Augustine, and that he ever re-

mained faithful to my mother. Philip was his name amongst the angels, and men called him Lopez."

At these words I uttered a cry which re-echoed throughout the solitude; the sounds of my transports mingled with those of the storm. Pressing Atala to my heart, I exclaimed with sobs, "O my sister! O daughter of Lopez! daughter of my benefactor!" Atala, alarmed, sought to ascertain the cause of my agitation; but when she learnt that Lopez was the generous host who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had quitted in order to be free, she was herself stricken with joy and confusion.

This fraternal friendship which came upon us and joined its love to our love, was too much for our hearts. Already had I intoxicated myself with her breath, already had I drunk all the magic of love upon her lips. With my eyes raised toward heaven, amidst the flash of the lightnings, I held my spouse in my arms in the presence of the Eternal. Splendid pomp, worthy of our misfortunes and of the grandeur of our loves; superb forests, that shook your creeping plants and your leafy domes as though they were to be the curtains and the canopy of our couch; overflowing river, roaring mountains, frightful and sublime Nature, were you then but a combination prepared to deceive us, and could you not for one moment conceal a man's felicity amidst your mysterious horrors?

Suddenly a vivid flash, followed by a clap of thunder, ran through the thickness of the shades, filled the forest with sulphur and light, and rent a tree close by us. We fled. O surprise! In the silence which followed we heard the sound of a bell. Both speechless, we listened to the sound, so strange in a desert. At the same instant a dog barked in the distance. It approached, redoubled its cries, came up to us, and howled with joy at our feet. An old hermit, carrying a small lantern, was following the animal through the darkness of the forest. "Heaven be praised!" he cried, as soon as he perceived us; "I have been looking for you a long time! Our dog smelt you as soon as the storm commenced, and has guided me hither. Poor children, how young you are, and how you must have suffered! Come; I have brought a bear-skin. It shall be for this young woman, and there is some wine in our gourd. Let God be praised in all His works! His mercy is great and His goodness is infinite!"

Atala threw herself at the feet of the monk. "Chief of

prayer," said she to him, "I am a Christian. Heaven has sent you to save me!" "My daughter," said the hermit, raising her up, "we usually ring the mission-bell during the night and during tempests, to call strangers; and in imitation of the example of our brethren of the Alps and of the Liban, we have taught our dog to discover lost travelers."

I scarcely understood the hermit. This charity appeared to me so much above man that I thought I was dreaming. By the light of the little lantern the monk was holding in his hand I saw that his beard and hair were saturated with water; his feet, his hands, and his face were bleeding from their encounters with the brambles. "Old man," I at length cried, "what sort of heart have you, that you did not fear being struck by the lightning?" "Fear!" retorted the father, with a certain ardor, "fear when men are in danger and I can be useful to them! I should in that case be an unworthy servant of Jesus Christ!" "But do you know," I interrupted, "that I am not a Christian?" "Young man," replied the hermit, "did I ask you your religion? Jesus Christ did not say, 'My blood shall wash this one or that one.' He died for the Jew and for the Gentile, and He only considered all the races of men as brothers in misfortune. What I am now doing for you is but little, and you would find elsewhere plenty of other help; but the glory of it should not fall upon the priests. What are we poor hermits, if not the coarse instruments of a celestial work? And what soldier would be cowardly enough to retreat when his Chief, with the cross in His hand and His forehead covered with thorns, marches before him to the assistance of suffering humanity?"

These words went to my heart; tears of admiration and tenderness fell from my eyes. "My dear children," said the missionary, "I govern in these forests a little flock of your wild brethren. My grotto is not far from here, in the mountain. Come and warm yourselves under my roof. You will not find the conveniences of life there, but you shall have shelter, and you should thank the Divine goodness even for that, for there are many men who are without it."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton, an English poet, born at Bristol, England, Nov. 20, 1752; died at London, Aug. 25, 1770. He was the posthumous son of a chanter in the Bristol Cathedral, and was educated at a charity school in that city. In 1767 he was apprenticed to an attorney. At the opening of a new bridge over the Avon, in 1768, Chatterton sent to the editor of a Bristol newspaper an account of "the mayor's first passing over the old bridge," in the reign of Henry II., professedly copied from an ancient manuscript. This was followed by numerous letters and fragments of ancient history, and by many poems purporting to be by an ancient monk, Thomas Rowley, which Chatterton professed to have copied from papers found in an old chest. He then sent to Horace Walpole a specimen of the "Poems of Thomas Rowley." In the spring of 1770 Chatterton went to London, and engaged in literary work, writing political letters, satires, and poems, which showed great versatility; but his contributions were unpaid for, and starvation stared him in the face. Too proud to acknowledge his bitter poverty, he shut himself in his attic room, destroyed his manuscripts, and committed suicide by poison.

The poems of Chatterton, written under the name of "Rowley," comprise the tragedy of "Ælla," "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," "The Battle of Hastings," "The Tournament," and "Canynge's Feast." He also left a fragment of a dramatic poem, "Goddwyn." There is throughout an attempt to give an air of antiquity to these verses.

Final Chorus from "Goddwyn."

When Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She dauncèd onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;

DEATH OF CHATTERTON

From Painting by H. Wallis

She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

The Farewell of Sir Charles Baldwin to His Wife.

(From "The Bristowe Tragedie.")

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A-prauncing onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
Hys lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeignèd teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
May looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyès spoke: —
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnèdd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie: —

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyrèdd oute wythe ravynge loud,
She fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Mynstrelles Songe.

O synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde;
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre;
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres;
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I come! mie true love waytes.
Thus the damselle spake, and died.

An Excelente Balade of Charitie.

(As wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie, 1464.)

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie:
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, fast by a pathwaieside,
Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide;
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,

Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his gloomed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadows smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs;
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stones showers.

Spyrreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide:
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;

Helpless and ould am I, alas! and poor:
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here, take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here, take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
'Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

The Resignation.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly, —
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour —
  When anguish swells the dewy tear —
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
  Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain —
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain;
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I'll thank the Inflicter of the blow —
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, a celebrated English poet, born at London, England, about 1340; died there, Oct. 25, 1400. Of his childhood nothing is certainly known except that he was the son of a vintner. In 1359 he was made prisoner in the war with France, and was ransomed by the English King. The next positive mention of him occurs in 1366, when he was one of the squires of the King, and was already married to a sister of Katharine Swynford, the mistress and subsequently the wife of the King's son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This marriage might have placed his descendants on the English throne. In 1372 he was one of the envoys sent to Genoa to arrange a commercial treaty with that republic. Under the powerful protection of John of Gaunt the fortunes of Chaucer flourished for several years; he held lucrative posts in what we should now style the customs, and in 1386 was returned to Parliament for the shire of Kent. At the close of this year, John of Gaunt being employed on the Continent, Chaucer was removed from his post in the customs, and appears to have fallen into pecuniary straits. He is supposed to have written "The Canterbury Tales" at this period. John of Gaunt, returning to England, took up the cause of Chaucer, procured for him the appointment of Clerk of the King's Works, and furnished him an annuity of £20. Still later, and toward the end of his life, Chaucer received from the King a grant of a tun of wine a year, and a pension of 40 marks — about £27. Chaucer was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the long line of poets to whom that honor has been awarded.

Chaucer wrote several unimportant prose works, among which is a translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." His principal poems are "The Court of Love" and "The Flower and The Leaf," the genuineness of which has been called in question; "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Troilus and Creseide," "The Assembly of Foules," "The Booke of the Dutchess," "The House of Fame," "Chaucer's Dream," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Complaint of Mars and Venus," "The Cuckow and the Nightingale," and "The Canterbury Tales," upon which his fame mainly rests.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

From a Painting by P. Krämer

The Prologue.

(From "The Canterbury Tales." About 1386.)

Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And well we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;

And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As well in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Sometime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he had a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him there was his sone a yonge SQUIER,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf beforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,

After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lips falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able,

Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can

So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat,
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and praiers,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.

For though a widewe hadde but a sou,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for anything
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
At twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,

Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie,
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet had he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his friends hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the souls praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was any nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the pareis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might nor ben in suspect.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A Frankelein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicite parfite.

An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
As sessons ther was he lord and sire,
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk,
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapiser,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is full fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones.
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.

Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale,
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mornal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A Shipman was ther, woned fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
There was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,

Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good Wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But thereof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.

She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew perchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sickenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe;
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He set not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,

To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse;
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swink and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,
A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones.
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,

And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil MANCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that be paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, there was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

From Painting by Thomas Stothard

Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this reves governing.
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With green trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sausefleme he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,

Then wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had learned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as well as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Then hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found owhere a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONERE
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,

For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Thate seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.
But trewly to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He must preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,

And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me,
And have I not sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke thereto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And saide thus; Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herberwe, as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how,

And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston:
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But be ye mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.
Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shal tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.
This thing was granted, and our othes swore

With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarying.
A-morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record.
If even-song and morwe-song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioresse,
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought; lay hand to, every man.
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte fell on the knight,
Of which full blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
But forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; sithen I shal begin this game,
What? welcome be the cutte a goddes name.

Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

Good Counsail of Chaucer.

Fly fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,
Suffise unto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,
Savour no more than thee behove shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurne againe a nall,
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth, pilgrime! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Looke up on high, and thanke God of all!
Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

To His Empty Purse.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere,
Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the Sunne bright,
That of yelowness had never pere,

Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Emylye in the Garden.

(From "The Knight's Tale.")

It fil ones in a morwe of May,
That Emylye, that fairer was to sene
Than is the lylie upon his stalke grene,
And fressher than the May with floures newe —
For with the Rose colour stroof hire hewe,
I noot which was the finer of hem two —
Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
She was arisen and al redy dight,
For May wole haue no slogardrie a nyght;
The seson priketh euery gentil herte,
And maketh hym out of his slepe to sterte,
And seith, "Arys and do thyn obseruance."
This maked Emylye have remembraunce
To doon honour to May and for to ryse.
Yclothed was she fressh for to deuyse
Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,
Bihynde hir bak a yerde long, I gesse,
And in the gardyn at the sonne up riste,
She walketh vp and down and as hire liste,
She gadereth floures party white and rede,
To make a subtil gerland for hire hede,
And as an Aungel heuenysshly she soong.

MARIE-ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

Marie-André Chénier, a distinguished French poet, was born at Constantinople, Oct. 30, 1762; died in Paris, July 25, 1794. He became a fine classical scholar, especially in Greek literature. At twenty he entered the army, and for a time served as a sub-lieutenant at Strasburg, but in a few months he threw up his commission and returned to Paris, and again devoted himself to study. During this period he wrote the idyls "Le Mendiant," "L'Aveugle," and "Le Jeune Malade," and planned others. His close application affected his health, and toward the close of the year 1784 he set out with some friends on a tour through Switzerland, Italy, and the Archipelago. On his return, in 1786, he again wrote and made plans and sketches for great poems. Among these are "Suzanne," "L'Invention," and "Hermes." The first and last of these were left in a fragmentary condition. In 1787, he accepted the secretaryship of the French Legation at London. Three years later he resigned and returned to Paris in the first whirl of the Revolution, 1790. When Louis XVI. was brought to trial he assisted in the preparation of his defense. He had always opposed the atrocities of the Jacobins, and he published a number of pamphlets containing severe strictures against them and the leaders of the Revolution. These angered Robespierre, and he was arrested Jan. 6, 1794. He was imprisoned in Saint Lazare. After an incarceration of six months, on July 24 he was brought, with others, before the tribunal and condemned, and on the following day, July 25, 1794, was executed.

The Young Captive.

"The corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon.
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as kind!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.

If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still within my breast nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noonday light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.
So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,
And to these downcast souls my presence in this place
Almost restores their joy.

"The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And of the landmarks I must pass, I see
So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
Still brimming in my hand.

"I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have but seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me, and go
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame, perchance have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The Loves their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!"

Thus, captive too, and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.

Grace sits upon her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair:
They too "must die so young!"

His Last Poem.

A fragment; interrupted by the advent of the death-guard.

As the sun's last flashing ray,
As the last cool breeze from the shore,
Cheer the close of a dying day,
Thus I strike my lyre once more.
As now by the scaffold I wait,
Each moment of time seems the last;
For the clock, like a finger of fate,
Points onward and onward fast.
Perchance ere the hand goes round,
Perchance ere I hear the beat
Of the measured and vigilant sound
Of its sixty sonorous feet,
The sleep of the tomb will close
On my wearied lids and eyes —
Ere each thronging thought that glows
Can have taken its own fitting guise;
And One, bearing death in his hand,
Like a grim recruiter of shades,
Will come with his murderous band,
And, amid the clanging of blades,
Fill all these gloomy corridors
With resoundings of my name.
. . . . . .

Ode.

May fewer roses calls her own,
And fewer vines wreathe Autumn's throne,
Fewer the wheat-ears of the field, —
Than all the songs that Fanny's smiles
And Fanny's eyes and witching wiles
Inspire my lips and lyre to yield.

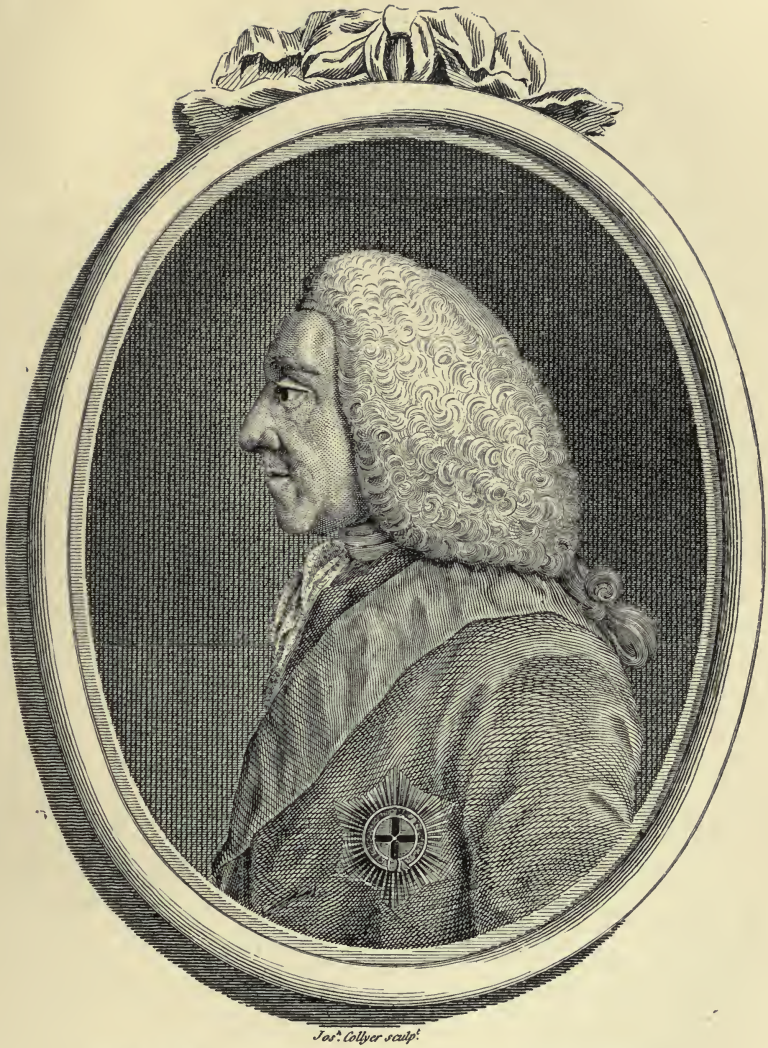
The secret longings of my heart
In words of fire to being start,
Moved by the magic of her name:
As when from ocean's depths the shell
Yields up the pearl it wrought so well,
Worthy the Sultan's diadem.

And thus from out the mulberry leaves
The Cathay silkworm twines and weaves
Her sparkling web of palest gold.
Come, dear, my Muse has silk more pure
And bright than hers, that shall endure,
And all your loveliness infold.

And pearls of poetry divine
With rosy fingers she shall twine,
To make a necklace rich and rare;
Come, Fanny, and that snowy neck
Let me with radiant jewels deck,
Although no pearl is half so fair.

First Love.

I was but a feeble infant, she a stately maid and tall,
Yet with many a smiling promise, many a soft and winsome call,
She would snatch me to her bosom, cradle me and rock me there,
Let my childish fingers trifle with the glories of her hair;
Smother me with fond caresses — for a moment's space again,
As if shocked with my o'erboldness, feign to chide, but only feign.
Then, when all her lovers thronged her — wandering and bashful host —
Then the proud disdainful beauty kissed and fondled me the most.
Often, often — (oh, how foolish childhood's innocent alarms!)
Has she covered me with kisses as I struggled in her arms:
While the shepherds murmur'd round us, as triumphantly I smiled,
"Oh, what thrilling joys are wasted! Oh, too happy, happy child."



Jos.h Collyer sculp.t

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

From an Original Model by M.r Gosset.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, an English statesman, orator, and general writer, born in London, England, Sept. 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773. He was educated at Cambridge, and, after making the tour of Europe, was appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales. In 1727 he was made a privy councilor, and in 1728 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland. He was afterward Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State. He was distinguished by his brilliant wit, polished manners, and elegance of conversation. Deafness forced him to retire from public life in 1762. His literary reputation rests upon a series of "Letters" addressed to his natural son, Philip Stanhope.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

ON POETRY AND COMMON SENSE.

BATH, *July* 16, 1743.

DEAR BOY: I received, this morning, your letter and theme; both which were so much better written than the former, that I almost read them at sight. It is therefore plain that you could do better than you did, and I am sure you can do better still, and desire that you will be pleased to do so. I send you back your letter for the sake of two gross faults in orthography, which I have corrected, and which it is fit you should observe. Those things, which all people can do well if they please, it is a shame to do ill. As, for example, writing and spelling well only require care and attention. There are other things which people are not obliged to do at all; but, if they do them at all, are obliged to do them well, or they make themselves very ridiculous by attempting them. As, for instance, dancing, music, painting; which a man is not obliged to know at all; but then he is obliged by common sense not to do them at all, unless he does them well. I am very glad to hear that you have increased your fortune, by the acquisition of two silver pence. In that article, (in spite of the old proverb,) I recom-

mend to you, to be *penny wise*, and to take a great deal of pains to get more. Money so got brings along with it, what seldom accompanies money, honor. As you are now got into sense-verses, remember, that it is not sufficient to put a little common sense into hexameters and pentameters; that alone does not constitute poetry; but observe, and endeavor to imitate the poetical diction, the epithets, and the images of the poets; for, though the Latin maxim is a true one, *Nascitur poeta, fit orator;* that relates only to the genius, the fire, and the invention of the poet, which is certainly never to be acquired, but must be born with him. But the mechanical parts of the poetry, such as the diction, the numbers, and the harmony, they are to be acquired by care. Many words, that are very properly used in prose, are much below the dignity of verse. Frequent epithets would be very improper and affected in prose, but are almost necessary in verse. Thus you will observe, that Ovid, the poet you now read, adds an epithet to almost every substantive: which epithet is to point out some particular circumstance or peculiarity of the substantive. Virgil commonly gives the epithet of *Pius* to his hero Æneas, on account of his remarkable piety, both to his father Anchises, and to the gods; but then, when he represents him fighting, or making love, he judiciously changes the epithet, and calls him *Dux Æneas*, a more proper epithet in those situations. Ovid, in his epistle from Penelope to Ulysses, makes her give him the epithet of *lentus*, because he was so long coming home,

Hanc tua Penelope *lento* tibi mittit Ulyssi.

When you read the Poets, attend to all these things, as well as merely to the literal construction of the language, or the feet of the verse.

I hope you take pains with Mr. Fitzgerald, and improve much in Greek; for that, I am sure, is in your power.

I will give you Horace's advice upon that subject.

————Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Everybody knows Latin, but few people know Greek well; so that you will distinguish yourself much more by Greek, than you can by Latin, and, considering how long you have learned it, you ought to know it as well.

If you would have me bring you anything from hence, let

me know what, and you shall have it; provided that, at my return, I hear an equally good account of you from Dr. Nichols, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Monsieur Coudert. Adieu.

ON THE ART OF PLEASING.

LONDON, *Oct.* 16, *O.S.* 1747.

DEAR BOY: The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same thing in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humors, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention, on your part to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humor of the company; this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable; if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then, throw out that you do not love to tell stories; but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else; besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labor, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation, which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered, without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamor, though you think or know yourself to be in the right: but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good humor, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bonmots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious, when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company, may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble: "I will tell you an excellent thing;" or, "I will tell you the best thing in the world." This raises expectations, which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relater of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavor to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and, though they love to hear justice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As, for example, Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid. Those, therefore, who flattered skillfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favor, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observing his favorite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little

open to flattery upon that head; for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was, to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry; of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living: it was his favorite and frequent subject of conversation: which proved, to those who had any penetration, that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with success.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking, that she must in some degree, be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty, is of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows that it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no; flatter nobody's vices or crimes: on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends, by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavoring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

There are little attentions likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love, which is inseparable from human nature; as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the person to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain; and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other;

giving them, genteelly, to understand, that you had observed that they liked such a dish, or such a room; for which reason you had prepared it: or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, etc., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thought and care.

These are some of the *arcana* necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age; I have paid the price of three-and-fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

ON THE GRACES.

BATH, *March* 9, *O. S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: I must from time to time remind you of what I have often recommended to you, and of what you cannot attend to too much; *sacrifice to the Graces.* The different effects of the same things, said or done, when accompanied or abandoned by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart; and the heart has such an influence over the understanding, that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. It is the whole of women, who are guided by nothing else; and it has so much to say, even with men, and the ablest men too, that it commonly triumphs in every struggle with the understanding. Monsieur de Rochefoucault, in his Maxims, says, that *l'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur.* If he had said, instead of *souvent*, *presque toujours*, I fear he would have been nearer the truth. This being the case, aim at the heart. Intrinsic merit alone will not do; it will gain you the general esteem of all; but not the particular affection, that is, the heart, of any. To engage the affections of any particular person, you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person; by services done, or offered; by expressions of regard and esteem; by complaisance, attentions, etc., for him: And the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather insures, their effects. From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking, whether stuttering, muttering, monotony, or drawling, an unattentive behavior, etc., make upon you, at first sight, in a stranger, and how they

prejudice you against him, though for aught you know, he may have great intrinsic sense and merit. And reflect, on the other hand, how much the opposites of all these things prepossess you, at first sight, in favor of those who enjoy them. You wish to find all good qualities in them, and are in some degree disappointed if you do not. A thousand little things, not separately to be defined, conspire to form these graces, this *je ne sais quoi*, that always please. A pretty person, genteel motions, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing; a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking: All these things, and many others, are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne sais quoi*, which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded, that, in general, the same things will please or displease them in you. Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish, that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it: They please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is: Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained, by a very little reflection; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gayety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first, from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disa-

greeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak: and I know a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing; which makes those, who do not know him, take him at first for a natural fool. This, and many other very disagreeable habits, are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world. They are ashamed in company, and so disconcerted, that they do not know what they do, and try a thousand tricks to keep themselves in countenance; which tricks afterwards grow habitual to them. Some put their fingers in their nose, others scratch their heads, others twirl their hats; in short, every awkward, ill-bred body has his trick. But the frequency does not justify the thing, and all these vulgar habits and awkwardnesses, though not criminal indeed, are most carefully to be guarded against, as they are great bars in the way of the art of pleasing. Remember, that to please, is almost to prevail, or at least a necessary previous step to it. You, who have your fortune to make, should more particularly study this art. You had not, I must tell you, when you left England, *les manières prevenantes;* and I must confess they are not very common in England; but I hope that your good sense will make you acquire them abroad. If you desire to make yourself considerable in the world, (as, if you have any spirit, you do,) it must be entirely your own doing; for I may very possibly be out of the world at the time you come into it. Your own rank and fortune will not assist you; your merit and your manners can alone raise you to figure and fortune. I have laid the foundations of them by the education which I have given you; but you must build the superstructure yourself.

ON GOOD COMPANY.

BATH, *Oct.* 12, *O.S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency

in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motely a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company; there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company, consisting wholly of people of the first quality, cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company;* they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession; which is not the way either to shine, or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men; who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it: but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequent-

ing; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised, that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, from the many instances which I have seen, of men of sense and rank, discredited, verified, and undone, by keeping such company.

Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and, for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep: people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company.

Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to, and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes that these people are whoremasters, drunkards, or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashions and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good-breeding, and other real accomplishments: and are only blemished and low-

ered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own, in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. A whoremaster, in a flux, or without a nose, is a very genteel person indeed, and well worthy of imitation. A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and stupefied by the headache all the next, is, doubtless, a fine model to copy from. And a gamester, tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost more than he had in the world, is surely a most amiable character. No; these are alloys, and great ones too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debase the best. To prove this, suppose any man, without parts and some other good qualities, to be merely a whoremaster, a drunkard, or a gamester; how will he be looked upon by all sorts of people? Why, as a most contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain, that in these mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

I will hope and believe, that you will have no vices; but if, unfortunately, you should have any, at least I beg of you to be content with your own, and to adopt no other body's. The adoption of vice has, I am convinced, ruined ten times more young men than natural inclinations.

As I make no difficulty of confessing my past errors, where I think the confession may be of use to you, I will own, that when I first went to the university, I drank and smoked, notwithstanding the aversion I had to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad, I first went to the Hague, where gaming was much in fashion; and where I observed that many people of shining rank and character gamed too. I was then young enough, and silly enough, to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments; and, as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired, by error, the habit of a vice, which, far from adorning my character, has, I am conscious, been a great blemish in it.

Imitate then, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and well bred turn of their conversation; but remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate, than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his:

but, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

Having thus confessed some of my *égaremens*, I will now show you a little of my right side. I always endeavored to get into the best company wherever I was, and commonly succeeded. There I pleased, to some degree, by showing a desire to please. I took care never to be absent, or *distrait;* but, on the contrary, attended to every thing that was said, done, or even looked, in company; I never failed in the minutest attentions, and was never *journalier*. These things, and not my *égaremens*, made me fashionable. Adieu! This letter is full long enough.

ON DRESS.

LONDON, *Dec.* 30, *O.S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: I direct this letter to Berlin, where, I suppose, it will either find you, or at least wait but a very little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success, at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for, though the spectators are always candid enough to give great allowances, and to show great indulgence to a new actor; yet, from the first impressions which he makes upon them, they are apt to decide, in their own minds, at least, whether he will ever be a good one, or not: If he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about him; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please, they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young and inexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and, by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This, I hope, will be your case: you have sense enough to understand your part; a constant attention, and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress, implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect

the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defense, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins, so well, in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: But, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine, where others are fine; and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day think no more of it afterwards; and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

As to manners, good-breeding, and the Graces, I have so often entertained you upon those important subjects, that I can add nothing to what I have formerly said. Your own good sense will suggest to you the substance of them; and observation, experience, and good company, the several modes of them. Your great vivacity, which I hear of from many people, will be no hindrance to your pleasing in good company: on the contrary, will be of use to you, if tempered by good-breeding, and accompanied by the Graces. But then, I suppose your vivacity to be a vivacity of parts, and not a constitutional restlessness; for the most disagreeable composition that I know in the world, is that of strong animal spirits, with a cold genius. Such a fellow is troublesomely active, frivolously busy, foolishly lively; talks much with little meaning, and laughs more, with less

reason: whereas, in my opinion, a warm and lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

ON FLATTERY.

LONDON, *May* 22, *O.S.* 1749.

DEAR BOY: I recommended to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those, who, to make their own court, much more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat, and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is, of all flattery, the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practices the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world reminds us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principal of these things, is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind, and serenity of countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things, without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones, without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave, or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves. You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection, if properly used, will get the better: and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over

the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no difference between them, but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word, while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible; which steadiness you may get a habit of, by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of those men of warm, quick passions; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations, I would extort rash unguarded expressions; and, by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. *Volto sciolto con pensieri stretti*, is a most useful maxim in business. It is so necessary at some games, such as *Berlan Quinze*, etc., that a man who had not the command of his temper and countenance, would infallibly be outdone by those who had, even though they played fair. Whereas, in business, you always play with sharpers; to whom, at least, you should give no fair advantages. It may be objected, that I am now recommending dissimulation to you; I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare:* I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation, no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal: that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls, crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made use of but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says, that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is put on, in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Idea of a Patriot King," which he has lately published, and which I will send you by the first opportunity, says very justly, that simulation is a *stiletto*, not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, and the use of it very rarely to be excused, never justified. Whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armor; and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business, without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in business without secrecy. He goes on, and says, that those two arts, of dissimulation and secrecy, are like the alloy mingled with pure ore: a little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed, (that is, simulation and cunning,) the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper and your countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible; and, as a man of sense never attempts impossibilities on one hand, on the other, he is never discouraged by difficulties: on the contrary, he redoubles his industry and his diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any point which prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest utility attends, let difficulties only animate your industry, not deter you from the pursuit. If one way has failed, try another; be active, persevere, and you will conquer. Some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skillfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several weak places. The time should likewise be judiciously chosen; every man has his *mollia tempora*, but that is far from being all day long; and you would choose your time very ill, if you applied to a man about one business, when his head was full of another, or when his heart was full of grief, anger, or any other disagreeable sentiment.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you, in others, will *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others, in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance, do you find yourself hurt and mortified when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority, in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune? You will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship, you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wish to engage and please? Surely not, and I hope you wish to engage and please, almost universally. The temptation of saying a smart and witty thing, or *bon mot;* and the malicious applause with which it is commonly received; has made people who can say them, and,

still oftener, people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other thing that I know of. When such things, then, shall happen to be said at your expense, (as sometimes they certainly will,) reflect seriously upon the sentiments of uneasiness, anger and resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent by the same means to excite the same sentiments in others against you. It is a decided folly to lose a friend for a jest; but, in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person, for the sake of a *bon mot*. When things of this kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent way is to seem not to suppose that they are meant at you, but to dissemble and conceal whatever degree of anger you may feel inwardly; but, should they be so plain that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their meaning, to join in the laugh of the company against yourself; acknowledge the hit to be a fair one, and the jest a good one, and play off the whole thing in seeming good humor; but by no means reply in the same way; which only shows that you are hurt, and publishes the victory which you might have concealed. Should the thing said, indeed injure your honor or moral character, there is but one proper reply; which I hope you never will have occasion to make.

As the female part of the world has some influence, and often too much, over the male, your conduct with regard to women, (I mean women of fashion, for I cannot suppose you capable of conversing with any others,) deserves some share in your reflections. They are a numerous and loquacious body: their hatred would be more prejudicial than their friendship can be advantageous to you. A general complaisance and attention to that sex is therefore established by custom and certainly necessary. But where you would particularly please any one, whose situation, interest, or connections, can be of use to you, you must show particular preference. The least attentions please, the greatest charm them. The innocent but pleasing flattery of their persons, however gross, is greedily swallowed and kindly digested: but a seeming regard for their understandings, a seeming desire of, and deference for, their advice, together with a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, turns their heads entirely in your favor. Nothing shocks them so much as the least appearance of that contempt which they are apt to suspect men of entertaining of their capacities; and you may be very

sure of gaining their friendship if you seem to think it worth gaining. Here dissimulation is very often necessary, and even simulation sometimes allowable; which, as it pleases them, may be useful to you, and is injurious to nobody.

This torn sheet, which I did not observe when I began upon it, as it alters the figure, shortens too the length of my letter. It may very well afford it: my anxiety for you carries me insensibly to these lengths. I am apt to flatter myself, that my experience, at the latter end of my life, may be of use to you at the beginning of yours; and I do not grudge the greatest trouble, if it can procure you the least advantage. I even repeat frequently the same things, the better to imprint them on your young, and, I suppose, yet giddy mind; and I shall think that part of my time the best employed, that contributes to make you employ yours well. God bless you, child!

ON ATTENTION TO DICTION.

LONDON, *Dec.* 9, *O. S.* 1749.

DEAR BOY: It is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word, without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider, whether it was a good or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputation I have acquired as a speaker, is more owing to my constant attention to my diction than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same as other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words, and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common sense, upon the same question; the dressing it well, is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

NEW YEAR'S ADVICE.

LONDON, *Dec.* 26, *O. S.* 1749.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The new year is the season, in which custom seems more particularly to authorize civil and harmless lies, under the name of compliments. People reciprocally pro-

fess wishes which they seldom form; and concern, which they seldom feel. This is not the case between you and me, where truth leaves no room for compliments.

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes; was said formerly to one, by a man who certainly did not think it. With the variation of one word only, I will with great truth say it to you. I will make the first part conditional, by changing, in the second, the *nam* into *si.* May you live as long as you are fit to live, but no longer! or may you rather die, before you cease to be fit to live, than after! My true tenderness for you makes me think more of the manner than of the length of your life, and forbids me to wish it prolonged, by a single day, that should bring guilt, reproach, and shame upon you. I have not malice enough in my nature, to wish that to my greatest enemy. You are the principal object of all my cares, the only object of all my hopes: I have now reason to believe, that you will reward the former, and answer the latter; in that case, may you live long, for you must live happy; *de te nam cætera sumes.* Conscious virtue is the only solid foundation of all happiness; for riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word, is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less cure, the inward pangs of guilt. To that main wish, I will add those of the good old nurse of Horace, in his epistle to Tibullus: *Sapere*, you have it in a good degree already. *Et fari ut possit quæ sentiat.* Have you that? More, much more is meant by it, than common speech, or mere articulation. I fear that still remains to be wished for, and I earnestly wish it you. *Gratia* and *Fama* will inevitably accompany the above-mentioned qualifications. The *Valetudo* is the only one that is not in your own power: Heaven alone can grant it you, and may it do so abundantly! As for the *mundus victus, non deficiente crumena*, do you deserve, and I will provide them.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I consider the fair prospect which you have before you. You have seen, read, and learned more, at your age, than most young fellows have done at two or three and twenty. Your destination is a shining one, and leads to rank, fortune, and distinction. Your education has been calculated for it; and, to do you justice, that education has not been thrown away upon you. You want but two things, which do not want conjuration, but only care, to acquire; eloquence and manners; that is, the graces of speech, and the graces of behavior. You may have them; they are as much in your

power as powdering your hair is; and will you let the want of them obscure (as it certainly will do) that shining prospect which presents itself to you? I am sure you will not. They are the sharp end, the point of the nail that you are driving, which must make way first for the larger and more solid parts to enter. Supposing your moral character as pure, and your knowledge as sound, as I really believe them both to be; you want nothing for that perfection, which I have so constantly wished you, and taken so much pains to give you, but eloquence and politeness. A man, who is not born with a poetical genius, can never be a poet, or at best an extremely bad one; but every man, who can speak at all, can speak elegantly and correctly if he pleases, by attending to the best authors and orators; and, indeed, I would advise those, who do not speak elegantly, not to speak at all; for I am sure they will get more by their silence than by their speech. As for politeness; whoever keeps good company, and is not polite, must have formed a resolution, and taken some pains not to be so; otherwise he would naturally and insensibly take the air, the address, and the turn of those he converses with. You will, probably, in the course of this year, see as great a variety of good company, in the several capitals you will be at, as in any one year of your life; and consequently must (I should hope) catch some of their manners, almost whether you will or not; but, as I dare say you will endeavor to do it, I am convinced you will succeed, and that I shall have the pleasure of finding you, at your return here, one of the best bred men in Europe.

I imagine that when you receive my letters, and come to those parts of them which relate to eloquence and politeness, you say, or at least think, What, will he never have done upon those two subjects? Has he not said all he can say upon them? Why the same thing over and over again? If you do think or say so, it must proceed from your not yet knowing the infinite importance of those two accomplishments, which I cannot recommend to you too often, nor inculcate too strongly. But if, on the contrary, you are convinced of the utility, or rather the necessity of those two accomplishments, and are determined to acquire them, my repeated admonitions are only unnecessary; and I grudge no trouble which can possibly be of the least use to you.

I flatter myself, that your stay at Rome will go a great way towards answering all my views: I am sure it will, if you employ your time, and your whole time, as you should. Your first

morning hours, I would have you devote to your graver studies with Mr. Harte; the middle part of the day I would have employed in seeing things; and the evenings in seeing people. You are not, I hope, of a lazy inactive turn, in either body or mind; and, in that case, the day is full long enough for everything; especially at Rome, where it is not the fashion, as it is here and at Paris, to embezzle at least half of it at table. But if, by accident, two or three hours are sometimes wanting for some useful purpose, borrow them from your sleep. Six, or at most seven hours sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody can want; more is only laziness and dozing; and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying. If, by chance, your business, or your pleasures, should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time, that you may not lose the precious morning hours; and that the want of sleep may force you to go to bed earlier the next night. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and the want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for, from twenty to forty, I should certainly have read very little, if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed. Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. That was the rule of the famous and unfortunate Pensionary De Witt; who, by strictly following it, found time, not only to do the whole business of the republic, but to pass his evenings at assemblies and suppers, as if he had had nothing else to do or think of.

Adieu, my dear friend, for such I shall call you, and as such I shall, for the future, live with you; for I disclaim all titles which imply an authority, that, I am persuaded, you will never give me occasion to exercise.

ON VANITY.

BATH, *Nov.* 16, *O. S.* 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Vanity, or to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is, perhaps, the most uni-

versal principle of human actions; I do not say, that it is the best; and I will own, that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished, in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert; we do not exert our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourselves, as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and, what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did; it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both: though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted the favors of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked my best; and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning; and, to women, what I was sure would please them; flattery, gallantry, and love. And, moreover, I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make a woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavored to outshine, or at least, if possible, to equal the most shining man in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not perhaps shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion; and when a man is once in fashion, all he does is right. It was infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women; where, in some measure, I gave the *ton*.

This gave me the reputation, of having had some women of condition; and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and assumed every shape, in order to please them all: among the gay, I was the gayest; among the grave, the gravest; and I never omitted the least attentions of good-breeding, or the least offices of friendship, that could either please, or attach them to me: and accordingly I was soon connected with all the men of any fashion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which philosophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wish you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it; and you seem to have a degree of laziness and listlessness about you, that makes you indifferent as to a general applause. This is not in character at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philosophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary saying, but it is a very true one, that one should always put the best foot foremost. One should please, shine, and dazzle, wherever it is possible. At Paris, I am sure you must observe *que chacun se fait valoir autant qu'il est possible;* and La Bruyère observes, very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir:* wherever applause is in question, you will never see a French man, nor woman, remiss or negligent. Observe the eternal attentions and politeness that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'est pas pour leurs beaux yeux au moins.* No, but for their own sakes, for commendations and applause. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo;* I promise you it will turn to your account. Practice all the arts that ever coquette did, to please. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Choate, Rufus, an American lawyer and orator; born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. At sixteen he entered Dartmouth College, and from the first took place at the head of his class. After graduating he studied at the Law School in Cambridge, and afterward entered the office of William Wirt, then United States Attorney-General, in Washington. He began the practice of his profession at Danvers, Mass., but soon removed to Salem, and subsequently to Boston. While a resident at Salem he was elected to Congress. In 1841 he was elected United States Senator, taking the place of Daniel Webster, who had accepted the position of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Harrison. In the Senate he made several important speeches upon the leading questions of the day. On leaving the Senate, in 1845, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, declining all invitations to accept official positions, though he took a deep interest in public affairs, and delivered many addresses before literary societies. His health began to fail in 1858, and he was compelled to withdraw from active life. In the summer of 1859 he set out upon a voyage to Europe, but upon reaching Halifax, Nova Scotia, he found that he could proceed no further. He took lodgings there, hoping to gain sufficient strength to enable him to return to Boston; but a sudden relapse took place, and he died at Halifax. A sketch of his life appeared in "The Golden Age of American Oratory," by E. G. Parker (1857). "The Works of Rufus Choate," with a Memoir of his Life, by Samuel Gilman Brown, was published in 1862.

The Age of the Pilgrims the Heroic Period of our History:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN NEW YORK BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION, DECEMBER, 1843.

We meet again, the children of the Pilgrims, to remember our fathers. Away from the scenes with which the American portions of their history are associated forever, and in all men's

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS FROM DELFT HAVEN 1620

From Painting by Charles W. Cope

minds, — scenes so unadorned, yet clothed to the moral eye with a charm above the sphere of taste: the uncrumbled rock, the hill from whose side those "delicate springs" are still gushing, the wide, brown, low woods, the sheltered harbor, the little island that welcomed them in their frozen garments from the sea, and witnessed the rest and worship of that Sabbath-day before their landing, — away from all those scenes, — without the limits of the fond old colony that keeps their graves, without the limits of the New England which is their wider burial place and fitter monument, — in the heart of this chief city of the nation into which the feeble land has grown, — we meet again, to repeat their names one by one, to retrace the lines of their character, to recall the lineaments and forms over which the grave has no power, to appreciate their virtues, to recount the course of their life full of heroic deeds, varied by sharpest trials, crowned by transcendent consequences, to assert, the directness of our descent from such an ancestry of goodness and greatness, to erect, refresh, and touch our spirits by coming for an hour into their more immediate presence, such as they were in the days of their human "agony of glory." The two centuries which interpose to hide them from our eye, centuries so brilliant with progress, so crowded by incidents, so fertile in accumulations, dissolve away for the moment as a curtain of clouds, and we are once more by their side. The grand and pathetic series of their story unrolls itself around us, vivid as if with the life of yesterday. All the stages, all the agents, of the process by which they and the extraordinary class they belonged to were slowly formed from the general mind and character of England; the influence of the age of the Reformation, with which the whole Christian world was astir to its profoundest depths and outermost limits, but which was poured out unbounded and peculiar on them, its children, its impersonation; that various persecution prolonged through two hundred years and twelve reigns, from the time of the preaching of Wickliffe, to the accession of James I., from which they gathered sadly so many precious fruits, — a large measure of tenderness of conscience, the sense of duty, force of will, trust in God, the love of truth, and the spirit of liberty; the successive development and growth of opinions and traits and determinations and fortunes by which they were advanced from Protestants to Republicans, from Englishmen to Pilgrims, from Pilgrims to the founders of a free Church, and the fathers of a free people in a new world; the retirement to Holland; the

resolution to seek the sphere of their duties and the asylum of their rights beyond the sea; the embarkation at Delft Haven, — that scene of interest unrivalled, on which a pencil of your own has just enabled us to look back with tears, praise, and sympathy, and the fond pride of children; that scene of few and simple incidents, just the setting out of a handful of not then very famous persons on a voyage, — quite the commonest of occurrences, — but which dilates as you gaze on it, and speaks to you as with the voices of an immortal song; which becomes idealized into the auspicious going forth of a colony, whose planting has changed the history of the world, — a noble colony of devout Christians, educated and firm men, valiant soldiers, and honorable women; a colony on the commencement of whose heroic enterprise the selectest influences of religion seemed to be descending visibly, and beyond whose perilous path are hung the rainbow and the westward star of empire; the voyage of "The Mayflower;" the landing; the slow winter's night of disease and famine in which so many, the good, the beautiful, the brave, sunk down and died, giving place at last to the spring-dawn of health and plenty; the meeting with the old red race on the hill beyond the brook; the treaty of peace unbroken for half a century; the organization of a republican government in "The Mayflower" cabin; the planting of these kindred and coeval and auxiliar institutions without which such a government can no more live than the uprooted tree can put forth leaf or flower, — institutions to diffuse pure religion; good learning; austere morality; the practical arts of administration; labor, patience, obedience; "plain living and high thinking;" the securities of conservatism; the germs of progress; the laying deep and sure, far down on the rock of ages, of the foundation stones of the imperial structure, whose dome now swells towards heaven; the timely death at last, one after another, of the first generation of the original Pilgrims, not unvisited, as the final hour drew nigh, by visions of the more visible glory of a latter day, — all these high, holy, and beautiful things come thronging fresh on all our memories, beneath the influence of the hour. Such as we heard them from our mothers' lips, such as we read them in the histories of kings, of religions, and of liberty, they gather themselves about us; familiar, certainly, but of an interest that can never die, — an interest intrinsical in themselves, yet heightened inexpressibly by their relations to that eventful future into which they have expanded, and through whose lights they show.

And yet, with all this procession of events and persons moving before us, and solicited this way and that by the innumerable trains of speculation and of feeling which such a sight inspires, we can think of nothing and of nobody, here and now, but the Pilgrims themselves. I cannot, and do not, wish for a moment to forget that it is their festival we have come to keep. It is their tabernacles we have come to build. It is not the Reformation, it is not colonization, it is not ourselves, our present or our future, it is not political economy or political philosophy, of which to-day you would have me say a word. We have a specific and single duty to perform. We would speak of certain valiant, good, and peculiar men, our fathers. We would wipe the dust from a few old, plain, noble urns. We would shun husky disquisitions, irrelevant novelties, and small display; would recall rather and merely the forms and lineaments of the heroic dead — forms and features which the grave has not changed, over which the grave has no power.

The Pilgrims, then, of the first generation, just as they landed on the rock, are the topic of the hour. And in order to insure some degree of unity, and of definiteness of aim, and of impression, let me still more precisely propound as the subject of our thoughts, the Pilgrims, their age and their acts, as constituting a real and a true heroic period; one heroic period in the history of this Republic.

I regard it as a great thing for a nation to be able, as it passes through one sign after another of its zodiac pathway, in prosperity, in adversity, and at all times, — to be able to look to an authentic race of founders, and a historical principle of institution, in which it may rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. Whether it looks back in the morning or evening of its day; whether it looks back, as now we do, in the emulous fervor of its youth, or in the full strength of manhood, its breasts full of milk, its bones moistened with marrow; or in dotage and faintness, the silver cord of union loosened, the golden bowl of fame and power broken at the fountain; from the era of Pericles or the era of Plutarch, — it is a great and precious thing to be able to ascend to, and to repose its strenuous or its wearied virtue upon, a heroic age and a heroic race, which it may not falsely call its own. I mean by a heroic age and race, not exclusively or necessarily the earliest national age and race, but one, the course of whose history and the traits

of whose character, and the extent and permanence of whose influences, are of a kind and power not merely to be recognized in after time as respectable or useful, but of a kind and a power to kindle and feed the moral imagination, move the capacious heart, and justify the intelligent wonder of the world. I mean by a nation's heroic age a time distinguished above others, not by chronological relation alone, but by a concurrence of grand and impressive agencies with large results, — by some splendid and remarkable triumph of man over some great enemy, some great evil, some great labor, some great danger, — by uncommon examples of the rarer virtues and qualities, tried by an exigency that occurs only at the beginning of new epochs, the ascension of new dynasties of dominion or liberty, when the great bell of time sounds out another hour. I mean an age when extraordinary traits are seen, an age performing memorable deeds whereby a whole people, whole generations, are made different and made better. I mean an age and race to which the arts may go back, and find real historical forms and groups, wearing the port and grace, and going on the errand of demi-gods, — an age far off, on whose moral landscape the poet's eye may light, and reproduce a grandeur and beauty stately and eternal, transcending that of ocean in storm or at peace, or of mountains, staying as with a charm the morning star in his steep course, or the twilight of a summer's day, or voice of solemn bird, — an age "doctrinal and exemplary," from whose personages, and from whose actions, the orator may bring away an incident or a thought that shall kindle a fire in ten thousand hearts, as on altars to their country's glory, and to which the discouraged teachers of patriotism and morality to corrupted and expiring States may resort for examples how to live and how to die.

You see, then, that certain peculiar conditions and elements must meet to make a heroic period and a heroic race. You might call, without violence, the men who brought on and went through the war of Independence, or fell on the high places of its fields, — you might call them and their times heroic. But you would not so describe the half-dozen years from the peace to the Constitution, nor the wise men who framed that writing, nor the particular generation that had the sagacity and the tone to adopt it. Yet was this a grander achievement than many a Yorktown, many a Saratoga, many a Eutaw Springs; and this, too, in some just sense was the be-

ginning of a national experience. To justify the application of this epithet, there must be in it somewhat in the general character of a period, and the character and fortunes of its actors, to warm the imagination and to touch the heart. There must, therefore, be some of the impressive forms of danger there; there must be the reality of suffering, borne with the dignity of an unvanquished soul; there must be pity and terror in the epic, as in the tragic volume; there must be a great cause, acting on a conspicuous stage, or swelling towards an imperial consummation; some great interest of humanity must be pleading there on fields of battle, or in the desert, or on the sea!

When these constituents, or such as these, concur, there is a heroic time and race. Other things are of small account. It may be an age of rude manners. Prominent men may cook their own suppers, like Achilles, yet how many millions of imaginations, besides Alexander's, have trembled at his anger, shuddered at his revenge, sorrowed with his griefs, kindled with his passion of glory, melted as he turns gently and kindly from the tears of Priam, childless, or bereaved of his dearest and bravest by his unmatched arm! — divine faces, like that of Rose Standish in the picture, may look out, as hers there does, not from the worst possible head-dress; men may have worn steeple-crowned hats, and long, peculiar beards; they may have been austere, formal, intolerant; they may have themselves possessed not one ray of fancy, not one emotion of taste, not one susceptibility to the grace and sublimity that there are in nature and genius; yet may their own lives and deaths have been a whole Iliad in action, grander, sweeter, of more mournful pathos, of more purifying influences, than anything yet sung by old or modern bard, in hall or bower. See, then, if we can find any of the constituents of such a period in the character, time, and fortunes of the Pilgrims.

"Plantations," says Lord Bacon, "are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works." But he is thinking of plantations as they are the king's works, like parks or palaces, or solemn temples, or steadfast pyramids, as they show forth the royal mind, and heighten the royal glory. We are to seek the heroical ingredient in the planter himself, in the ends for which he set forth, the difficulties with which he contended, the triumphs which he won, the teeming harvest sprung from seed sown with his tears. And we shall find it there.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, which it is not,

to pause for a moment first, and survey the old English Puritan character, of which the Pilgrims were a variety. Turn to the class of which they were part, and consider it well for a minute in all its aspects. I see in it an extraordinary mental and moral phenomenon. Many more graceful and more winning forms of the human nature there have been, and are, and shall be. Many men, many races, there are, have been, and shall be, of more genial dispositions, more tasteful accomplishment, a quicker eye for the beautiful of art and nature; less disagreeably absorbed, less gloomily careful and troubled about the mighty interests of the spiritual being or of the commonwealth; wearing a more decorated armor in battle; contributing more wit, more song, and heartier potations to the garland feast of life. But where, in the long series of ages that furnish the matter of history, was there ever one — where *one* — better fitted by the possession of the highest traits of man to do the noblest work of man, — better fitted to consummate and establish the Reformation, save the English constitution at its last gasp from the fate of all other European constitutions, and prepare, on the granite and iced mountain-summits of the New World, a still safer rest, for a still better liberty?

I can still less pause to trace the history of these men as a body, or even to enumerate the succession of influences — the spirit of the Reformation within, two hundred years of civil and spiritual tyranny without — which, between the preaching of Wickliffe and the accession of James I., had elaborated them out of the general mind of England; had attracted to their ranks so much of what was wisest and best of their nation and time; had cut and burned, as it were, into their natures the iron quality of the higher heroism, — and so accomplished them for their great work there and here. The whole story of the cause and the effect is told in one of their own illustrations a little expanded: "Puritanism was planted in the region of storms, and there it grew. Swayed this way and that by a whirlwind of blasts all adverse, it sent down its roots below frost, or drought, or the bed of the avalanche; its trunk went up, erect, gnarled, seamed, not riven by the bolt; the evergreen enfolded its branches; its blossom was like to that 'ensanguined flower inscribed with woe.'"

One influence there was, however, I would mark, whose permanent and various agency on the doctrines, the character, and the destinies of Puritanism, is among the most striking things

in the whole history of opinion. I mean its contact with the republican reformers of the Continent, and particularly with those of Geneva.

In all its stages, certainly down to the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, all the disciples of the Reformation, wherever they lived, were in some sense a single brotherhood, whom diversity of speech, hostility of governments, and remoteness of place, could not wholly keep apart. Local persecutions drew the tie closer. In the reign of Mary, from 1553 to 1558, a thousand learned Englishmen fled from the stake at home, to the happier states of continental Protestantism. Of these, great numbers (I know not how many) came to Geneva. There they awaited the death of the Queen; and then, sooner or later, but in the time of Elizabeth, went back to England.

I ascribe to that five years in Geneva an influence which has changed the history of the world. I seem to myself to trace to it, as an influence on the English race, a new theology; new politics; another tone of character; the opening of another era of time and of liberty. I seem to myself to trace to it the great civil war of England; the Republican Constitution framed in the cabin of "The Mayflower;" the divinity of Jonathan Edwards; the battle of Bunker Hill; the Independence of America. In that brief season, English Puritanism was changed fundamentally, and forever. Why should we think this extraordinary? There are times when whole years pass over the head of a man, and work no change of mind at all. There are others again, when, in an hour, old things pass away, and all things become new! A verse of the Bible; a glorious line of some old poet, dead a thousand years before; the new-made grave of a child; a friend killed by a thunder-bolt; some single, more intolerable pang of despised love; some more intolerable act of "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;" a gleam of rarer beauty on a lake, or in the sky; something slighter than the fall of a leaf, or a bird's song on the shore, — transforms him as in the twinkling of an eye. When, before or since, in the history of the world, was the human character subjected to an accumulation of agents so fitted to create it all anew as those which encompassed the English exiles at Geneva?

I do not make much account in this of the material grandeur and beauty which burst on their astonished senses there, as around the solitude of Patmos, — although I cannot say that

I know, or that anybody knows, that these mountain summits, ascending, "from their silent sea of pines," higher than the thunder cloud, reposing among their encircling stars, while the storm sweeps by below, before which navies, forests, the cathedral tombs of kings, go down, all on fire with the rising and descending glory of the sun, wearing his rays as a crown, unchanged, unscaled; the contrasted lake; the arrowy Rhone and all his kindred torrents; the embosomed city, — I cannot say that these things have no power to touch and fashion the nature of man. I cannot say that in the leisure of exile a cultivated and pious mind, opened, softened, tinged with a long sorrow, haunted by a brooding apprehension, perplexed by mysterious providences, waiting for the unravelling of the awful drama in England, — a mind, if such there were, like Luther's, like Milton's, like Zwingle's, — might not find itself stayed and soothed, and carried upward, at some evening hour, by these great symbols of a duration without an end, and a throne above the sky. I cannot say that such an impression might not be deepened by a renewed view, until the outward glory reproduced itself in the inward strength; or until

> "The dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
> Into the mighty vision passing there,
> As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven."

Nobody can say that.

It is of the moral agents of change that I would speak. I pass over the theology which they learned there, to remark on the politics which they learned. The asylum into which they had been admitted, the city which had opened its arms to pious, learned men, banished by the tyranny of an English throne and an English hierarchy, was a republic. In the giant hand of guardian mountains, on the banks of a lake lovelier than a dream of the Fairy Land, in a valley which might seem hollowed out to enclose the last home of liberty, there smiled an independent, peaceful, law-abiding, well-governed, and prosperous commonwealth. There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed. And to the eye of these exiles, bruised and pierced through by the accumulated oppressions of a civil and spiritual tyranny, to whom there came tidings every day from England that another victim had been

struck down, on whose still dear home in the sea every day a gloomier shadow seemed to fall from the frowning heights of power, was not that republic the brightest image in the whole transcendent scene? Do you doubt that they turned from Alpine beauty and Alpine grandeur, to look with a loftier emotion, for the first time in their lives, on the serene, unveiled statue of classical Liberty? Do you not think that this spectacle, in these circumstances, prompted in such minds pregnant doubts, daring hopes, new ideas, thoughts that wake to perish never, doubts, hopes, ideas, thoughts, of which a new age is born? Was it not then and there that the dream of republican liberty — a dream to be realized somewhere, perhaps in England, perhaps in some region of the Western sun — first mingled itself with the general impulses, the garnered hopes, of the Reformation? Was that dream ever let go, down to the morning of that day when the Pilgrims met in the cabin of their shattered bark, and there, as she rose full on the stern New England sea, and the voices of the November forest rang through her torn topmast rigging, subscribed the first republican constitution of the New World? I confess myself of the opinion of those who trace to this spot and that time the Republicanism of the Puritans. I do not suppose, of course, that they went back with the formal design to change the government of England. The contests and the progress of seventy years more were required to mature and realize so vast a conception as that. I do not suppose, either, that learned men — students of antiquity, the readers of Aristotle and Thucydides and Cicero, the contemporaries of Buchanan, the friends of his friend, John Knox — needed to go to Geneva to acquire the idea of a commonwealth. But there they saw the problem solved. Popular government was possible. The ancient prudence and the modern, the noble and free genius of the old Paganism and the Christianity of the Reformation, law and liberty, might be harmoniously blended in living systems. This experience they never forgot.

I confess, too, that I love to trace the pedigree of our transatlantic liberty, thus backwards through Switzerland, to its native land of Greece. I think this the true line of succession, down which it has been transmitted. There was a liberty which the Puritans found, kept, and improved in England. They would have changed it, and were not able. But that was a kind which admitted and demanded an inequality

of many; a subordination of ranks; a favored eldest son; the ascending orders of a hierarchy; the vast and constant pressure of a superincumbent crown. It was the liberty of feudalism. It was the liberty of a limited monarchy, overhung and shaded by the imposing architecture of great antagonistic elements of the state. Such was not the form of liberty which our fathers brought with them. Allowing, of course, for that anomalous tie which connected them with the English crown three thousand miles off, it was republican freedom, as perfect the moment they stepped on the rock as it is to-day. It had not been all born in the woods of Germany; by the Elbe or Eyder; or the plains of Runnymede. It was the child of other climes and days. It sprang to life in Greece. It gilded next the early and the middle age of Italy. It then reposed in the hallowed breast of the Alps. It descended at length on the iron-bound coast of New England, and set the stars of glory there. At every stage of its course, at every reappearance, it was guarded by some new security; it was embodied in some new element of order; it was fertile in some larger good; it glowed with a more exceeding beauty. Speed its way; perfect its nature!

"Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round,
When dimmed revive, when lost return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found
On which thy glories shall not burn."

Thus were laid the foundations of the mind and character of Puritanism. Thus, slowly, by the breath of the spirit of the age, by the influence of undefiled religion, by freedom of the soul, by much tribulation, by a wider survey of man, nature, and human life, it was trained to its work of securing and improving the liberty of England, and giving to America a better liberty of her own. Its day over and its duty done, it was resolved into its elements, and disappeared among the common forms of humanity, apart from which it had acted and suffered, above which it had to move, out of which by a long process it had been elaborated. Of this stock were the Pilgrim Fathers. They came of heroical companionship. Were their works heroical?

The planting of a colony in a new world, which may grow, and which does grow, to a great nation, where there was none before, is intrinsically, and in the judgment of the world, of the largest order of human achievement. Of the chief of men are

the *conditores imperiorum*. To found a state upon a waste earth, wherein great numbers of human beings may live together, and in successive generations, socially and in peace, knit to one another by the innumerous ties, light as air, stronger than links of iron, which compose the national existence, — wherein they may help each other, and be helped in bearing the various lot of life, — wherein they may enjoy and improve, and impart and heighten enjoyment and improvement, — wherein they may together perform the great social labors, may reclaim and decorate the earth, may disinter the treasures that grow beneath its surface, may invent and polish the arts of usefulness and beauty, may perfect the loftier arts of virtue and empire, open and work the richer mines of the universal youthful heart and intellect, and spread out a dwelling for the Muse on the glittering summits of Freedom, — to found such a state is first of heroical labors and heroical glories. To build a pyramid or a harbor, to write an epic poem, to construct a system of the universe, to take a city, are great, or may be, but far less than this.

He, then, who sets a colony on foot, designs a great work. He designs all the good, and all the glory, of which, in the series of ages, it may be the means; and he shall be judged more by the lofty ultimate aim and result than by the actual instant motive. You may well admire, therefore, the solemn and adorned plausibilities of the colonizing of Rome from Troy, in the Æneid; though the leader had been burned out of house and home, and could not choose but go. You may find in the flight of the female founder of the gloomy greatness of Carthage a certain epic interest; yet was she running from the madness of her husband, to save her life. Emigrations from our stocked communities of undeified men and women, — emigrations for conquest, for gold, for very restlessness of spirit, — if they grow towards an imperial issue, have all thus a prescriptive and recognized ingredient of heroism. But when the immediate motive is as grand as the ultimate hope was lofty, and the ultimate success splendid, then, to use an expression of Bacon's, "the music is fuller."

I distinguish, then, this enterprise of our fathers, in the first place, by the character of the immediate motive.

And that was, first, a sense of religious duty. They had adopted opinions in religion which they fully believed they ought to profess, and a mode of public worship and ordinances

which they fully believed they ought to observe. They could not do so in England; and they went forth — man, woman, the infant at the breast — across an ocean in winter, to find a wilderness where they could. To the extent of this motive, therefore, they went forth to glorify God, and by obeying his written will, and his will unwritten, but uttered in the voice of conscience concerning the chief end of man.

It was next a thirst for freedom from unnecessary restraint, which is tyranny, — freedom of the soul, freedom of thought, a larger measure of freedom of life, — a thirst which two centuries had been kindling, a thirst which must be slaked, though but from the mountain torrent, though but from drops falling from the thunder cloud, though but from fountains lone and far, and guarded as the diamond of the desert.

These were the motives, — the sense of duty, and the spirit of liberty. Great sentiments, great in man, in nations, "pregnant with celestial fire!" — wherewithal could you fashion a people for the contentions and honors and uses of the imperial state so well as by exactly these? To what, rather than these, would you wish to trace up the first beatings of the nation's heart? If, from the whole field of occasion and motive, you could have selected the very passion, the very chance, which should begin your history, the very texture and pattern and hue of the glory which should rest on its first days, could you have chosen so well? The sense of duty, the spirit of liberty, not prompting to vanity or luxury or dishonest fame, to glare or clamor or hollow circumstance of being, silent, intense, earnest, of force to walk through the furnace of fire, yea, the valley of the shadow of death, to open a path amid the sea, to make the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose, to turn back half a world in arms, to fill the amplest measure of a nation's praise!

I am glad, then, that one of our own poets could truly say, —

> "Nor lure of conquest's meteor beam,
> Nor dazzling mines of fancy's dream,
> Nor wild adventure's love to roam,
> Brought from their fathers' ancient home,
> O'er the wide sea, the Pilgrim host!"

I should be glad of it, if I were looking back to the past of our history merely for the moral picturesque, — if I were looking back merely to find splendid moral scenery, mountain eleva-

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

From Painting by G. H. Boughton

tions, falls of water watched by the rainbow of sunlight and moonlight, colossal forms, memorable deeds, renown and grace that could not die, — if I were looking merely to find materials for sculpture, for picture, for romance, — subjects for the ballad by which childhood shall be sung to sleep, subjects for the higher minstrelsy that may fill the eye of beauty and swell the bosom of manhood, — if I were looking back for these alone, I should be glad that the praise is true. Even to such an eye, the embarkation of the Pilgrims and the lone path of "The Mayflower" upon the "astonished sea" were a grander sight than navies of mightiest admirals seen beneath the lifted clouds of battle; grander than the serried ranks of armed men moving by tens of thousands to the music of an unjust glory. If you take to pieces and carefully inspect all the efforts, all the situations, of that moral sublime which gleams forth, here and there, in the true or the feigned narrative of human things, — deaths of martyrs, or martyred patriots, or heroes in the hour of victory, revolutions, reformations, self-sacrifices, fields lost or won, — you will find nothing nobler at their source than the motives and the hopes of that ever-memorable voyage. These motives and these hopes — the sacred sentiments of duty, obedience to the will of God, religious trust, and the spirit of liberty — have inspired, indeed, all the beautiful and all the grand in the history of man. The rest is commonplace. "The rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

I distinguished this enterprise of our fathers, next, by certain peculiarities of trial which it encountered and vanquished on the shores of the New World. You have seen the noble spring of character and motive from which the current of our national fortunes has issued forth. You can look around you to-day, and see into how broad and deep a stream that current has expanded; what beams of the sun, still climbing the eastern sky, play on its surface; what accumulations of costly and beautiful things it bears along; through what valley of happiness and rest it rolls towards some mightier sea. But turn for a moment to its earlier course.

The first generation of the Pilgrims arrived in 1620. I suppose that within fifty years more that generation had wholly passed away. Certainly its term of active labor and responsible care had been accomplished. Looking to its actual achievements, our first, perhaps our final, impulse is, not to pity, but to congratulate, these ancient dead on the felicity and

the glory of their lot on earth. In that brief time, not the full age of man, — in the years of nations, in the larger cycles of the race, less than a moment, — the New England which to-day we love, to which our hearts untravelled go back, even from this throne of the American commercial world, — that New England, in her groundwork and essential nature, was established forever between her giant mountains and her espoused sea. There already — ay, in "The Mayflower's" cabin, before they set foot on shore — was representative republican government. There were the congenial institutions and sentiments from which such government imbibes its power of life. There already, side by side, were the securities of conservatism and the germs of progress. There already were the congregational church and the free school; the trial by jury; the statutes of distributions; just so much of the written and unwritten reason of England as might fitly compose the jurisprudence of liberty. By a happy accident, or instinct, there already was the legalized and organized town, that seminary and central point, and exemplification of elementary democracy. Silently adopted, everywhere and in all things assumed, penetrating and tingeing everything, — the church, the government, law, education, the very structure of the mind itself, — was the grand doctrine, that all men are born equal and born free, that they are born to the same inheritance exactly of chances and of hopes; that every child, on every bosom, of right ought to be, equally with every other, invited and stimulated, by every social and every political influence, to strive for the happiest life, the largest future, the most conspicuous virtue, the fullest mind, the brightest wreath.

There already were all, or the chief and higher influences, by which comes the heart of a nation. There was reverence of law, — "Our guardian angel, and our avenging fiend." There were the councils of the still venerated aged. There was the open Bible. There were marriage, baptism, the burial of the dead, the keeping of the Sabbath-day, the purity of a sister's love, a mother's tears, a father's careful brow. All these there had been provided and garnered up. With how much practical sagacity they had been devised; how skilfully adapted to the nature of things and the needs of men; how well the principle of permanence had been harmonized with the principle of progression; what diffusiveness and immortality of fame they will insure, — we have lived late enough to know. On

these works, legible afar off, cut deep beyond the tooth of time, the long procession of the generations shall read their names.

But we should miss the grandest and most salutary lesson of our heroic age, we should miss the best proof and illustration of its heroic claims, if we should permit the wisdom with which that generation acted to hide from our view the intensity and dignity with which they suffered. It was therefore that I was about to distinguish this enterprise, in the second place, by certain peculiarities of its trials.

The general fact and the mournful details of that extremity of suffering which marked the first few years from the arrival, you all know. It is not these I design to repeat. We have heard from our mothers' lips, that, although no man or woman or child perished by the arrow, mightier enemies encompassed them at the very water's edge. Of the whole number of one hundred, one half landed to die within a year, — almost one half in the first three months, — to die of disease brought on by the privations and confinement of the voyage, by wading to the land, by insufficient and unfit food and dress and habitation, — brought on thus, but rendered mortal by want of that indispensable and easy provision which Christianity, which Civilization everywhere makes for all their sick. Once seven only were left in health and strength to attend on the others. There and thus they died. "In a battle," said the admirable Robinson, writing from Leyden to the survivors in the June after they landed, — "in a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die; it is thought well for a side, if it get the victory, though with the loss of divers, if not too many or too great." But how sore a mortality in less than a year, almost within a fourth of that time, of fifty in one hundred!

In a late visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where these earlier dead were buried. It was on a bank, somewhat elevated, near, fronting, and looking upon the waves, — symbol of what life had been to them, — ascending inland behind and above the rock, — symbol also of that Rock of Ages on which the dying had rested in the final hour. As the Pilgrims found these localities, you might stand on that bank and hear the restless waters chafe and melt against that steadfast base; the unquiet of the world composing itself at the portals of the grave. There certainly were buried the first governor, and Rose, the wife of Miles Standish. "You will go to them,"

wrote Robinson in the same letter from which I have quoted; "but they shall not return to you."

When this sharp calamity had abated, and before, came famine. "I have seen," said Edward Winslow, "strong men staggering through faintness for want of food." And after this, and during all this, and for years, there brooded in every mind, not a weak fear, but an intelligent apprehension, that at any instant — at midnight, at noonday, at the baptism, at the burial, in the hour of prayer — a foe more cruel than the grave might blast in an hour that which disease and want had so hardly let live. How they bore all this, you also know. One fact suffices. When in April "The Mayflower" sailed for England, not one Pilgrim was found to go.

The peculiarity which has seemed to me to distinguish these trials of the Pilgrim Age from those, from the chief of those, which the general voice of literature has concurred to glorify as the trials of heroism; the peculiarity which gives to these, and such as these, the attributes of a truer heroism, is this, — that they had to meet them on what was then an humble, obscure, and distant stage; with no numerous audience to look on and applaud, and cast its wreaths on the fainting brow of him whose life was rushing with his blood, and unsustained by a single one of those stronger and more stimulating and impulsive passions and aims and sentiments, which carry a soldier to his grave of honor as joyfully as to the bridal bed. Where were the Pilgrims while in this furnace of affliction? Who saw and cared for them? A hundred persons, understood to be Lollards, or Precisians, or Puritans, or Brownists, had sailed away some three thousand miles, to arrive on a winter's coast, in order to be where they could hear a man preach without a surplice! That was just about all, England, or the whole world of civilization, at first knew, or troubled itself to believe, about the matter. If every one had died of lung fever, or starved to death, or fallen by the tomahawk, that first winter, and "The Mayflower" had carried the news, I wonder how many of even the best in England — the accomplished, the beautiful, the distinguished, the wise — would have heard of it. A heart, or more than one, in Leyden, would have broken; and that had been all. I wonder if King James would have cried as heartily as in the "Fortunes of Nigel" he does in anticipation of his own death and the sorrow of his subjects! I wonder what in a later day the author of "Hudibras" and the

author of the "Hind and Panther" would have found to say about it, for the wits of Charles the Second's court. What did anybody even in Puritan England know of these Pilgrims? They had been fourteen years in Holland; English Puritanism was taking care of itself! They were alone on the earth; and there they stood directly, and only, in their great Taskmaster's eye. Unlike even the martyrs, around whose ascending chariot-wheels and horses of fire, congregations might come to sympathize, and bold blasphemers to be defied and stricken with awe, — these were all alone. Those two ranges of small houses, not over ten in all, with oil paper for windows; that ship, "The Mayflower," riding at the distance of a mile, — these were every memorial and trace of friendly civilization in New England. Primeval forests, a winter sea, a winter sky, enclosed them about, and shut out every approving and every sympathizing eye of man! To play the part of heroism on its high places is not difficult. To do it alone, as seeing Him who is invisible, was the gigantic achievement of our age and our race of heroism.

I have said, too, that a peculiarity in their trial was, that they were unsustained altogether by every one of the passions, aims, stimulants, and excitations, — the anger, the revenge, the hate, the pride, the awakened dreadful thirst of blood, the consuming love of glory, that burn, as in volcanic isles, in the heart of a mere secularized heroism. Not one of all these aids did, or could, come in use for them at all. Their character and their situation, both, excluded them. Their enemies were disease, walking in darkness and wasting at noonday; famine which, more than all other calamity, bows the spirit of man, and teaches him what he is; the wilderness; spiritual foes in the high places of the unseen world. Even when the first Indian was killed, — in presence of which enemy, let me say, not one ever quailed, — the exclamation of Robinson was, "Oh, that you had converted some, before you had killed any!"

Now, I say, the heroism which in a great cause can look all the more terrible ills that flesh is heir to calmly in the face, and can tread them out as sparks under its feet without these aids, is at least as lofty a quality as that which cannot. To my eye, as I look back, it looms on the shores of the past with a more towering grandeur. It seems to me to speak from our far ancestral life, a higher lesson, to a nobler nature; certainly it is the rarer and more difficult species. If one were called on

to select the more glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, with which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, cast themselves headlong at the passes of Greece on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphictyonic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world. Yet I agree with a late brilliant writer in his speculation on the probable feelings of that devoted band, left alone, or waiting, till day should break, the approach of a certain death in that solitary defile. "Their enthusiasm, and that rigid and Spartan spirit which had made all ties subservient to obedience to the law, all excitement tame to that of battle, all pleasures dull to the anticipation of glory, probably rendered the hour preceding death the most enviable of their lives. They might have exulted in the same elevating fanaticism which distinguished afterwards the followers of Mahomet, and have seen that opening paradise in immortality below, which the Moslemin beheld in anticipation above." Judge if it were not so. Judge if a more decorated and conspicuous stage was ever erected for the transaction of a deed of fame. Every eye in Greece; every eye throughout the world of civilization, — throughout even the civilized and barbaric East, — was felt to be turned directly on the playing of that brief part. There passed round that narrow circle in the tent, the stern, warning image of Sparta, pointing to their shields and saying, "With these to-morrow, or upon them!" Consider that the one concentrated and comprehensive sentiment, graven on their souls as by fire and by steel; by all the influences of their whole life; by the mother's lips; by the father's example; by the law; by venerated religious rites; by public opinion strong enough to change the moral qualities of things; by the whole fashion and nature of Spartan culture, was this: seek first, seek last, seek always, the glory of conquering or falling on a well-fought field. Judge if that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and of the mothers of heroes; judge if watching there

in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness; if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart. When morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks, and when at noon the countless and glittering throng was seen at last to move, was it not with rapture, as if all the enjoyment of all the sensations of life was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, on that brief revelry of glory?

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that her great crisis. And yet do you not think, that whoso could by adequate description bring before you that first winter of the Pilgrims; its brief sunshine; the nights of storms slow waning; its damp or icy breath felt on the pillow of the dying; its destitution; its contrasts with all their former experience of life; its insulation and utter loneliness; its death-beds and burials; its memories; its apprehensions; its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional hymn which may have soothed the spirit of Luther, in which the strong heart threw off its burthen and asserted its unvanquished nature; do you not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian, raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism, — a scene, as Wordsworth has said, "Melancholy, yea dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy," — a scene even better fitted than that to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes till time shall be no more?

I can seem to see, as that hard and dark season was passing away, a diminished procession of these Pilgrims following another, dearly loved and newly dead, to that bank of graves, and pausing sadly there before they shall turn away to see that face no more. In full view from that spot is "The Mayflower" still riding at her anchor, but to sail in a few days more for England, leaving them alone, the living and the dead, to the weal or woe of their new home. I cannot say what was the entire emotion of that moment and that scene; but the tones of the venerated elder's voice, as they gathered round him, were full of cheerful trust, and they went to hearts as noble as

his own. "This spot," he might say, "this line of shore, yea, this whole land, grows dearer daily, were it only for the precious dust which we have committed to its bosom. I would sleep here and have my own hour come, rather than elsewhere, with those who shared with us in our exceeding labors, whose burdens are now unloosed forever. I would be near them in the last day, and have a part in their resurrection. And now," he proceeded, "let us go from the side of the grave to work with all our might that which we have to do. It is on my mind that our night of sorrow is wellnigh ended, and that the joy of our morning is at hand. The breath of the pleasant southwest is here, and the singing of birds. The sore sickness is stayed; somewhat more than half our number still remain; and among these some of our best and wisest, though others are fallen on sleep. Matter of joy and thanksgiving it is, that among you all, the living and the dead, I know not one, even when disease had touched him, and sharp grief had made his heart as a little child's, who desired, yea, who could have been entreated, to go back to England by yonder ship. Plainly is it God's will that we stand or fall here. All His providences these hundred years declare it as with beams of the sun. Did He not set His bow in the clouds in that bitterest hour of our embarking, and build His glorious ark upon the sea for us to sail through hitherward? Wherefore, let us stand in our lot! If He prosper us, we shall found a church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; and a colony, yea, a nation, by which all other nations shall be healed. Millions shall spring from our loins, and trace back with lineal love their blood to ours. Centuries hereafter, in great cities, the capitals of mighty States, from the tribes of a common Israel, shall come together the good, the eminent, the beautiful, to remember our dark day of small things; yea, generations shall call us blessed!"

Without a sigh, calmly, with triumph, they sent "The Mayflower" away, and went back, these stern, strong men, all, all, to their imperial labors.

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders and a principle of institution in which it might seem to see the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past — both its great eras, that of settlement and that of independence — should announce,

should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glorious future. These heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. It should seem to be almost of course, too easy to be glorious, that they who keep the graves, bear the name, and boast the blood, of men in whom the loftiest sense of duty blended itself with the fiercest spirit of liberty, should add to their freedom, justice; justice to all men, to all nations; justice, that venerable virtue, without which freedom, valor, and power are but vulgar things.

And yet is the past nothing, even our past, but as you, quickened by its examples, instructed by its experience, warned by its voices, assisted by its accumulated instrumentality, shall reproduce it in the life of to-day. Its once busy existence, various sensations, fiery trials, dear-bought triumphs; its dynasty of heroes, all its pulses of joy and anguish, and hope and fear, and love and praise, are with the years beyond the flood. "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." Yet, gazing on these, long and intently and often, we may pass into the likeness of the departed, — may emulate their labors, and partake of their immortality.

COLLEY CIBBER.

Cibber, Colley, an English actor and dramatist, born at London, England, November 6, 1671; died there, December 12, 1757. His father, Caius Cibber, acquired a large fortune as a carver in wood and stone. The son, having received a good education, became infatuated with the stage and joined a company of actors. In 1711 he became one of the patentees and manager of Drury Lane Theatre. About 1731 he was named laureate, and formally retired from the theatre, though he occasionally appeared upon the stage, the last time being in 1745, when, at the age of seventy-four, he enacted the part of Panulph in a drama of his own, entitled, "Papal Tyranny." Cibber wrote several comedies, the best of which are "Love's Last Shift" and "The Careless Husband." When verging upon threescore and ten he put forth the "Apology for My Life," which presents a curious picture of the manners of the day, and has been several times reprinted. The version of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" which kept possession of the stage for at least a century was the production of Colley Cibber. He is best known, after all, by the mention made of him by Pope in "The Dunciad," and by Johnson, as recorded by Boswell; and by a single short poem. The place of Cibber's interment has been the subject of considerable controversy. Cibber was a lively and amusing writer. His "Careless Husband" is still deservedly a favorite; and his "Apology for My Life" is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the English language.

My First Error.

(From "The Apology.")

The unskilful openness, or, in plain terms, the indiscretion I have always acted with from my youth, has drawn more ill-will towards me, than men of worse morals and more wit might have met with. My ignorance and want of jealousy of mankind has been so strong, that it is with reluctance I even yet believe any person I am acquainted with can be capable of envy, malice, or ingratitude. And to show you what a mortification it was

to me, in my very boyish days, to find myself mistaken, give me leave to tell you a school story. A great boy, near the head taller than myself, in wrangle at play had insulted me; upon which I was foolhardy enough to give him a box on the ear. The blow was soon returned with another; that brought me under him, and at his mercy. Another lad, whom I really loved, and thought a good-natured one, cried out with some warmth to my antagonist, while I was down: "Beat him! beat him soundly!" This so amazed me, that I lost all my spirits to resist, and burst into tears. When the fray was over, I took my friend aside and asked him how he came to be so earnestly against me; to which, with some gloating confusion, he replied: "Because you are always jeering and making a jest of me to every boy in the school." Many a mischief have I brought upon myself by the same folly in riper life. Whatever reason I had to reproach my companion's declaring against me, I had none to wonder at it, while I was so often hurting him. Thus I deserved his enmity by my not having sense enough to know I *had* hurt him; and he hated me because he had not sense enough to know that I never *intended* to hurt him.

My Discretion.

(From "The Apology.")

Let me give you another instance of my discretion, more desperate than that of preferring the stage to any other views of life. One might think that the madness of breaking from the advice and care of parents, to turn Player, could not easily be exceeded. But what think you, sir, of — Matrimony? which, before I was two-and-twenty, I actually committed, when I had but twenty pounds a year, which my father had assured to me, and twenty shillings a week from my theatrical labors, to maintain, as I then thought, the happiest young couple that ever took a leap in the dark! If, after this, to complete my fortune, I turned Poet too, this last folly, indeed, had something a better excuse — necessity. Had it never been my lot to have come on the stage, 'tis probable I might never have been inclined, or reduced, to have wrote for it; but having once exposed my person there, I thought it could be no additional dishonor to let my parts, whatever they were, take their fortune along with it.

The Blind Boy.

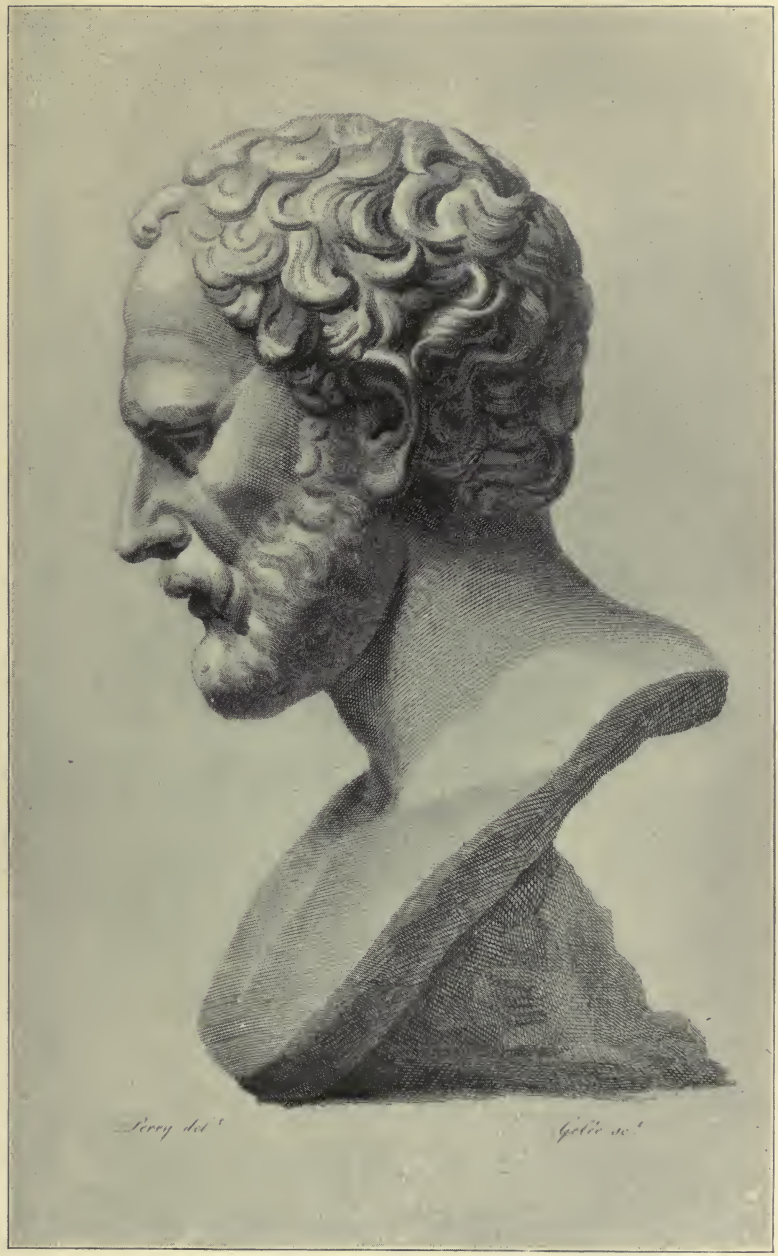
Oh, say what is that they call the light,
  Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
  Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;
  You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
  Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
  Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
  With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
  You mourn my hapless woe;
Yet sure with patience I can bear
  A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
  My cheer of mind destroy.
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
  Although a poor blind boy.



CICERO

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius, a celebrated Roman statesman, orator, and philosopher, born at Arpinum, Italy, January 3, 106 B. C.; put to death near Formiæ, Italy, December 7, 43 B. C. He belonged to a wealthy family of the equestrian order, and was carefully educated, especially in Greek literature and philosophy. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his public career as a pleader in the Forum, and before he had reached middle life he had become acknowledged to be by far the greatest of Roman orators. He passed rapidly through the various grades of public service, becoming consul at the age of forty-three. His consulship was notable for the frustration of the conspiracy of Catiline; and for the part which he bore in this, Cicero was hailed as the "Father of his Country" and the "Savior of Rome." At the close of 50 B. C. Rome was on the verge of a civil war between the parties headed by Cæsar and Pompey. Cicero endeavored to mediate between the parties; but when Cæsar took the decisive step of crossing the Rubicon, Cicero formally joined the party of Pompey. Cæsar, in 48 B. C., gained the supremacy by his decisive victory at Pharsalia. Cicero submitted himself to the victor, from whom he received the utmost clemency and respect. He had no share in the assassination of Cæsar (44 B. C.), though after the deed was done he applauded it as a wise and patriotic act. When the ambitious designs of Mark Antony began to manifest themselves, Cicero set himself in opposition, and delivered the fourteen orations styled "Philippics" against him. For a time it seemed that Cicero would be successful. But reverses came. Cicero was put to death at the door of his villa by the bravos of Mark Antony, near the close of the year 43 B.C. He had just reached the age of sixty-three. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Rome, where they were exposed to many indignities by order of Mark Antony. The extant works of Cicero may be classed in several groups: 1. Orations, of which we have about fifty. — 2. Literary and Philosophical Treatises, the principal of which are: "De Republica," "De Legibus," "De Oratore," "De Finibus," "De Senectute," "De Claris Oratoribus," "De Natura Deorum," "De Amicitia," "Tusculanae Disputationes," "De Divinatione," and "De Officiis." — 3. Epistles, of which several hundreds are extant.

Cicero on Old Age.

Is there no strength in old age? neither is strength exacted from old age. Therefore, by our laws and institutions, our time of life is relieved from those tasks which cannot be supported without strength. Accordingly, so far are we from being compelled to do what we cannot do, that we are not even compelled to do as much as we can. But so feeble are many old men, that they cannot execute any task of duty, or any function of life whatever; but that in truth is not the peculiar fault of old age, but belongs in common to bad health. How feeble was the son of Publius Africanus, he who adopted you! What feeble health, or rather no health at all, had he! and had that not been so, he would have been the second luminary of the state; for to his paternal greatness of soul a richer store of learning had been added. What wonder, therefore, in old men, if they are sometimes weak, when even young men cannot escape that. We must make a stand, Scipio and Lælius, against old age, and its faults must be atoned for by activity; we must fight, as it were, against disease, and in like manner against old age. Regard must be paid to health; moderate exercises must be adopted; so much of meat and drink must be taken, that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more; for these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. And our bodies, indeed, by weariness and exercise, become oppressed; but our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise. For as to those, of whom Cæcilius speaks, "foolish old men," fit characters for comedy, by these he denotes the credulous, the forgetful, the dissolute; which are the faults not of old age, but of inactive, indolent, drowsy old age. As petulance and lust belong to the young more than to the old, yet not to all young men, but to those who are not virtuous; so that senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, and not to all. Four stout sons, five daughters, so great a family, and such numerous dependents, did Appius manage, although both old and blind; for he kept his mind intent like a bow, nor did he languidly sink under the weight of old age. He retained not only authority, but also command, over his family: the slaves feared him; the children respected him; all held him dear: there prevailed in that house the manners and good disci-

pline of our fathers. For on this condition is old age honored if it maintains itself, if it keeps up its own right, if it is subservient to no one, if even to its last breath it exercises control over its dependents. For, as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young; and he who follows this maxim, in body will possibly be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind. I have in mind my seventh book of Antiquities; I am collecting all the materials of our early history; of all the famous causes which I have defended, I am now completing the pleadings; I am employed on the law of augurs, of pontiffs, of citizens. I am much engaged also in Greek literature, and, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, for the purpose of exercising my memory, I call to mind in the evening what I have said, heard, and done on each day. These are the exercises of the understanding; these are the race-courses of the mind; whilst I am perspiring and toiling over these, I do not greatly miss my strength of body. I attend my friends, I come into the senate very often, and spontaneously bring forward things much and long thought of, and I maintain them by strength of mind, not of body; and if I were unable to perform these duties, yet my couch would afford me amusement, when reflecting on those matters which I was no longer able to do, — but that I am able, is owing to my past life: for, by a person who always lives in these pursuits and labors, it is not perceived when old age steals on. Thus gradually and unconsciously life declines into old age; nor is its thread suddenly broken, but the vital principle is consumed by length of time.

But in my whole discourse remember that I am praising that old age which is established on the foundations of youth: from which this is effected which I once asserted with the great approbation of all present, — that wretched was the old age which had to defend itself by speaking. Neither gray hairs nor wrinkles can suddenly catch respect; but the former part of life honorably spent, reaps the fruits of authority at the close. For these very observances, which seem light and common, are marks of honor — to be saluted, to be sought after, to receive precedence, to have persons rising up to you, to be attended on the way, to be escorted home, to be consulted; points which, both among us and in other states, in proportion as they are the most excellent in their morals, are the most scrupulously observed. They say that Lysander the Lacedæmonian, whom I mentioned a

little above, was accustomed to remark, that Lacedæmon was the most honorable abode for old age; for nowhere is so much conceded to that time of life, nowhere is old age more respected. Nay, further, it is recorded that when at Athens, during the games, a certain elderly person had entered the theatre, a place was nowhere offered him in that large assembly by his own townsmen; but when he had approached the Lacedæmonians, who, as they were ambassadors, had taken their seats together in a particular place, they all rose up and invited the old man to a seat; and when reiterated applause had been bestowed upon them by the whole assembly, one of them remarked, that the Athenians knew what was right, but were unwilling to do it. There are many excellent rules in our college, but this of which I am treating especially, that in proportion as each man has the advantage in age, so he takes precedence in giving his opinion; and older augurs are preferred not only to those who are higher in office, but even to such as are in actual command. What pleasures, then, of the body can be compared with the privileges of authority? which they who have nobly employed seem to me to have consummated the drama of life, and not like inexpert performers to have broken down in the last act. Still old men are peevish, and fretful, and passionate, and unmanageable,—nay, if we seek for such, also covetous: but these are the faults of their characters, not of their old age. And yet that peevishness and those faults which I have mentioned have some excuse, not quite satisfactory indeed, but such as may be admitted. They fancy that they are neglected, despised, made a jest of; besides, in a weak state of body every offence is irritating. All which defects, however, are extenuated by good dispositions and qualities; and this may be discovered not only in real life, but on the stage, from the two brothers that are represented in the Brothers; how much austerity in the one, and how much gentleness in the other! Such is the fact: for as it is not every wine, so it is not every man's life, that grows sour from old age. I approve of gravity in old age, but this in a moderate degree, like everything else; harshness by no means. What avarice in an old man can propose to itself I cannot conceive; for can anything be more absurd than, in proportion as less of our journey remains, to seek a greater supply of provisions?

A fourth reason remains, which seems most of all to distress and render anxious our time of life, namely, the near approach of death, which certainly cannot be far distant from old age. O

wretched old man, who in so long a time of life hast not seen that death is a thing to be despised! Which either ought altogether to be regarded with indifference, if it entirely annihilates the mind, or ought even to be desired, if it leads it to a place where it is destined to be immortal. Yet no third alternative certainly can be found.

What, therefore, should I fear, if after death I am sure either not to be miserable or to be happy? Although who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be assured that he will live even until the evening? Nay, that period of life has many more probabilities of death than ours has: young men more readily fall into diseases, suffer more severely, are cured with more difficulty, and therefore few arrive at old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely, for intelligence, and reflection, and judgment reside in old men, and if there had been none of them, no states could exist at all. But I return to the imminence of death. What charge is that against old age, since you see it to be common to youth also? I experienced not only in the case of my own excellent son, but also in that of your brothers, Scipio, men plainly marked out for the highest distinction, that death was common to every period of life. Yet a young man hopes that he will live a long time, which expectation an old man cannot entertain. His hope is but a foolish one: for what can be more foolish than to regard uncertainties as certainties, delusions as truths? An old man indeed has nothing to hope for; yet he is in so much the happier state than a young one; since he has already attained what the other is only hoping for. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, good gods! what is there in man's life that can be called long? For allow the latest period: let us anticipate the age of the kings of the Tartessii. For there dwelt, as I find it recorded, a man named Arganthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived 120. But to my mind, nothing whatever seems of long duration, in which there is any end. For when that arrives, then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours indeed depart from us, and days and months and years; nor does past time ever return, nor can it be discovered what is to follow. Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content: for neither need the drama be performed entire by the actor, in order to give satisfaction, provided

he be approved in whatever act he may be: nor need the wise man live till the *plaudite*. For the short period of life is long enough for living well and honorably; and if you should advance further, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of spring-time hath passed, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth, and gives promise of the future fruits; the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. What, however, is so agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? which even is the lot of the young, though nature opposes and resists. And thus it is that young men seem to me to die, just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water; whereas old men die, as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force: and as fruits when they are green are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe and mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youths, maturity from old men; a state which to me indeed is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting sight of land, and at length, after a long voyage, to be just coming into harbor.

Of all the periods of life there is a definite limit; but of old age there is no limit fixed; and life goes on very well in it, so long as you are able to follow up and attend to the duty of your situation, and, at the same time, to care nothing about death: whence it happens that old age is even of higher spirit and bolder than youth. Agreeable to this was the answer given to Pisistratus, the tyrant, by Solon; when on the former inquiring, "in reliance on what hope he so boldly withstood him," the latter is said to have answered, "on old age." The happiest end of life is this — when the mind and the other senses being unimpaired, the same nature, which put it together, takes asunder her own works. As in the case of a ship or a house, he who built them takes them down most easily; so the same nature which has compacted man, most easily breaks him up. Besides, every fastening of glue, when fresh, is with difficulty torn asunder, but easily when tried by time. Hence it is that that short remnant of life should be neither greedily coveted, nor without reason given up: and Pythagoras forbids us

to abandom the station or post of life without the orders of our commander, that is of God. There is indeed a saying of the wise Solon, in which he declares that he does not wish his own death to be unattended by the grief and lamentation of friends. He wishes, I suppose, that he should be dear to his friends. But I know not whether Ennius does not say with more propriety,

"Let no man pay me honor with tears, nor celebrate my funeral with mourning."

He conceives that a death ought not to be lamented which an immortality follows. Besides, a dying man may have some degree of consciousness, but that for a short time, especially in the case of an old man: after death, indeed, consciousness either does not exist, or is a thing to be desired. But this ought to be a subject of study from our youth, to be indifferent about death; without which study no one can be of tranquil mind. For die we certainly must, and it is uncertain whether or not on this very day. He, therefore, who at all hours dreads impending death, how can he be at peace in his mind? concerning which there seems to be no need of such long discussion, when I call to mind not only Lucius Brutus, who was slain in liberating his country; nor the two Decii, who spurred on their steeds to a voluntary death; nor Marcus Atilius, who set out to execution, that he might keep a promise pledged to the enemy; nor the two Scipios, who even with their very bodies sought to obstruct the march of the Carthaginians; nor your grandfather Lucius Paulus, who by his death atoned for the temerity of his colleague in the disgraceful defeat at Cannæ; nor Marcus Marcellus, whose corpse not even the most merciless foe suffered to go without the honor of sepulture: but that our legions, as I have remarked in my Antiquities, have often gone with cheerful and undaunted mind to that place, from which they believe that they should never return. Shall, then, well-instructed old men be afraid of that which young men, and they not only ignorant, but mere peasants, despise? On the whole, as it seems to me indeed, a satiety of all pursuits causes a satiety of life. There are pursuits peculiar to boyhood; do therefore young men regret the loss of them? There are also some of early youth; does that now settled age, which is called middle life, seek after these? There are also some of this period; neither are they looked for by old age. There are

some final pursuits of old age; accordingly, as the pursuits of the earlier parts of life fall into disuse, so also do those of old age; and when this has taken place, satiety of life brings on the seasonable period of death.

Indeed, I do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I myself think concerning death; becanse I fancy I see it so much the more clearly, in proportion as I am less distant from it. I am persuaded that your fathers, Publius Scipio, and Caius Lælius, men of the greatest eminence and very dear friends of mine, are living; and that life too which alone deserves the name of life. For whilst we are shut up in this prison of the body, we are fulfilling as it were the function and painful task of destiny: for the heaven-born soul has been degraded from its dwelling-place above, and as it were buried in the earth, a situation uncongenial to its divine and immortal nature. But I believe that the immortal gods have shed souls into human bodies, that beings might exist who might tend the earth, and by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, might imitate it in the manner and regularity of their lives. Nor have reason and argument alone influenced me thus to believe, but likewise the high name and authority of the greatest philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, who were all but our neighbors, who were formerly called the Italian philosophers, had no doubt that we possess souls derived from the universal divine mind. Moreover, the arguments were conclusive to me, which Socrates delivered on the last day of his life, concerning the immortality of the soul, — he who was pronounced by the oracle Apollo the wisest of all men. But why say more? I have thus persuaded myself, such is my belief: that since such is the activity of our souls, so tenacious their memory of things past, and their sagacity regarding things future, — so many arts, so many sciences, so many discoveries, that the nature which comprises these qualities cannot be mortal; and since the mind is ever in action and has no source of motion, because it moves itself, I believe that it never will find any end of motion, because it never will part from itself; and that since the nature of the soul is uncompounded, and has not in itself any mixture heterogeneous and dissimilar to itself, I maintain that it cannot undergo dissolution; and if this be not possible, it cannot perish; and it is a strong argument, that men know very many things before they are born, since when mere boys, while they are learning difficult

subjects, they so quickly catch up numberless ideas, that they seem not to be learning them then for the first time, but to remember them, and to be calling them to recollection. Thus did our Plato argue.

Moreover, in Xenophon, Cyrus the elder, on his death-bed, discourses thus: "Never imagine, O, my dearest sons, that when I have departed from you, I shall exist nowhere, or cease to be: for while I was with you you never saw my soul; though you concluded from the actions which I performed that it was in this body. Believe, therefore, that it still exists, though you will see nothing of it. Nor, in truth, would the honors of illustrious men continue after death, if their own spirits did not make us preserve a longer remembrance of them. I could never, indeed, be persuaded that souls, while they were in mortal bodies, lived; and when they had quitted them, perished: nor, in truth, that the soul became senseless when it made its escape from a senseless body; but that it then became wise when freed from every corporeal admixture, it had become pure and genuine. Besides, when the constitution of man is broken up by death, it is clear whither each of its other parts depart; for they all return to the source from whence they sprang: whereas the soul alone neither shows itself when it is with us, nor when it departs. Further, you see there is nothing so like death as sleep. Yet the souls of persons asleep especially manifest their divine nature; for when they are disengaged and free, they foresee many future events. From which we conclude in what state they will be when they shall have altogether released themselves from the fetters of the body. Wherefore, if this is the case, regard me as a god, but if the soul is destined to perish along with the body, yet you, reverencing the gods, who oversee and control all this beautiful system, will affectionately and sacredly preserve my memory." Such were the dying words of Cyrus.

Let me, if you please, revert to my own views. No one will ever persuade me that either your father, Paulus, or two grandfathers, Paulus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus, or his uncle, or the many distinguished men whom it is unnecessary to recount, aimed at such great exploits as might reach to the recollection of posterity, had they not perceived in their mind that posterity belonged to them. Do you suppose, to boast a little of myself, after the manner of old men, that I should have undergone such great toils, by day and night, at home and in service, had I thought to limit my glory by the same bounds as my

life? Would it not have been far better to pass an easy and quiet life without any toil or struggle? But I know not how my soul, stretching upwards, has ever looked forward to posterity, as if, when it had departed from life, then at last it would begin to live. And, indeed, unless this were the case, that souls were immortal, the souls of the noblest of men would not aspire above all things to an immortality of glory. Why need I adduce that the wisest man ever dies with the greatest equanimity, the most foolish with the least? Does it not seem to you that the soul, which sees more and further, sees that it is passing to a better state, while that body, whose vision is duller, does not see it? I, indeed, am transported with eagerness to see your fathers, whom I have respected and loved: nor in truth is it those only I desire to meet whom I myself have known; but those also of whom I have heard or read, and have myself written. Whither, indeed, as I proceed, no one assuredly should easily force me back, nor, as they did with Pelias, cook me again to youth. For if any god should grant me, that from this period of life I should become a child again and cry in the cradle, I should earnestly refuse it: nor in truth should I like, after having run, as it were, my course, to be called back to the starting-place from the goal. For what comfort has life? What trouble has it not, rather? But grant that it has; yet it assuredly has either satiety or limitation (of its pleasures). For I am not disposed to lament the loss of life, which many men, and those learned men too, have often done; neither do I regret that I have lived, since I have lived in such a way that I conceive I was not born in vain: and from this life I depart as from a temporary lodging, not as from a home. For nature has assigned it to us as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. Oh, glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene. For I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but also to my son Cato, than whom never was better man born, nor more distinguished for pious affection; whose body was burned by me, whereas, on the contrary, it was fitting that mine should be burned by him. But his soul not deserting me, but oft looking back, no doubt departed to those regions whither it saw that I myself was destined to come. Which, though a distress to me, I seemed patiently to endure: not that I bore it with indifference, but I comforted myself with the recollection that the separation and distance between us

would not continue long. For these reasons, O Scipio (since you said that you with Lælius were accustomed to wonder at this), old age is tolerable to me, and not only not irksome, but even delightful. And if I am wrong in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I willingly delude myself: nor do I desire that this mistake, in which I take pleasure, should be wrested from me as long as I live; but if I, when dead, shall have no consciousness, as some narrow-minded philosophers imagine, I do not fear lest dead philosophers should ridicule this my delusion. But if we are not destined to be immortal, yet it is a desirable thing for a man to expire at his fit time. For, as nature prescribes a boundary to all other things, so does she also to life. Now old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play; from the fatigue of which we ought to escape, especially when satiety is superadded. This is what I had to say on the subject of old age; to which may you arrive! that, after having experienced the truth of those statements which you have heard from me, you may be enabled to give them your approbation.

Cicero on Friendship.

Now friendship is nothing else than a complete union of feeling on all subjects, divine and human, accompanied by kindly feeling and attachment; than which, indeed, I am not aware whether, with the exception of wisdom, anything better has been bestowed on man by the immortal gods. Some men prefer riches, others good health, others influence, others again honors, many prefer even pleasures: the last, indeed, is the characteristic of beasts; while the former are fleeting and uncertain, depending not so much on our own purpose, as on the fickleness of fortune. Whereas those who place the supreme good in virtue, therein do admirably: but this very virtue itself both begets and constitutes friendship; nor without this virtue can friendship exist at all. Now let us define this virtue according to the usage of life, and of our common language; and let us not measure it, as certain learned persons do, by pomp of language; and let us include among the good those who are so accounted — the Paulli, the Catos, the Galli, the Scipios, and the Phili; with these men ordinary life is content; and let us pass over those who are nowhere found to exist. Amongst men of this kind, therefore, friendship finds facilities so great that I can scarcely describe them. In the first place — to whom can life be "worth living,"

as Ennius says, who does not repose on the mutual kind feeling of some friend? What can be more delightful than to have one to whom you can speak on all subjects just as to yourself? Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would indeed be difficult to endure, without some one who would bear it even with greater regret than yourself. In short, all other objects that are sought after are severally suited to some one single purpose: riches, that you may spend them; power, that you may be courted; honors, that you may be extolled; pleasures, that you may enjoy them; good health, that you may be exempt from harm, and perform the functions of the body. Whereas friendship comprises the greatest number of objects possible: wherever you turn yourself, it is at hand; shut out of no place, never out of season, never irksome; and therefore we do not use fire and water, as they say, on more occasions than we do friendship. And I am not now speaking of commonplace or ordinary friendship (though even that brings delight and benefit), but of real and true friendship, such as belonged to those of whom very few are recorded: for prosperity, friendship renders more brilliant; and adversity more supportable, by dividing and communicating it.

And while friendship embraces very many and great advantages, she undoubtedly surpasses all in this, that she shines with a brilliant hope over the future, and never suffers the spirit to be weakened or to sink. Besides, he who looks on a true friend, looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself: wherefore friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive; so entirely does the honor, the memory, the regret of friends attend them; from which circumstance, the death of the one seems to be happy, and the life of the other praiseworthy: nay, should you remove from nature the cement of kind feelings, neither a house nor a city will be able to stand; even the cultivation of the land will not continue. If it be not clearly perceived how great is the power of friendship and concord, it can be distinctly inferred from quarrels and dissensions; for what house is there so established, or what state so firmly settled, that may not utterly be overthrown by hatred and dissension? from which it may be determined how much advantage there is in friendship.

In friendship there is nothing false, and nothing pretended; and whatever belongs to it is sincere and spontaneous. Wherefore friendship seems to me to have sprung rather from nature than from a sense of want, and more from an attachment of the mind with a certain feeling of affection, than from a calculation how much advantage it would afford. And of what nature indeed it is, may be observed in the case of certain beasts; for they love their offspring up to a certain time, and are loved by them in such a way that their emotions are easily discovered. And this is much more evident in man. In the first place, from that affection, which subsists between children and parents, which cannot be destroyed without detestable wickedness: next, where a similar feeling of love has existed, if we have met with any one with whose character and disposition we sympathize, because we appear to discover in him a certain effulgence as it were of integrity and virtue. For nothing is more amiable than virtue, nothing which more strongly allures us to love it, seeing that because of their virtue and integrity we can in a certain degree love those whom we have never seen.

Now if such be the influence of integrity, that we love it even in those whom we have never seen, and, what is much more, even in an enemy, what wonder if men's feelings are affected when they seem to discover the goodness and virtue of those with whom they may become connected by intercourse? although love is confirmed by the reception of kindness, and by the discovery of an earnest sympathy, and by close familiarity; which things being added to the first emotion of the mind and the affections, there is kindled a large amount of kindly feeling. And if any imagine that this proceeds from a sense of weakness, so that there shall be secured a friend, by whom a man may obtain that which he wants, they leave to friendship a mean indeed, and, if I may so speak, anything but respectable origin, when they make her to be born of indulgence and want: were this the case, then in proportion as a man judged that there were the least resources in himself, precisely in that degree would he be best qualified for friendship; whereas the fact is far otherwise. For just as a man has most confidence in himself, and as he is most completely fortified by worth and wisdom, so that he needs no one's assistance, and feels that all his resources reside in himself; in the same proportion he is most highly distinguished for seeking out and forming friendships. For what did Africanus want of me? nothing whatever; nor

indeed did I need aught from him: but I loved him from admiration of his excellence; he in turn perhaps was attached to me from some high opinion which he entertained of my character, and association fostered our affection. But although many and great advantages ensued, yet it was not from any hope of these that the causes of our attachment sprang; for as we are beneficent and liberal, not to exact favor in return (for we are not usurers in kind actions), but by nature are inclined to liberality, thus I think that friendship is to be desired, not attracted by the hope of reward, but because the whole of its profit consists in love only. From such opinions, they who, after the fashion of beasts, refer everything to pleasure, widely differ: and no great wonder, since they cannot look up to anything lofty, magnificent, or divine, who cast all their thoughts on an object so mean and contemptible. Therefore let us exclude such persons altogether from our discourse; and let us ourselves hold this opinion, that the sentiment of loving, and the attachment of kind feelings, are produced by nature, when the evidence of virtue has been established; and they who have eagerly sought the latter, draw nigh and attach themselves to it, that they may enjoy the friendship and character of the individual they have begun to love, and that they may be commensurate and equal in affection, and more inclined to confer a favor than to claim any return. And let this honorable struggle be maintained between them; so not only will the greatest advantages be derived from friendship, but its origin from nature, rather than from a sense of weakness, will be at once more impressive and more true. For if it were expediency that cemented friendships, the same when changed would dissolve them; but because nature can never change, therefore true friendships are eternal.

Let this, therefore, be established as a primary law concerning friendship, that we expect from our friends only what is honorable, and for our friends' sake do what is honorable; that we should not wait till we are asked; that zeal be ever ready, and reluctance far from us; but that we take pleasure in freely giving our advice; that in our friendship, the influence of our friends, when they give good advice, should have great weight; and that this be employed to admonish not only candidly, but even severely, if the case shall require, and that we give heed to it when so employed; for, as to certain persons, whom I understand to have been esteemed wise men in Greece, I am of

opinion that some strange notions were entertained by them; but there is nothing which they do not follow up with too great subtlety: among the rest, that excessive friendships should be avoided, lest it should be necessary for one to feel anxiety for many; that every one has enough, and more than enough, of his own affairs; that to be needlessly implicated in those of other people is vexatious; that it was most convenient to hold the reins of friendship as loose as possible, so as either to tighten or slacken them when you please; for they argue, that the main point towards a happy life is freedom from care, which the mind cannot enjoy if one man be, as it were, in travail for others. Nay, they tell us that some are accustomed to declare, still more unfeelingly (a topic which I have briefly touched upon just above), that friendships should be cultivated for the purpose of protection and assistance, and not for kind feeling or affection; and therefore the less a man possesses of independence, and of strength, in the same degree he most earnestly desires friendships; that thence it arises that women seek the support of friendship more than men, and the poor more than the rich, and persons in distress rather than those who are considered prosperous. Admirable philosophy! for they seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we receive nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful: for what is this freedom from care? — in appearances, indeed, flattering; but, in many cases, in reality to be disdained. Nor is it reasonable to refuse to undertake any honorable matter or action lest you should be anxious, or to lay it aside when undertaken; for if we fly from care, we must fly from virtue also; for it is impossible that she can, without some degree of distress, feel contempt and detestation for qualities opposed to herself; just as kindheartedness for malice, temperance for profligacy, and bravery for cowardice. Accordingly, you see that upright men are most distressed by unjust actions; the brave with the cowardly; the virtuous with the profligate: and, therefore, this is the characteristic of a well-regulated mind, both to be well pleased with what is excellent, and to be distressed with what is contrary. Wherefore, if trouble of mind befall a wise man (and assuredly it will, unless we suppose that all humanity is extirpated from his mind), what reason is there why we should altogether remove friendship from life, lest because of it we should take upon ourselves some troubles? for what difference

is there (setting the emotions of the mind aside), I do not say between a man and a beast, but between a man and a stone, or log, or anything of that kind? For they do not deserve to be listened to, who would have virtue to be callous, and made of iron, as it were; which indeed is, as in other matters, so in friendship also, tender and susceptible; so that friends are loosened, as it were, by happy events, and drawn together by distresses.

Wherefore the anxiety which has often to be felt for a friend is not of such force that it should remove friendship from the world, any more than that the virtues, because they bring with them certain cares and troubles, should therefore be discarded. For when it produces friendship (as I said above), should any indication of virtue shine forth, to which a congenial mind may attach and unite itself — when this happens, affection must necessarily arise. For what is so unmeaning as to take delight in many vain things, such as preferments, glory, magnificent buildings, clothing and adornment of the body; and not to take an extreme delight in a soul endued with virtue, in such a soul as can either love, or (so to speak) love in return? for there is nothing more delightful than the repayment of kindness, and the interchange of devotedness and good offices. Now if we add this, which may with propriety be added, that there is nothing which so allures and draws any object to itself as congeniality does friendship, it will of course be admitted as true, that the good must love the good, and unite them to themselves, just as if connected by relationship and nature; for nothing is more apt to seek and seize on its like than nature. Wherefore this certainly is clear, Fannius and Scævola (in my opinion), that among the good a liking for the good is, as it were, inevitable; and this indeed is appointed by nature herself as the very fountain of friendship. But the same kind disposition belongs also to the multitude; for virtue is not inhuman, or cruel, or haughty, since she is accustomed to protect even whole nations, and to adopt the best measures for their welfare, which assuredly she would not do did she shrink from the affection of the vulgar. And to myself, indeed, those who form friendships with a view to advantage seem to do away with its most endearing bond; for it is not so much the advantage obtained through a friend, as the mere love of that friend, which delights; and then only what has proceeded from a friend becomes delightful, if it has proceeded from zeal-

ous affection: and that friendship should be cultivated from a sense of necessity, is so far from being the case, that those who, being endowed with power and wealth, and especially with virtue (in which is the strongest support of friendship), have least need of another, are most liberal and generous. Yet I am not sure whether it is requisite that friends should never stand in any need; for wherein would any devotedness of mine to him have been exerted, if Scipio had never stood in need of my advice or assistance at home or abroad? Wherefore friendship has not followed upon advantage, but advantage on friendship.

Persons, therefore, who are wallowing in indulgence will not need to be listened to if ever they shall descant upon friendship, which they have known neither by experience nor by theory. For who is there, by the faith of gods and men, who would desire, on the condition of his loving no one, and himself being loved by none, to roll in affluence, and live in a superfluity of all things? For this is the life of tyrants, in which undoubtedly there can be no confidence, no affection, no steady dependence on attachment; all is perpetually mistrust and disquietude — there is no room for friendship. For who can love either him whom he fears, or him by whom he thinks he himself is feared? Yet are they courted, solely in hypocrisy, for a time; because, if perchance (as it frequently happens) they have been brought low, then is it perceived how destitute they were of friends. And this, they say, Tarquin expressed; that when going into exile, he found out whom he had as faithful friends, and whom unfaithful ones, since then he could no longer show gratitude to either party; although I wonder that, with such haughtiness and impatience of temper, he could find one at all. And as the character of the individual whom I have mentioned could not obtain true friends, so the riches of many men of rank exclude all faithful friendship; for not only is fortune blind herself, but she commonly renders blind those whom she embraces. Accordingly such persons are commonly puffed up with pride and insolence, nor can anything be found more intolerable than a fortunate fool. And thus indeed, one may observe, that those who before were of agreeable character, by military command, by preferment, by prosperity, are changed, and old friendships are despised by them, and new ones cherished. For what can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things

which are procured by money — horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases — and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life, if I may so speak; for while they are procuring those things, they know not for whom they are procuring them, nor for whose sake they are laboring. For every one of these things belongs to him who is most powerful, whereas the possession of his friendships is preserved to every one steadfast and secure; so that if those things are preserved which are, as it were, the gifts of fortune, yet a life unadorned and abandoned by friends cannot possibly be happy. But on this head enough.

But it is required to lay down what limits there are in friendship, and, as it were, what bounds of loving, concerning which I see three opinions held, of none of which I approve: — the first, that we should be affected towards a friend in the same manner as towards ourselves; the second, that our goodwill towards our friends should exactly and equally answer to their goodwill towards us; the third, that at whatever value a man sets himself, at the same he should be estimated by his friends. To none of these three opinions do I entirely assent. For the first one is not true, that as a man feels towards himself so he should be disposed towards his friend. For how many things, which, for our own sake, we should never do, do we perform for the sake of our friends? To ask favors of unworthy persons, to supplicate them, to inveigh bitterly against any one, and to accuse him with great vehemence, which in our own cases cannot be done creditably, in the case of our friends are most honorably done; and there are many cases in which good men subtract many things from their own interests, or allow them to be substracted, that their friends, rather than themselves, may enjoy them. The second opinion is that which limits friendship to an equality of kind actions and kind wishes: this is indeed to reduce friendship to figures too minutely and penuriously, so that there may be a balance of received and paid. True friendship seems to be far too rich and affluent for that, and not to observe, narrowly, lest it should pay more than it receives: nor need it be feared lest anything should be lost or fall to the ground, or lest more than what is fair should be accumulated on the side of friendship. But the third limitation is most detestable, that at whatever value a man sets on himself, at that value he should be estimated by his friends; for often, in certain persons, either their spirit is too

humble, or their hope of improving their condition too despondingly; it is not, therefore, the part of a friend to be towards him what he is to himself; but rather to use every effort, and to contrive to cheer the prostrate spirit of his friend, and to encourage better hopes and thoughts. Therefore I must lay down some other limit of true friendship, as soon as I shall have stated what Scipio was accustomed above all things to reprehend. He used to declare that no speech could be found more hostile to friendship, than his who had said that a man ought so to love as if one day he would come to hate. Nor, indeed, could he be induced to believe that this, as was supposed, was said by Bias, who was considered one of the seven wise men; but that it was the opinion of some wicked or ambitious man, or one who sought to bring everything under his own power. For in what manner can any one be a friend to him to whom he thinks he may possibly become an enemy? Moreover, it will follow that he desires and wishes his friend to do wrong as often as possible, that he may afford him, as it were, so many handles for reproach. And, again, at the right conduct and advantage of his friends he will necessarily be tormented, grieved, and jealous. Wherefore, this precept, to whomsoever it belongs, is powerful only for the destruction of friendship. This, rather, should have been the precept, that we should employ such carefulness in forming our friendships, that we should not any time begin to love the man whom we could ever possibly hate. Moreover, if we have been but unfortunate in our selection, Scipio was of opinion that this should be submitted to, rather than that a time of alienation should ever be contemplated.

I think, therefore, we must adopt these limitations, that when the character of friends is correct, then there should be a community between them of all things, of purpose and of will, without any exception; so that, even if by any chance it has happened that the less honorable wishes of our friends have to be forwarded, in which either their life is concerned, or their reputation, then you may decline a little from the straight path, provided only extreme infamy do not follow; for there is a point to which indulgence may be granted to friendship: yet reputation must not be disregarded; nor ought we to esteem the good will of our fellow countrymen as an engine of small value in the administration of the state, although to seek it by fawning and flattering is mean indeed; yet virtue, on which affection is consequent, should by no means be rejected. But fre-

quently (for I return to Scipio, the whole of whose discourse was concerning friendship) he used to complain, that in all other things men were comparatively careful; so that every man could tell how many goats or how many sheep he possessed, yet how many friends he had he could not tell; and in procuring the former, men employed carefulness, while in selecting their friends they were negligent, nor had they, as it were, any signs or marks by which they determined who were suited for friendship. The steadfast, then, and the steady, and the consistent are to be selected, of which class of persons there is a great scarcity; and, in truth, it is difficult for any one to judge, unless after he is experienced. Now the trial must be made in actual friendship; thus friendship outstrips judgment, and removes the power of making experiments. It is the part, therefore, of a prudent man, to check the impetus of his kindly feeling as he would his chariot, that we may have our friendships, like our horses, fully proved when the character of our friends has been in some measure tested. Of some, it is often discovered in small sums of money how void of worth they are. Some, whom a small sum could not influence, are discovered in the case of a large one. But, even if some shall be found who think it sordid to prefer money to friendship, where should we find those who do not place above friendship high dignities, magistracies, military command, civil authorities, and influence? so that, when on the one side these objects have been proposed, and the claim of friendship on the other, they would not far prefer the former. For nature is too weak to despise the possession of power; for, even if they have attained it by the slighting of friendship, they think the act will be thrown into the shade, because friendship was not overlooked without strong grounds. Therefore real friendships are found with most difficulty among those who are invested with high offices, or in business of the state. For where can you find the man who would prefer his friend's advancement to his own? And why? For to pass over those matters, how grievous, how impracticable to most men does participation in afflictions appear! to which it is not easy to find the man who will descend. Although Ennius truly says, "A sure friend, is discerned in an unsure matter." Yet these two charges of inconstancy and of weakness condemn most men: either in their prosperity they despise a friend, or in his trouble they desert him.

He who, therefore, shall have shown himself in both cases

as regards friendship, worthy, consistent, and steadfast; such a one we ought to esteem of a class of persons extremely rare, nay, almost godlike. Now, the foundation of that steadfastness and constancy, which we seek in friendship, is sincerity. For nothing is steadfast which is insincere. Besides, it is right that one should be chosen who is frank and good-natured, and congenial in his sentiments; one, in fact, who is influenced by the same motives; all which qualities have a tendency to create sincerity. For it is impossible for a wily and tortuous disposition to be sincere. Nor in truth can the man who has no sympathy from nature, and who is not moved by the same considerations, be either attached or steady. To the same requisites must be added, that he shall neither take delight in bringing forward charges, nor believe them when they arise; all which causes belong to that consistent principle, of which now for some time I have been treating. Thus the remark is true, which I made at first, that friendship can only exist among the good: for it is the part of a good man (whom at the same time we may call a wise man) to observe these two rules in friendship: first, that there be nothing pretended or simulated (for even to hate openly better becomes the ingenuous man, than by his looks to conceal his sentiments); in the next place, that not only does he repel charges when brought (against his friends) by any one, but is not himself suspicious, ever fancying that some infidelity has been committed by his friend. To all this there should be added a certain suavity of conversation and manners, affording as it does no inconsiderable zest to friendship. Now solemnity and gravity on all occasions, certainly, carry with them dignity; bnt friendship ought to be easier and more free and more pleasant, and tending more to every kind of politeness and good nature.

But there arises on this subject a somewhat difficult question; whether ever new friends, if deserving friendship, are to be preferred to old ones, just us we are wont to prefer young colts to old horses? a perplexity unworthy of a man; for there ought to be no satiety of friendship as of other things; every thing which is oldest (as those wines which bear age well) ought to be sweetest; and that is true which is sometimes said, "Many bushels of salt must be eaten together," before the duty of friendship can be fulfilled. But new friendships, if they afford a hope that, as in the case of plants which never disappoint, fruits shall appear, such are not to be rejected; yet the

old one must be preserved in its proper place, for the power of age and custom is exceedingly great; besides, in the very case of the horse, which I just mentioned, if there is no impediment, there is no one who does not more pleasurably use that to which he is accustomed than one unbroken and strange to him; and habit asserts its power, and habit prevails, not only in the case of this, which is animate, but also in the cases of those things which are inanimate, since we take delight in the very mountainous or woody scenery among which we have long dwelt. But it is of the greatest importance in friendship that the superior should be on an equality with the inferior.

As therefore those who are superior in the connection of friendship and of union ought to put themselves on a level with their inferiors; so ought the inferiors not to grieve that they are surpassed by their friends either in genius, or fortune, or rank: whereas most of them are always either complaining of something, or even breaking out into reproaches; and so much the more if they think they have anything which they can say was done by them in an obliging and friendly manner with some exertion on their part. A disgusting set of people assuredly they are who are ever reproaching you with their services; which the man on whom they are conferred ought indeed to remember, but he who conferred them ought not to call them to mind. Wherefore, as those who are superior ought in the exercise of friendship to condescend; so, in a measure, they ought to raise up their inferiors. For there are some persons who render friendships with them annoying, while they fancy they are slighted: this does not commonly happen except to those who think themselves liable to be slighted; and from this belief they require to be relieved, not only by your professions but by your actions. Now, first of all, so much advantage is to be bestowed on each as you yourself can produce; and in the next place, as much as he whom you love and assist can bear; for you could not, however eminent you might be, bring all your friends to the very highest honor; just as Scipio had power to make Publius Rutilius consul, but could not do the same for his brother Lucius: indeed, even if you have the power to confer what you please on another, yet you must consider what he can bear. On the whole, those connections only can be considered as friendships, when both the dispositions and age have been established and matured. Nor, when persons have been in early life attached to hunting or tennis, are they bound to make inti-

mates of those whom at that time they loved, as being endowed with the same taste; for on that principle, our nurses and the tutors of our childhood, by right of priority, will claim the greatest part of our affection; who, indeed, should not be neglected, but possess our regard in some other manner: otherwise friendships could not continue steadfast. For dissimilar habits and dissimilar pursuits ensue; the dissimilarity of which severs friendships; it is for no other cause that the good cannot be friends of the worthless, or the worthless of the good; but that there is between them the greatest difference that can subsist of characters and pursuits. For in friendships this precept may be properly laid down, not to let ill-regulated affection (as often is the case) thwart and impede the great usefulness of friends: nor in truth (to revert to fiction) could Neoptolemus have taken Troy if he had been inclined to listen to Lycomedes, with whom he had been brought up, when with many tears he sought to prevent his journey: and often important occasions arise, so that you must bid farewell to our friends; and he who would hinder them, because he cannot easily bear the regret for their loss, such an one is both weak and effeminate, and on that ground unjust in his friendship. And in every case it is necessary to consider, both what you would ask of a friend, and what favor you would permit to be obtained from yourself.

Now they are worthy of friendship in whom there exists a reason why they should be loved; a rare class (for in truth all that is excellent is rare); nor is aught more difficult than to find anything which in every respect is perfect of its kind: but most men recognize nothing as good in human affairs but what is profitable; and with their friends, as with cattle, they love those most especially from whom they hope they will receive most advantage; and thus they are destitute of that most beautiful and most natural friendship, which is desirable for itself and of itself; nor do they exemplify to themselves what and how powerful this quality of friendship is. For every one loves himself, not that he may exact from himself some reward of his affection, but that, for his own sake, every one is dear to himself. And unless this same principle be transferred to friendship, a true friend will never be found; for such an one is, as it were, a second self. Now, if this is apparent in beasts, birds, fishes, creatures of the field, tame and wild, that first they love themselves (for the principle is alike born with every living thing); in the next place, that they seek out and desire some

creatures of the same species to which they may unite themselves, and do this with desire, and with a kind of resemblance to human love; how much more naturally does this take place in man by nature, who not only loves himself, but seeks for another whose soul he may so mingle with his own, as almost to create one person out of two?

Yet most men, perversely, not to say shamelessly, desire to have a friend, such as they themselves are unable to be; and allowances which they themselves make not for their friends, they require from them. Now, the fair thing is, first that a man himself should be good, and then that he should seek another like to himself. Amongst such persons, there may be established that solidity of friendship which I have long been treating on: when men are united by benevolent feeling, they will first of all master those passions to which others are slaves; next, they will take pleasure in equity and justice, and the one will undertake everything for the other; nor will the one ever ask of the other anything but what is honorable and right: nor will they only mutually regard and love each other, but even have a feeling of respect; for he removes the greatest ornament of friendship, who takes away from it respect. Accordingly, there is a pernicious error in those who think that a free indulgence in all lusts and sins is extended in friendship. Friendship was given us by nature as the handmaid of virtues, and not as the companion of our vices: that since, alone and unaided, virtue could not arrive at the highest attainments, she might be able to do so when united and associated with another; and if such a society between any persons either exists or has existed, or is likely to do so, their companionship is to be esteemed, in respect of the chief good in life, most excellent and most happy. This, I say, is that association in which all things exist which men deem worthy the pursuit; reputation, high esteem, peace of mind, and cheerfulness; so that where these blessings are present, life is happy, and without these cannot be so. And whereas this is the best and highest of objects, if we would gain it, attention must be paid to virtue; without which we can neither obtain friendship nor anything worthy of pursuit: indeed, should this be disregarded, they who think they possess friends, too late find that they are mistaken, when some grievous misfortune compels them to make the trial. Wherefore (for I must say it again and again) when you have formed your judgment, then it behooves

to give your affections; and not when you have given your affections, then to form the judgment; but while in many cases we suffer for our carelessness, so especially in choosing and cultivating friends; for we adopt a preposterous plan, and set about doing what has been already done, which we are forbidden by the old proverb to do. For, being entangled on every side, either by daily intercourse or else by kind offices, suddenly, in the middle of our course, on some offence arising, we break off our friendships altogether.

Wherefore so much the more is this great negligence to be blamed in a matter of the highest necessity. For friendship is the only point in human affairs, concerning the benefit of which, all with one voice agree; although by many virtue herself is despised, and is said to be a mere bragging and ostentation. Many persons despise riches; for, being content with a little, moderate food and a moderate style of living delights them; as to high offices, in truth, with the ambitious desire of which some men are inflamed, how many men so completely disregard them, that they think nothing is more vain and more trifling: and likewise there are those who reckon as nothing other things which to some men seem worthy of admiration: concerning friendship, all to a man have the same opinion. Those who have devoted themselves to political affairs, and those who find pleasure in knowledge and learning, and those who transact their own affairs at their leisure, and lastly, those who have given themselves wholly up to pleasure, feel that without friendship life is nothing, at least if they are inclined in any degree to live respectably; for somehow or other, friendship entwines itself with the life of all men, nor does it suffer any mode of spending our life to be independent of itself. Moreover, if there is any one of such ferocity and brutality of nature, that he shuns and hates the intercourse of mankind, such as we have heard that one Timon was at Athens; yet even he cannot possibly help looking out for some one on whom he may disgorge the venom of his ill-nature. And this would be most clearly decided if something of this kind could happen — that some god should remove us from the crowded society of men, and place us somewhere in solitude, and there supplying us with abundance and plenty of all things which nature requires, yet should take from us altogether the opportunity of seeing a human being; who would then be so insensible that he could endure such a life, and from whom would not solitude take

away the enjoyment of all pleasure? Accordingly, there is truth in that which I have heard our old men relate to have been commonly said by Archytas of Tarentum, and I think heard by them from others their elders, that if any one could have ascended to the sky, and surveyed the structure of the universe, and the beauty of the stars, that such admiration would be insipid to him; and yet it would be most delightful if he had some one to whom he might describe it. Thus nature loves nothing solitary, and always reaches out to something, as a support, which ever in the sincerest friend is most delightful.

On the Death of Cæsar.

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus come to this, that he should live at Sanuvium, and Trebonius repair by devious marches to his government? That all the actions, writings, words, promises and purposes of Cæsar should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the Senate should be summoned thither by the prætors. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half-patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command, and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things. I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country; and even your favorite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it.

EARL OF CLARENDON.

Clarendon (Edward Hyde), Earl of, an English statesman and historian; born at Dinton, Wiltshire, February 18, 1608; died at Rouen, France, December 9, 1674. Being the third son of a wealthy father, he was destined for the Church, and at the age of thirteen was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, to study for the clerical profession. But the death of his two elder brothers left him, at the age of sixteen, the heir of the family estates; and it was thought that the bar was for him a more befitting profession than the pulpit. He went up to London, and entered the Middle Temple as a student of law. He became intimate with Ben Jonson, Waller, Carew, Selden, Chillingworth, Hales, and the other literary celebrities of the day. He took a high place in his profession, and at thirty was among the leading members of the bar. In 1640 he entered Parliament, siding mainly with the reforming party, and vigorously opposing the arbitrary measures of the Crown. But when the disputes between King and Parliament came to the point of open war, Hyde embraced the Royal cause, and was one of the ablest supporters of Charles I., by whom he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Royal cause was definitively lost by the defeat at Naseby (June 14, 1645). Hyde not long after took up his residence in Jersey, where he resided nearly two years, studying the Psalms and writing the early chapters of his "History of the Rebellion." In the spring of 1648 he drew up an answer to the ordinance which had been issued by Parliament, declaring the King guilty of the civil war, and forbidding all future addresses to him.

Charles I. having been executed, and his son, Charles II., having nominally acceded to the throne, Hyde joined him on the Continent and became his chief adviser, drawing up all the state papers, and conducting the voluminous correspondence with the English Royalists; and in 1658 the dignity of Lord Chancellor was conferred upon him by the as yet crownless and landless King. He himself was in the meantime often reduced to the sorest pecuniary straits. In 1652 he writes: "I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;" and not long after, "I have not had a livre of my own for the last three months."

Charles was at length restored to his kingdom in May, 1660.

Hyde accompanied him to England, and took his seat as Speaker of the House of Lords. At the coronation in June, 1660, he was created Earl of Clarendon, and received a royal gift of £20,000. His consequence was not a little increased by the fact that, not long before, his daughter, Anne Hyde, had been married to the King's brother, the Duke of York, afterward King James II.; and it came to be looked upon as not unlikely that their children might sit upon the British throne. This possibility was in time realized; for James II. was deposed, and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, came in succession to be Queens-regnant of Great Britain.

Clarendon retained his position as Lord Chancellor for six years, until 1667. He soon became unpopular both with the people on account of his haughty demeanor, and with the Court on account of his determined opposition to the prevailing extravagance and dissoluteness. At the royal command he resigned the Chancellorship. He was impeached by the House of Commons for high treason. The House of Lords refused to accept the charge as presented; but it was evident to Clarendon that his ruin was inevitable. In November, 1667, he left the kingdom, never to return; having in the meanwhile addressed to the House of Lords a vindication of his conduct. The House of Commons declared this Vindication to be seditious, and ordered it to be burned by the hangman. A bill of attainder was brought in against him, which was rejected by the Lords; but an act was finally passed condemning him to perpetual banishment unless he should appear for trial within six weeks. He took up his abode at Rouen in France, where he died, having in vain addressed an appeal to Charles II. that he might be allowed to end his days in his native land. His remains were, however, brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

The closing years of Clarendon's life were devoted to writing various works, among which were numerous "Essays," a "Survey of Hobbes's Leviathan," and an "Autobiography;" but mainly to the completion of his "History of the Rebellion," which had been commenced nearly twenty years before. He directed that this History should not be published until all of those who had been prominent actors in the matter were dead. It was not, indeed, published until 1702; and then many alterations and omissions were made by Bishop Spratt and Dean Aldrich, who had undertaken to edit the manuscript. This edition was several times reprinted; and it was not till 1826 that a wholly authentic edition was printed at Oxford. Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars," notwithstanding numerous defects, is yet one of the most important contributions to English history. Several portions — such as the account of the Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637, the Execution of Montrose in 1650, and the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester in

CHARLES I

From Painting by Van Dyck

1650—are admirably written. But the most striking passages are the delineations of leading actors in the great drama, although these not unfrequently are strongly colored by the political and personal feelings of the author.

The Character of Charles I.

It will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation underwent in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation than the most strict laws can have.

He was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except that it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence; and then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities.

He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his

nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person, and did not love strangers nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the counsel board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the meditating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion which the stubbornness of men's humors made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person, but in his riper years not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition. . . .

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants that there were few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men; and afterward the terror all men were under of the Parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their masters, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal

defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations as any of his predecessors had ever been.

To conclude: He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

The Character of Cromwell.

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth — though of good family — without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. . . .

Without doubt no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the

stander-by. Yet as he grew into grace and authority his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom. After he was confirmed Protector, by the humble petition and advice of Parliament, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from those who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had often been troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, toward all who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection he used great civility, generosity, and bounty. To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government;" but that Cromwell would never consent to: it may be out of too great a con-

tempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated: and he will be looked on by posterity as a brave, wicked man.

The Character of Hampden.

Mr. Hampden was a man of great cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of good extraction and a fair fortune; who from a life of great pleasure and license had, on a sudden, retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom.

He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed, but a very weighty speaker; and after he heard a full debate and observed how the House was like to be inclined, he took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found that he could not do that he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative which might prove inconvenient in the future.

He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

The Character of Lord Falkland.

In the unhappy battle of Newbury [September 20, 1643] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be the farthest engaged. And in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not by resistance made necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill (October, 1642), when the enemy was routed, he was likely to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away, so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted from the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned to England, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he had received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him which he had never been used to. Yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory

on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor — which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of — he resisted these indispositions. But after the King's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit of any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always pleasant and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe that there wanted not some men — strangers to his nature and disposition — who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free.

The truth is, that as he was of a most incomparable gentleness, application, and even a demissness and submission to good and worthy and entire men, so he was naturally (which could not but be more evident in his place which objected him to another conversation and intermixture than his own election had done) *adversus malos injucundus* [toward evil-doers ungracious] and was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill men that it was not possible for such not to discern it. There was once in the House of Commons such a declared acceptation of the good service an eminent member had done to them, and as they said, to the whole kingdom, that it was moved, he being present, that the Speaker might in the name of the whole House give him thanks; and then, that every member might as a testimony of his particular acknowledgment stir or move his hat towards him; the which (though not ordered) when very many did, the Lord Falkland (who believed the service itself not to be of that moment, and that an honorable and generous person could not have stooped to it for any recompense), instead of moving his hat, stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together upon the crown of his hat, and held it close

down to his head; that all men might see how odious that flattery was to him, and the very approbation of the person, though at that time most popular.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word, "Peace! peace!" and would passionately profess that "the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, that "he was so much enamored of peace that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience and honor could have wished the King to have committed a trespass against either. . . .

In the morning before the battle — as always upon action — he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his dearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence. Whoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

JULES ARNAUD ARSÈNE CLARETIE.

Claretie, Jules Arnaud Arsène, a French novelist and journalist, born at Limoges, France, December 3, 1840. He was educated at the Bonaparte Lyceum, in Paris. He chose literature as a profession, contributed many articles to French and Belgian journals, and in 1866 became war correspondent of the "Avenir National" during the war between Austria and Italy. During the Franco-Prussian War he was a correspondent of several French newspapers. After the war he was appointed a secretary of the commissioners of the papers of the Tuileries, and later charged with the organization of a library and lecture-hall in each of the arrondissements of Paris. In 1871 he returned to literary pursuits. Among his numerous works are "Une Drôleuse" (1862); "Pierille" (1863); "Les Ornières de la Vie" (1864); "Voyages d'un Parisien" (1865); "L'Assassin," republished under the title "Robert Burat" (1866); "Mademoiselle Cachemire" (1867); "La Libre Parole" (1868); "Histoire de la Révolution de 1870–1871;" "Ruines et Fantômes" (1873); "Les Muscadins" (1874); "Camille Desmoulins, Lucile Desmoulins, Études sur les Dantonistes" (1875); "Cinq Ans Après, l'Alsace et la Lorraine depuis l'Annexion" (1876); "Le Train No. 7" (1877); "La Maison Vide" (1878); "Monsieur le Ministre" (1881); and still later, "Molière et Ses Œuvres;" "Les Prussiens chez eux;" "La Vie Moderne au Théâtre;" "Le Prince Zillah" (1884); "Puyjoli" (1890). Claretie was for some years director of the Comédie-Française.

One of Brichanteau's Great Days.[1]

(From "Brichanteau, Actor.")

Louis XI.! A great king and a grand rôle! I have played it, monsieur. And under such circumstances! You would hardly believe me if I should tell you the story. It left with me a memory of pleasure, a perfume of joy. *Louis XI.!* — that was my great day! one of my great days, for, God be thanked, my career is well filled with them! There are unknown devo-

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tees of art, monsieur, who have accumulated in their lives as many victories as the most famous artists, and who have tasted, like all celebrated, illustrious, successful men, the intoxication of success. Yes, on my word I sometimes say to myself that I would not give my artistic life, unworthy as it is to be written, for that of a *sociétaire* of the Comédie-Française.

I have no regular engagement, I have had no chance; I am a Bohemian, a free-lance of art, but I have had my hour! — my hours!

Louis XI., the performance of Louis XI. at Compiègne, that is something to remember! My old comrade Courtillier had undertaken to produce it; my comrade and my pupil. He knew that I was without an engagement as usual, I, who at one time, being a youngster and even then well spoken of, had been within an ace of giving Rachel her cue in America, I whom the great Mélingue used to call familiarly the little Mélingue. Courtillier, when he was organizing a tour, made up to me in wages the lessons I had given him. A good fellow, not ungrateful, an artist's soul. We were made, he and I, to commune together in the domain of the Beautiful.

Courtillier had offered me the part of Tristan in *Louis XI.* A fair part. An apparition, a cold, forbidding creature. In a word, a sort of accommodation part. I knew it thoroughly. Monsieur Beauvallet gave me the traditions of the part at the Conservatory, and I had long before rummaged through the texts and memoirs and chronicles to saturate myself with the character. Everything depends on saturating one's self with the past, monsieur, when one seeks to evoke an historical figure. I annotated the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* to enable me to play Napoléon better. So I was saturated with Tristan. I hated him when I acted him. Yes, I hated him in order to make him more hateful. I am for the art militant, the art that proves something.

So I was to play Tristan! But, if I played Tristan, who would play Louis XI.? I give you a thousand guesses! Monsieur Talbot of the Comédie-Française! I have n't a word to say against Monsieur Talbot, who is a charming man, who adores his art and is devoted to his pupils, and has played the *Avare* and Triboulet with remarkable success; but, between him and myself, perhaps Courtillier should not have hesitated. He knew that I had dug up my Louis XI. among the archives. I had seen Ligier in *Les Grands Vassaux.* Very good, Ligier was.

A little undersized, but very good. Picturesque and profound. Another one of those who saturate themselves with the characters they represent. But what could you expect? Courtillier had the Talbot superstition. A *sociétaire*, you understand! And *Sociétaire de la Comédie-Française* on the posters means doubling up the receipts.

So it was that, on a damp, unhealthy day in February, like gallant soldiers setting out for the seat of war, we took the Compiègne train at the Gare du Nord at 8.55 in the morning, all in the best of spirits. We talked together pleasantly in the train. General exchange of views upon art and its destiny, while the engine bore us along, puffing vigorously — I was about to say *sifflant*,[1] but that would have had a satirical sound. Courtillier told us that Thibouville, the professor, who, after acting at the Odéon, had become Monsieur de Rothschild's reader, advised his pupils to put a weight on their stomachs and accustom themselves to breathing despite that obstacle. An excellent method of acquiring the power to recite a long speech without stopping for breath. I maintained, for my part, that no known method was equal to that of drawing in the breath, and that no artist could ever tell, when he walked on to the stage, whether he was going to act well or ill. That depends on the state of his mind. It is an everlasting subject of controversy.

We were still arguing when we reached Compiègne, at 10.24, and we continued to argue as we sat about the table at the *Hôtel de la Cloche*, where we breakfasted. Then I walked about the city, all by myself, dreaming of Tristan, regretting Louis XI., and devoting special attention to the out-of-the-way corners of the old town, where I might find some stray bits of gothic architecture, in order to transport my mind, through the medium of my eyes, back to the epoch when the man I was to represent flourished. Yes, monsieur, after texts, monuments. That is the way the actor becomes the equal of the historian. I who speak to you have read Michaud's "History of the Crusades" as a preparation for acting Nérestan's confidant in *Zäire*. But by that means, as all my comrades will tell you, I made my mark in the part!

Having studied Compiègne from Tristan's standpoint, I was returning thoughtfully to the hotel, when I saw two men in the doorway, both much excited, but in very different ways. The first, my comrade and pupil, Courtillier, seemed in despair; the

[1] *Sifflant* (whistling) means also *hissing*.

other, Monsieur Talbot, was like a madman! One pale, the other red, — a living antithesis. Life is full of them, as is art itself. Behind the two men, equally agitated, appeared the perplexed faces of the actors and actresses who composed our improvised troupe.

"Well, well, what's the matter?" I cried, divining some disaster, — I have experienced so many on my travels.

"The matter?" said Courtillier; "the matter is that Monsieur Talbot's box of costumes has n't arrived!"

"They have probably sent it somewhere else than to Compiègne!" said Monsieur Talbot.

"There 's evidently a mistake somewhere!"

"Perhaps the box is at Saint-Quentin!"

"The Comédie-Française costume! My costume," said Monsieur Talbot. "And if I don't have my costume, why, I simply don't play!"

"But what about the money?" interposed Courtillier. "There 's been some money taken in advance!"

"The money can be returned," replied Talbot firmly.

To return money is always a disagreeable necessity. The features of my comrades, men and women, expressed, at that prospect, a feeling very far removed from joy. But how could we soothe Monsieur Talbot? His carefully studied costume made a part of his conception of the rôle. He could not be Louis XI. without the fur cape and the legendary hat adorned with images and medals from Notre-Dame d'Embrun. To tell the truth, monsieur, heartsick as I was at the thought of losing my share of the receipts, I could not blame a dramatic artist, a successful actor, a professor, for that excess of conscientiousness.

And yet I felt that it was a most deplorable thing to return the money, — absolutely deplorable.

"But you must know Louis XI.," said Capécure, who played Coitier, to me.

Did I know Louis XI.? I knew the whole of Casimir Delavigne as I know my whole repertory.

"Tell Courtillier that you 'll play it."

"You 're joking! What about Monsieur Talbot?"

Monsieur Talbot was still justified in hoping that the costumes would arrive in time. Courtillier was studying the time-tables. He discovered that there was a train that left Paris at 4.50, and reached Compiègne at 6.19, and another, a semi-express, that arrived at 9.41. That would be too late. But the train

from Paris to Villers-Cotterets, train 1139, arrived at 8.12. The boxes might, yes, must reach Compiègne by train 1139.

"Telegraph! Make a row! Do the impossible," said Monsieur Talbot. "If I have n't my costume, I won't play Louis XI., and there you are!"

"You shall have your costume, my dear sir," replied Courtillier, trying to be calm. "Louis XI. does n't appear till Scene VII. in the *second*. We will gain time by commencing Act I. a little late. You can dress during the *entr'acte* and make your *entrée* in the *second* amid thunders of applause.

"'Ne vous y jouez pas, comte, par la croix sainte!'

Meanwhile dinner is served. Let us dine. I will offer a toast to your success at dessert!"

I tell you, monsieur, that, despite the inevitable anxiety that assailed us, the dinner was very lively. Artists have childlike minds that do not understand danger. We were in danger, in very great danger of having to return the money that had been taken, and yet we made puns. Monsieur Talbot alone did not forget his anxiety and did not eat, and Courtillier glanced at me across the table, as if to say, "What a fix, Brichanteau!" I comforted him with a smile. I have seen many others as bad!

We took our coffee and adjourned to the theatre. I put on my Tristan costume, sharing my dressing-room with Capécure, who was painting himself for Coitier, and with Courtillier himself, who was grumbling to himself as he put on the auburn wig in which he played the Dauphin.

"You will see, that train won't bring his costume!"

Monsieur Talbot meanwhile was stalking up and down the stage, which was set for *a country scene, the Chateau of Plessis in the background, a few scattered trees at the side* — and he kept saying in a sort of frenzy: —

"If I don't get my costume from the Comédie, I won't act, I won't act, I won't act!"

Meanwhile the audience was impatiently calling for the curtain to rise. A very good house, to judge from a glance through a hole in the drop-curtain. Fine toilets, uniforms, and the undercurrent of enthusiasm that gives promise of a successful occasion. There are audiences of wood, and audiences of plaster of Paris. That one seemed to be of lava.

The curtain rises, and I say my first words: —

"Thy name?" — a question put to Richard le Pâtre.

"Thy name?"

"Richard le Pâtre!"

"Stand; and thy dwelling?"

"I have come thence but now."

"The king doth forbid all persons to come forth at this hour!"

That amounts to nothing, but it is the play. All the weight of the king's authority should be made to appear in the grand provost's interrogatory: "Thy name?" If that is well said — and it *was* well said — the whole audience should at once anticipate something tragic. *Thy name?* Nobody can pass, nobody can leave his home after dark. It is terrible. *Thy name?* In those two words the hearer should at once feel the two lines that follow: —

> "Return, or thy friends shall see ere sinks to-morrow's sun,
> The justice of the king hanging from yonder oak!"

It would be more simple perhaps to say: *Thou shalt be hanged*, but perhaps it would be a little too simple. *Thy name?* I had felt a thrill run through the audience. I had them in hand. Monsieur Talbot as Louis XI. could come now; my Tristan had smoothed the way for him. I speak only of my diction. As for my costume, I was Tristan from top to toe, — a masterly portrait.

Meanwhile Courtillier had sent old Saint-Firmin to the station with the hotel carriage. Saint-Firmin was to pounce upon the box when it arrived from Paris, tear it from the hands of the Company's agents without giving them time for reflection, and bring it back to the theatre at full speed, swifter than thought.

"If he does n't bring it, I don't act," repeated Monsieur Talbot, determined to be consistent.

Now the *first* came to an end amid applause; there were calls for Brichanteau, although Tristan was not on at the end of the act, and it was 8.44. Train 1139 must have arrived, and the box, the blessed box, did not appear. Courtillier ran hither and thither, fuming and biting the end of the Dauphin's wig. Suddenly there was a great outcry on the stage where we were all assembled condoling with one another.

"Saint-Firmin!"

"Well?"

"The box?"

"The costume?"

"Nothing," replied Saint-Firmin, in despair. "The box must have gone to Tergnier. They have probably sent it along to the frontier."

"Very good," chimed in Monsieur Talbot's well-known voice. "I won't play."

"But we can get up a costume."

"A costume that would n't be the costume of the Rue de Richelieu. A wretched makeshift! I won't act!"

"With an announcement —"

"I won't act!"

"Ah! but the announcement shall be made most flattering to you."

"I won't act!"

"But the money?"

"The money! Art first of all! Art alone! I won't act!"

"Suppose the audience should consent to your acting Louis XI. in street clothes?"

"I won't act, I won't act, I won't act!"

Courtillier tore his hair, or the Dauphin's. Little Declergy, from the Conservatory, who was to play Marie, Commines' daughter, declared that she would never sign a contract with Courtillier again, for he had made her lose a morning performance at the Élysée-Montmartre, where she would have recited monologues. The stage, monsieur, but recently devoted to manifestations of art and the Alexandrines of the poet, presented the appearance of a dismantled ship. Everybody was talking, giving his or her advice. Courtillier had taken up the time-table once more, and was studying it as Bonaparte studied the map of Italy.

"Suppose we telegraph to Tergnier?"

That was an idea. But, with the best will in the world, the station agent at Tergnier, assuming that he had Monsieur Talbot's costume, could forward it only by one of three trains which reached Compiègne at 10.22, 11.17, and 2.04, respectively. What irony! Four minutes past two! Long before that, the curtain would have fallen on the last line of *Louis XI.*: —

"One is king for one's people, and not for one's self."

A wretched ending, by the way. It is François de Paule who says it, and the leading man's part, the king, ought to give the cue for the curtain to fall. It does n't interfere with the recall, however, as Louis XI. is on the stage.

Ah! we were in a pretty mess, — everybody out of his senses,

except Monsieur Talbot, who was firm in the determination which tore our hearts, but which I could not blame. However, if there are duties that we owe to art, we also owe something to the public.

A sudden flash of light passed through my mind. I took Courtillier's hand.

"It is all up with us, don't you think? Monsieur Talbot won't act. The evening is thrown away. Do you want me to pull the fat out of the fire? I have so often been the *terra nova* of managers! Do you want me to play Louis XI.?"

"You, Brichanteau?"

"I know the part. I have ground at it. I am ready. I will throw myself into the water."

"Brichanteau!"

I thought at first that he was going to fall on my neck, but he hesitated.

"And Tristan? Who will play Tristan?"

"Saint-Firmin. We can make an announcement!"

"And the costume?"

"I'll get one up. I ask you for ten minutes."

"That's very long! The *entr'acte* has lasted an interminable time already."

"Five minutes then. Make an announcement."

Courtillier had one of those moments of decision which turn the tide of battle. "*Alea jacta est*,"[1] he said, as if he were still Charlemagne's tutor. And he was going to find the stage-manager to tell him to strike the three blows, when I seized his wrist.

"One moment. There's one condition."

The word frightened him. He foresaw an increase of perquisites, a demand for a larger share of the profits, one of those blackmailing tricks to which some artists resort under such circumstances, making the most they can out of the *impresarii*, who generally give them as good as they send. But I have never placed money before honor.

"The condition," I said, "is, that at the end of the *fourth*, after the scene with Nemours, they shall throw me the wreath intended for Monsieur Talbot."

"True, true," said Courtillier, "there is a wreath. But it's a superb affair, that wreath!"

"A reason the more. I demand it."

"Monsieur Talbot was to play Louis XI., he does n't play

[1] The die is cast.

Louis XI.; you were not to play Louis XI., you do play Louis XI.; you shall have Monsieur Talbot's wreath," replied Courtillier. "And now, the three blows!"

While the stage-manager struck the three blows, and called out, *Attention!* as they do at the Comédie-Française, I saw Courtillier talking to Monsieur Talbot. Monsieur Talbot listened, seemed to remonstrate, apparently made some objections, then bowed as if in assent. And the curtain rose on the throne-room at the Château of Plessis-les-Tours.

Thereupon Courtillier walked forward, bowing three times before the now silent audience. Every one felt that there was something serious in the air; and I heard Courtillier's voice, as I undressed in hot haste behind a screen, — doffing Tristan's costume to don that of Louis XI. Courtillier, deeply moved, was saying: —

"Mesdames and messieurs, a genuine disaster has befallen us, — a disaster that was very near preventing the continuance of the performance."

The audience waited in suspense. I followed its movements anxiously, I could hear its hard breathing.

"The costume of Monsieur Talbot of the Comédie-Française has, by a most unfortunate chance, gone astray on the railway, we don't know where. At all events, it has not arrived at Compiègne, and Monsieur Talbot, always concerned for the truth and for his dignity as an artist, has informed the management that he cannot appear before the intelligent audience which kindly listens to me and bears with me, without his usual costume, the costume used at the Comédie-Française."

A frigid silence. The spectators were wondering what Courtillier was coming at; and Courtillier's voice trembled a little; his emotion was mastering him. Meanwhile I was saying to Saint-Firmin: "And the cap? Think up something for the cap and the medals, my good old Saint-Firmin. Think, think!"

"Mesdames and messieurs," continued Courtillier, "we should be altogether helpless and despairing, and compelled, notwithstanding the success of the first act, to send you home" — outcries and protests — "send you home to your own *foyers*, more comforting than ours," — Some few persons smiled at the joke, — "were it not that our worthy comrade Brichanteau, Sébastien Brichanteau, whose rare talents you have but a moment since enjoyed in the rôle of Tristan," — "*Yes! yes! that is*

true!" — "were it not, I say, that our comrade Brichanteau has undertaken to relieve both the management and all his colleagues from the most cruel embarrassment by taking the part of Louis XI. without preparation." A moment of suspense. "Monsieur Sébastien Brichanteau requests from the enlightened audience he is about to face its utmost indulgence. But, encouraged by that very indulgence, he does not fear to assume a heavy responsibility, and it will be the crowning honor of his dramatic career, already a long one, to have interpreted under such delicate circumstances so difficult a rôle, — and that too, mesdames and messieurs, in the noble and artistic city of Compiègne!"

There was another pause, not very long, and I heard the hall ring with applause as I was drawing on the king's knee-breeches. I ought to say that I had literally carried the audience by storm in the *first* with my complete, historically accurate Tristan. One voice, however, loud as a clarion, asked: —

"What about Monsieur Talbot?"

"Yes! yes!" chimed in several others. "What about Monsieur Talbot?"

But Courtillier soon reassured them. He had understood the whole bearing of the question.

"Do not believe, messieurs, that Monsieur Talbot has, for the first time in his life, proved recreant to his duty, or that the management had promised you the services of an eminent artist with whom it had made no contract. No! Monsieur Talbot is at his post. His costume alone has failed to keep its appointment. But to prove to your satisfaction the good faith of the management and Monsieur Talbot's good-will, Monsieur Talbot will witness the performance from the proscenium box on the left, the *garden* side, as we say," — "*Bravo!*" — "and if you have never had the good fortune to hear that excellent actor, you will at least, mesdames and messieurs, have the consolation of seeing him follow the efforts of his substitute and admirer, Monsieur Brichanteau! A rare and signal good fortune, messieurs, for the refined public of Compiègne: it will have before its eyes at one and the same time, I will not say the pupil, but the successor — and the master!"

I have heard many announcements in my time. I have made several myself, and under circumstances as diverse as the innumerable accidents of life. But I have never heard one

that was more warmly received, more loudly applauded than that! Applauded? No, let us rather say acclaimed. The curtain fell upon a perfect thunder-storm of *bravos*.

"Now your mind ought to be at ease," said Courtillier, in high good-humor.

"I have never had any fear," I replied. "That's a feeling that I don't know."

And I went on with my dressing. The effect of the announcement was such that we had a few moments before us; and then before the king's *entrée* in the *second*, there is Marie's little monologue, the scene with the Dauphin which is quite long, the *entrée* of Commines, the scene between Commines and his daughter, and the arrival of Nemours. Saint-Firmin could utilize the time. Ah! what a man Saint-Firmin was, monsieur! A man of resource, accustomed to all the expedients that necessity imposes upon artists in their struggle with fate and with the unexpected. It was Saint-Firmin who, on one occasion, when he was playing Ruy Gomez in *Hernani* at Lons-le-Saunier, in a theatre which had no scenery representing a portrait gallery, nothing approaching a gallery, said to the manager, "Have n't you at least a photograph album?" And, holding in one hand the album filled with photographs of the manager's numerous family, he played the whole scene, turning over the leaves of the blessed book: —

"This is the oldest of the Silvas, the common ancestor, the great man of them all, Don Silvius; thrice consul he at Rome."

And he turned a leaf.

"Ruy Gomez de Silva, grand master of Saint James and Calabrana. His gigantic armor would fit our forms but ill."

And he turned another leaf.

"I pass him by and better men than he. This consecrated head is my own father. He too was great although the last in order."

And he called Don Carlos's attention to another photograph.

It was an admirable piece of work, and the invention of the album is still talked about. But Saint-Firmin, monsieur, was fertile in miracles, like the days when Joad lived. Do you know what Saint-Firmin did while I was buttoning my doublet? He made the cap of the rapacious monarch I was to represent, by tearing off the vizor of an old *képi* belonging to a chasseur of the garrison; and for the medals with the effigy of Notre-

Dame d'Embrun that Louis XI. was supposed to wear, that devil of a Saint-Firmin — on my word, he 's a very Edison for a travelling company — the fellow melted, in a spoon, some lead soldiers he had bought from the concierge's little one. And, after melting them and hammering them flat like medallions, he drew them through coal dust to make them look old. It was admirable, monsieur, that king's cap made from a cavalryman's *képi*, and those slugs of soldiers from Nuremberg! I arrayed myself in them and looked at myself in a hand-glass. Being admirably painted, — I have the knack of making up my own face, — I cried with assurance : —

"That 's just the thing. It is King Loys XI. to the life! Philippe de Commines would recognize him! To the curtain!"

And so when, at the end of Scene VI., which the audience found over long because it was waiting for me, the château official announced, "The King!" I entered, monsieur, followed by Olivier le Daim, the Comte de Dreux, two citizens, and a horseman, with no more emotion than if I had continued to act Tristan. I attacked Scene VII. in an energetic, awe-inspiring voice : —

"Be not deceived, count; by the Holy Cross!
If but one murmur, one complaint, doth reach my ear,
I lay my hand on you, and, when my doubts are cleared away,
I 'll send you hence to God to look for pardon!"

I had not finished the last line, when a thunder of applause drowned my voice. I glanced at Monsieur Talbot in his proscenium box. He nodded approvingly, but his face was pale. And the whole performance was marked by the same spontaneous enthusiasm and touching unanimity. I felt that I was borne on toward success by a wave of sympathy, which, if I may so express it, formed the synthesis of all classes in the city of Compiègne. The army, which I saw was represented by the garrison staff, the magistracy, the literary bourgeoisie, the women, and even the common people, whose taste is instinctive and far-reaching, united to second me in my task. There was a sort of communion, — how shall I express myself ? — a collaboration between the audience and myself to impart to that extemporaneous creation of Louis XI. a definitive value.

Ah! monsieur, I passed two delightful hours there, which paid me for many mortifications. Without preparation, to play without preparation a rôle that Ligier had worked over, and

that, too, under Monsieur Talbot's eye! It was a dream I should have declared impossible of realization, even on the morning of that unforgetable day in February! February 23d! The date is written here, in my head and in my heart!

Recalled once after the *second*, with Saint-Firmin, who succeeded me as Tristan, — once after the *third*, — twice after the *fourth*, in which I rushed off the stage in fine style, muttering inarticulate sounds, as the text demands, I was recalled thrice after the *fifth;* and Monsieur Talbot witnessed this spectacle: the wreath, a magnificent wreath intended for him, falling at my feet. I can see it still in all its fresh beauty, that wreath of violets and roses, tied with a tri-colored ribbon, which hangs in my room, a palpable souvenir of the 23d of February! On one of the ribbons were these words in letters of gold, words that made me thrill with emotion: *To the incomparable artist!* I picked up the wreath quickly with an agitated gesture — like a poet at the Olympic games; and condensing all my emotion and all my gratitude in expressive pantomime, I put it to my lips, then pressed it against my heart.

It was of embarrassing size, was the wreath, but the compliment was the more noteworthy. The audience, when they saw my profoundly agitated pantomime, were seized with a sort of delirium. They cried and stamped and shouted my name until the arches of the theatre rang: —

"Brichanteau! Bravo, Brichanteau! Brichanteau! Brichanteau!"

That name, repeated thus by enthusiastic lips, seemed to me unexpectedly sonorous and grand. But I retained my tranquillity in face of that hall that seemed on the point of falling about our heads. Courtillier was waiting for me in the wings to embrace me and call me his savior! Even Monsieur Talbot himself, when the curtain fell, came and congratulated me, accompanied by a friend of his, a famous druggist of Compiègne. The latter, being addicted to psychology in his leisure moments, invited me to breakfast with him the next day, being desirous, he said, to analyze the sensations I had felt during that memorable evening. But I was in haste to steep myself in solitude. I returned to the hotel, with my ears still ringing with the uproar and the *bravos*, and I was lulled to sleep by their murmur, as by the echo of the waves of the sea. A blissful night, peopled with phantoms of glory.

For it was glory, monsieur, absolute glory. The next day,

when I went down to the common room, those of my comrades who had not taken the earliest train saluted me with repeated acclamations: —

"Vive Brichanteau! Bravo, Louis XI.!"

And Courtillier was gentlemanly enough to ask me what he owed me for having saved the company, honor and money.

"What would I like? The privilege of passing a few days at Compiègne, so that I can visit the Château of Pierrefonds and drink my fill of the Middle Ages, to my mind the ideal epoch!"

Courtillier did not hesitate; he paid for my room at the hotel and my meals for three days, and secretly handed me a hundred-franc note in an envelope. Then, his troupe having returned, I, being left alone with my thoughts, lived amid those artistic surroundings — passing my time between Compiègne and Pierrefonds — three full days, saluted in the streets by the authorities of the city, and returning courteous salutations without number on every side, but seeking by preference unfrequented corners, to meditate upon my renown and to recite poetry!

A reporter for a local paper was the only one who disturbed my blissful retirement; he asked me to give him some biographical details concerning myself, but I replied: —

"I am simply a passer-by, monsieur. And what interest has the public in the life of an artist? The important thing is his work. Did I play Louis XI. well or ill? That is the whole question. My rôles are yours, my life is my own!"

The reporter was not content. He made that apparent in his paper. But for every triumph there must be a share of criticism, I will not say of insult. I had my share. My triumph was complete.

On the third day I left the hotel on foot, having around my body, like a scarf, the wreath of flowers which had perfumed my room, the tri-colored ribbons fluttering in the wind. Thus, amid kindly glances from the people, did I leave Compiègne, with my valise in my hand, and my wreath worn bandoleer-wise. Not a shout as I walked along, but amiable salutations and indulgent smiles. I walked though the city in an atmosphere of sympathy.

At the station they asked me if I would n't put my wreath with the luggage; it was too large for the netting-racks in the carriages.

"No," I replied; "there are emblems from which one does not like to be separated. I will take my wreath across my knees!"

As the train started, the railway employees and some lovers of the drama who stood upon the platform gave me a parting salute. I heard one last cheer; and I even distinguished an *Au revoir!* that went to my heart.

It was done. The locomotive bore me away toward the great city. But I had, stored away in my memory, an imperishable souvenir, and in my hours of despair I look at the faded wreath bearing the date, sacred to me, of the 23d February, and I say to myself: —

"No weakness, Brichanteau! Struggle on, Brichanteau! You have had your hour! You have had your day! Never forget Compiègne, and take heart, Brichanteau! Remember Louis XI.! No one ever acted it as you did — no one!"

Ah! I forgot — and yet it is flattering to me; an art collector, bibliophile, and numismatist has kept to this day the chasseur's *képi*, adorned with the medallions made from lead soldiers. It is an additional testimony to my success. And if you have any curiosity to see the headgear worn by Louis XI., look up the secretary of the Archæological Society as you pass through Compiègne; he will show it to you hanging between a Roman soldier's helmet and the tri-colored helmet of a French guardsman. Documents for use in writing the history of the *coiffure!*

But for my part I prefer to the *képi*, historical though it be, my old faded wreath, an image of the artist's life, — flowers and dust! Let us be philosophers, after all! I know more ambitious men than I who have not had their great day as I have.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Clarke, James Freeman, an American clergyman and religious writer; born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810; died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. He was graduated from Harvard in 1829, and from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833; was settled at Louisville, Ky., 1833 to 1841. In 1841 he founded and became pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. Among his many works are: "Life and Military Services of Gen. William Hull" (1848); "Eleven Weeks in Europe" (1851); "Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness" (1852); "Christian Doctrine of Prayer" (1854); "The Hour Which Cometh and Now Is" (1864); "Orthodoxy" (1866); "Steps of Belief" (1870); "The Ten Great Religions of the World" (1870); "Common Sense in Religion" (1873); "Exotics" (1874); "Go up Higher" (1877); "Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion" (1878); "Self Culture" (1872); "The Legend of Thomas Didymus" (1881); and "Events and Epochs in Religious History" (1881). He is also the author of numerous religious poems.

Idea of a Future State in all Religions.[1]

(From "The Ten Great Religions.")

UNIVERSAL BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE OF EXISTENCE.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the comparative history of religions is the universal belief of mankind in a future state of existence after death.

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state," with an unknown eternity behind him, and an unknown eternity before him, with a great gulf between this globe and the worlds which surround it, man has everywhere believed in a hereafter. No traveller returns from that bourne to tell us anything about it, at least, none return to throw light on the condition of departed souls. The wise, the good, the lovely, no less than the ignorant, the vicious, the criminal, pass on in a long and never-ending procession into that darkness, and no one comes back to say to us where they have gone. But notwithstanding this, men have

[1] By arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright, 1898.

universally believed in another life. This is not because one race has received this faith as a tradition from another. It has sprung up, independently, in all parts of the world, and in all ages, among the ancient Egyptians and ancient Hindus, those who have lived in the frozen zone, and those who inhabit the burning regions of central Africa. The travellers who visited for the first time the Esquimaux of Greenland, or the negro tribes on the Niger, who first saw the natives of the islands of Oceanica, and the Papuans of the Eastern archipelago, found among them all a well-developed belief concerning a future life. This did not come by any process of reasoning, it came as the result of some instinctive operation of the mind itself.

The often-quoted saying of the intelligent missionary Charlevoix, that "the belief best established among the aboriginal Americans is that of the immortality of the soul," is confirmed by the careful researches of later writers. Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World," says that among all the Indians of North and South America there was only one clan found, and that a very small one, who seemed to have no notion of a future state. This was the "Pend d'Oreilles" of Oregon, and even they believed in charms, omens, dreams, and guardian spirits. The Iroquois, Algonquins, Sioux, Dakotas, Navajos, Natchez, and the rest of the many varieties of North American Indians, shared this common belief. The red men mostly believed in the sun as their future home, says Brinton. The Mexicans had a future paradise, and said to the dying: "Sir, or lady, awake, the dawn appears, the light is approaching, the birds begin their songs of welcome;" for to them, when the man died, he awoke out of this dream of life into a future reality.

Brinton also mentions one curious analogy of belief in many nations. We learn that the Greeks supposed that every soul must cross the river Styx in Charon's boat; that the Persians thought the departed must cross above the abyss of woe on the arch of the rainbow; and that the Koran teaches that they must go over on the bridge el Sirat, whose blade is sharp as a scimitar; and even Christians speak of passing over a mythical Jordan. The early missionaries were told by the Hurons and Iroquois that the soul after death must cross a deep, rapid river on a bridge made of a slender and ill-poised tree; another tribe believed in crossing a river in a stone canoe, another in going over the stream on a bridge made of an enormous serpent. The Indians of Chili, the Aztecs, and the Esquimaux had similar

legends. All these notions sprang up naturally. Among primitive people, before bridges were built, the chief difficulty a traveller encountered was in crossing a river, or a branch of the sea. They naturally thought that in the long journey from this world to the next, some similar difficulty would be found.

We saw in a previous chapter that a belief in ghosts is almost universal among primitive races. The negroes of Africa are tormented by the fear of ghosts, who are thought to return and haunt their homes.

The Nicaragua Indians, in 1528, gave their views concerning the departure of the soul, saying that, when one dies, the soul comes out of the mouth in a form like that of the living person. It is that which made them live, they said. A like phenomenon seems to have been accepted as a possibility by two of the most sharp-sighted observers, and ablest scientific men of our time. The late Dr. Edward Clarke told Dr. O. W. Holmes that once, as he sat by the side of a dying woman, he saw, at the moment of death, "a something rise from the body, which seemed like a departing presence." The conviction, he says, forced upon his mind, that something at that moment departed from the body, was stronger than words could express. Dr. Holmes adds that he heard the same experience told, almost in the same words, by a lady whose testimony was eminently to be relied on. While watching her parent, she felt aware, at the moment of death, of a "something" which arose as if the spirit was perceived in the act of leaving the body. Dr. Edward Clarke and Dr. Holmes seem both to have attached a certain weight to these phenomena.

NOTIONS CONCERNING IT AMONG THE CHILDLIKE RACES.

It is curious to find among the childlike races a dread of the ghosts of ancestors, as of beings disposed to do harm even to their surviving friends, a dread which has now wholly disappeared. There are thousands to-day, perhaps millions, in our own country, who firmly believe that they receive communications from what they call "the spirit land," and no fear is excited by such intercourse. But among primitive people there is a great dread of the malignant disposition of the departed spirits. Precautions are taken against their return. The Hottentots and Siamese break an opening through the wall of the house to carry out the dead, rebuilding it again as soon as the

body is removed. The notion seems to be that the dead man can only return by the passage through which he departed. What a dreadful idea is that of the vampire, described in one of the most striking passages of Byron.[1]

The notion of the childlike races concerning the hereafter is usually that of a continuation of this life in another world on much the same plane. The North American Indians, being hunters, believe in happy hunting-grounds. The Esquimaux, in a place where the sun never sets, the land of a midnight sun, where there are plenty of walrus and fishes. The people of Kamschatka, in a subterranean city, like the world above, only far better. The New Zealanders, like the Romans, placed their heroes among the stars. They thought that the Pleiades were the eyes of seven heroes killed in battle. The Peruvians believed in the resurrection of the body, and in two future worlds: an abode of hard work below the earth for the wicked, and a pleasant heaven above for the good. The Mexicans believed in many future worlds like this, and they dressed the dead man in his best clothes, put his passports in his hand, and buried with him his valuables. The Druids believed in three worlds, and in transmigration from one to the other: in a world above this, in which happiness predominated; a world below, of misery; and this present state. This transmigration was to punish and reward, and also to purify the soul. In the present world, said they, good and evil are so exactly balanced that man has the utmost freedom, and is able to choose or reject either. The Welsh Triads tell us there are three objects of metempsychosis, to collect into the soul the properties of all being, to acquire a knowledge of all things, and to get power to conquer evil. There are, also, they say, three kinds of knowledge: knowledge of the nature of each thing, of its cause, and its influence. There are three things which continually grow less: darkness, falsehood, and death. There are three which constantly increase: light, life, and truth.

BELIEF OF THE ANCIENT ETRUSCANS.

There was a wonderful nation, existing in a highly civilized condition in Italy before the rise of the Roman Republic. They excelled in arts and in arms, they had an artistic faculty like that of the Greeks, and an energy which long resisted and

[1] See the passage in "The Giaour."

nearly crushed the growing power of the City of the Seven Hills. The safety of Rome was in the fact that the twelve cities of Etruria were only a confederacy and not a union. They carried on war independently of each other, and, therefore, might be defeated separately; whereas if they had been united, the Roman power could never have been developed. A half-Greek race, they were fond of decoration and drawing. Their faith in immortality shows itself in their tombs and inscriptions. Everything except the massive walls of some of their cities has disappeared. But the tombs of the Tarquins, of Lars Porsena, and other mighty Etruscan chiefs, still remain, vast monuments of the grandeur of the race. These graves are tumuli, in great numbers and of large proportions. They are still found in the extensive cemeteries of the Etruscans, in Tuscany, arranged in rows, like houses in streets. They can be counted, says Fergusson, by hundreds, and in some places by thousands. Though many of them have been opened and plundered of their precious contents, some have remained untouched until recently, and have yielded to their discoverers rich collections of the gold and bronze instruments buried with the dead, nearly three thousand years ago. The largest tomb yet opened is more than two hundred and forty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifteen feet high. The tomb of Lars Porsena, as described by Pliny was a cluster of pyramids supporting other pyramids, which Mr. Fergusson thinks may have reached the height of four hundred feet, which is loftier than any spire or tower on this continent. These tombs were filled with golden ornaments worked with great taste and skill, elegant furniture, beautiful vases, mirrors, rings, engraved gems, bronze statues. The art of working in bronze was carried so far that in one Etruscan city there are said to have been two thousand bronze statues, and they understood engineering so well that the oldest monument in Rome, the Cloaca Maxima, still remains as a proof of their ability in sewerage.

The inscriptions in the Etruscan tombs indicate firm faith in immortality. One says, "While we depart to nought, our essence rises;" another, "We rise like a bird;" another, "We ascend to our ancestors;" another, "The soul rises like fire." They have pictures of the soul seated on a horse, and with a travelling-bag in its hand.

The opinions of the Etruscans may be said to have belonged to the ethnic class, but we know little more than that they had

this intense belief in a future life. Like the Egyptians, they seemed to have thought more of dying than of living. The tomb was the permanent home of both people.

OF THE EGYPTIANS.

In a previous chapter we have seen what precise views the Egyptians took of the hereafter; how fully and minutely they described the progress of the soul onward through its long cycle of change, till its final judgment before the tribunal of Osiris. Omitting what has been before described concerning the adventures of the soul after death until it reaches this day of judgment, I will add some further details of that transaction.

Conducted by Anubis, the soul traverses the labyrinth, and by the aid of a clew, guiding it through its windings, at last penetrates to the judgment hall, where Osiris awaits it seated on his throne, assisted by forty-two terrible assessors. There the decisive sentence is to be pronounced, either admitting the deceased to happiness, or excluding him forever. Then commences a new interrogatory much more solemn than the former. The deceased is obliged to give proof of his knowledge: he must show that it is great enough to give him the right to be admitted to share the lot of glorified spirits. Each of the forty-two judges, bearing a mystical name, questions him in turn; he is obliged to tell each one his name, and what it means. Nor is this all: he is obliged to give an account of his whole life. This is certainly one of the most curious parts of the funereal ritual; Champollion called it the "Negative Confession;" it would perhaps be better described by the word "apology." The deceased addresses successively each of his judges, and declares for his justification that he has not committed such and such a crime. We have therefore here all the moral laws obligatory upon the Egyptian conscience: —

"I have not blasphemed," says the deceased; "I have not stolen; I have not smitten men privily; I have not treated any person with cruelty; I have not stirred up trouble; I have not been idle; I have not been intoxicated; I have not made unjust commandments; I have shown no improper curiosity; I have not allowed my mouth to tell secrets; I have not wounded any one; I have not put any one in fear; I have not slandered any one; I have not let envy gnaw my heart; I have spoken evil, neither of the king nor my father; I have not falsely accused

any one; I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings; I have not practised any shameful crime; I have not calumniated a slave to his master."

The deceased does not confine himself to denying any ill conduct; he speaks of the good he has done in his lifetime. "I have made to the gods the offerings that were their due. I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked." On reading these passages we may well be astonished at this high morality, superior to that of all other ancient people, which the Egyptians had been able to build up on the foundation of their religion. Without doubt it was this clear insight into truth, this tenderness of conscience, which obtained for the Egyptians the reputation for wisdom, echoed even by our own Scriptures.

Besides these general precepts, the apology acquaints us with some police regulations for public order raised by common interest in Egypt to the rank of conscientious duties. Thus the deceased denies ever having intercepted the irrigating canals, or having prevented the distribution of the waters of the river over the country; he declares that he has never damaged the stones for mooring vessels on the river. Crimes against religion are also mentioned; some seem very strange to us, especially when we find them classed with really moral faults. The deceased has never altered the prayers nor interpolated them. He has never touched any of the sacred property, such as flocks and herds, or fished for the sacred fish in the lakes of the temples, or stolen offerings from the altar.

The deceased, who now receives the name of the god Osiris, is fully justified; his heart has been weighed in the balance with "truth" and has not been found wanting; the forty-two assessors have stated that he possesses the necessary knowledge. The great Osiris pronounces his sentence, and Thoth, as recorder to the tribunal, having inscribed it in his book, he at last enters into bliss.

Here commences the third part of the ritual, more mystical and obscure than the others. We see the Osiris-soul, henceforth identified with the sun, traversing with him, and as him, the various houses of heaven and the lake of fire, the source of all light. Afterwards the ritual rises to a higher poetical flight, even contemplating the identification of the deceased with a symbolical figure comprising the attributes of all the deities of the Egyptian Pantheon.

PROCESSION OF THE ROYAL BULL APIS — OSIRIS

From a Painting by F. A. Bridgman

Thus we see the faith of Egypt in a hereafter was not only full and entire, but that the Egyptians also had a distinct idea in their minds of the whole process of development in another world. No other theory, until we come to that of Swedenborg, professes to give such full details concerning the future life.

TWO SOURCES OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

In truth this is a case in which instinct is higher and surer than reasoning. Many philosophical and metaphysical arguments can be brought to prove immortality or the opposite. But neither does the one kind convince us that we are to live, nor does the other persuade us that when we die we die forever. Our conviction of a future life comes from two sources: a consciousness of the personality and activity of the soul, which is the instinct of immortality; and faith in God as a wise and loving father. If there be a God, all-wise and all-good, then he cannot have created mind, the highest thing we have in the universe, and educated it by all the experiences of life, all the long development of humanity, to let it come suddenly to an end at the very moment when it is in its fullest activity.

Nor, if there be a God, could he have put into the soul this longing for continued existence, and this faith in a hereafter, merely to deceive and delude us. What an inconsequence, to make men to live a few brief years, and then perish forever, and meantime to put into their minds the universal conviction that they are to live hereafter! Even we ourselves take a certain pride and pleasure in what we have made. We do not willingly destroy anything on which we have expended thought and love. Will God create souls with these noble powers, with minds capable of reading the laws of the universe, consciences able to cleave to the right in the midst of temptation, hearts made to love him, and then throw them carelessly away as of no value in his eyes? I could sooner believe that he does not let anything die. I would sooner believe that every animal down to the smallest insect has an immortal soul, fitted to ascend higher and higher, through innumerable bodies, than that God will destroy the human mind and human heart.

Everything here in our life is only just begun. We have just begun to understand a little of the mystery of creation; begun to adore the ineffable beauty and grandeur of the universe.

Shall all this knowledge, aspiration, energy, be stopped at its very commencement?

We admire and reverence great souls. We learn to know and love the pure, the generous, the self-denying, the good. In the midst of their noblest work they are taken away. We say, Why is this? and the answer is, because there is another and higher world to which they have gone, other and higher duties, other and sweeter joys. This satisfies both our mind and heart. But if death ends all, then life becomes, not merely an inexplicable mystery, but an unmeaning tissue of contradictions.

Finally we are made to love, with undying and indestructible affections. Our beloved ones go, and as the years pass, we love them not less but more. They live in our hearts forever. Why did God make us thus, if we are never to see them again?

All then, finally, resolves itself into this: faith in immortality is inseparably connected with faith in God, and the higher we go up, the nobler our faith becomes, the more sure we are of immortal life. The highest being who ever lived on earth was the surest of all. To him death was nothing, only a transient sleep.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC UNBELIEF. SPIRITUALISM, AND ITS EVIDENCES.

It is a somewhat striking fact, however, that at the present time we see two movements of thought, two great currents of opinion, in exactly opposite directions. One is the English and German unbelief in a future life, based on certain scientific facts or theories. The other is the new faith in a hereafter, founded on a supposed intercourse with the world of spirits.

A large number of serious scientific thinkers have come to question immortality, and even to declare it an impossibility, because they think it contrary to the facts of physical science. A recent English work tells us that "our positive scientific thinkers, reasoning independently from the verified conclusions of science, have come to the conclusion that the belief in a future life must be finally given up. A cunning arrangement of material atoms is the essence of all the phenomena of life, and their disarrangement must be the end of it all." These thinkers deny that there is any real self, or ego in man, independent of the body. Thought, emotion, volition, are inseparably bound up with the brain and nervous system, whose functions they are,

just as it is the function of the heart to pump up the blood, and of the lungs to oxygenate it. Thought cannot go on without the brain, which is the thinking organ. It is incredible and impossible that man should live again.

Meantime, as if by a natural reaction against this doctrine of despair, or as if sent by Providence to save mankind from such dreary unbelief, there has grown up in all parts of the civilized world a vast faith in an actual present intercourse with the souls of the departed. There are probably many millions who are convinced that they talk with disembodied spirits just as certainly as they talk with those in the body. Nor is this altogether a new faith, though it has increased very rapidly within a few years. There are on record, in all times, numerous instances of similar intercourse. To those who believe, as I do, in the continued existence of souls after death, and also that they may be still near to us, there is no antecedent impossibility or even improbability in such intercourse. All we want is to have sufficient evidence of it. The difficulty in obtaining such evidence arises from the fact that most people are so credulous, so easy to be deluded, so ready to deceive themselves, and are such inaccurate observers. I am not implying anything disrespectful to mankind in saying this. I include myself in the same category. It requires trained habits of observation to verify such facts. I have been present on many occasions at spiritual *séances*, and have seen many inexplicable phenomena. But I have also witnessed a great deal of delusion and some positive deception, so that I do not feel qualified to decide how much or how little of truth there may be in such supposed intercourse. I should be glad to believe in it, especially for the benefit of those who are deficient in the instinct of immortality, or who have not much faith in the divine presence and love. But I confess that what I have seen in this movement has not been very edifying.

That which commonly comes from what is called Spiritualism has a negative value; it produces a conviction that death is *not* the end of our being. It has not, as yet, revealed much concerning the nature of the hereafter. Perhaps it is not meant that we should think about it, while immersed in the pursuits and duties of the present life. It might take our minds too far away from what we ought to be doing now. It seems evident, from man's experience, that he was made to believe in a future life, but was not made to know much about it. We know

enough when we know this: that since God sends death to all his creatures, as he sends life to all, it must be just as great a blessing to die as it is to live, perhaps greater. And we also know that the same Being who has made this world, — with all its variety and beauty, all its opportunities for knowledge, work, growth, love, — has made all other worlds. We shall not go away from his presence, or his care, no matter where we go.

In all times, then, and in all lands, men have believed and continue to believe in a future life. The only exceptions are in the case of those too much immersed in sense, or too stupefied by ignorance, to rise to the conception; and in those who, following some narrow path of reasoning, suppose themselves logically obliged to disbelieve. Meantime the race looks across the boundary, and reaches out its longings and hopes into the great beyond.

CANA.

Dear Friend! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing Mine or Thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

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